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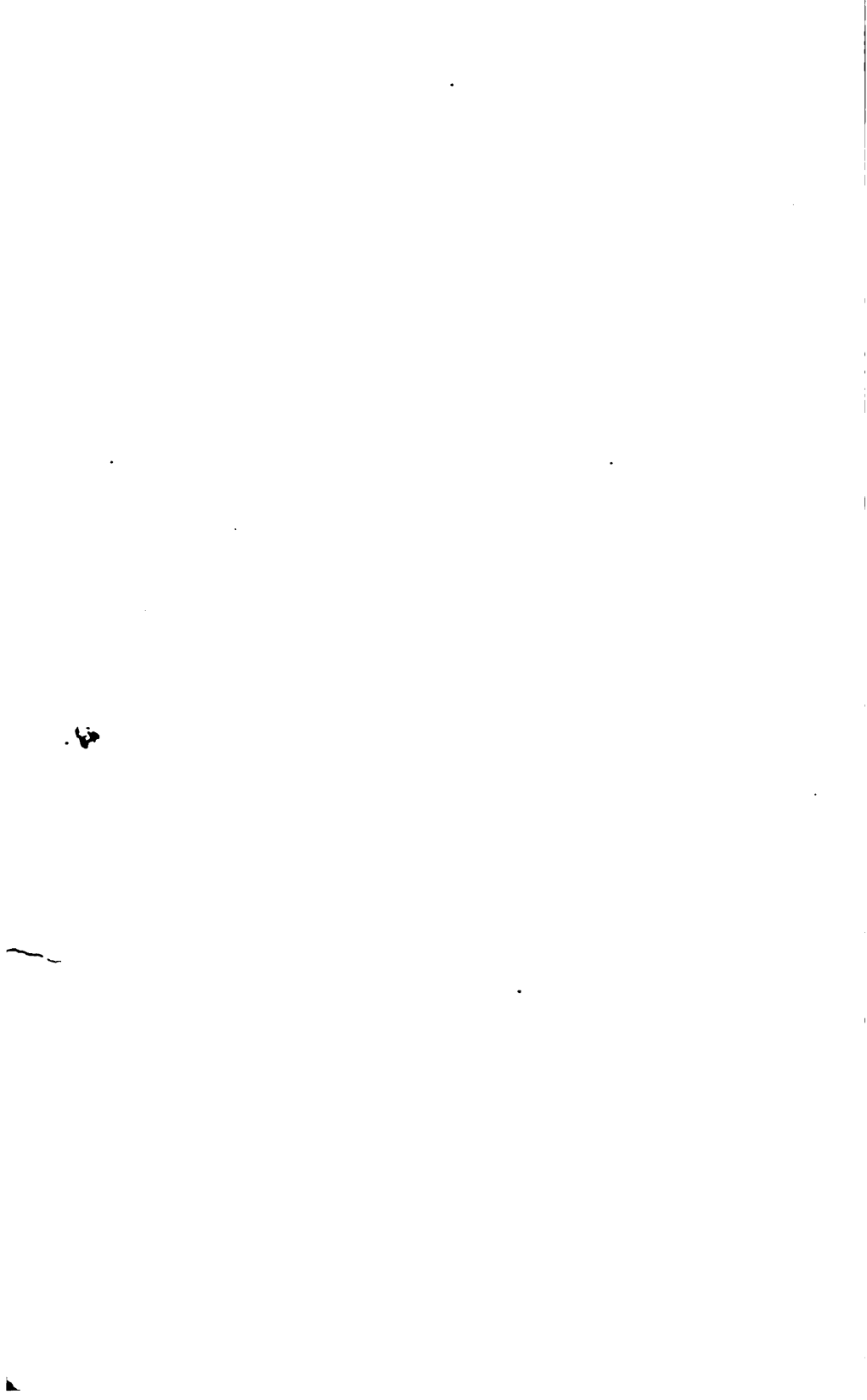
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THE
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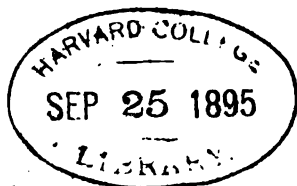
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE INEVITABLE.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN FORSTER.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

FORSTER, whose voice can speak of awe so well,
And stern disclosures, new and terrible,
This were a tale, my friend, for thee to tell. }
Seek for it then in some old book; but take
Meantime *this* version, for the writer's sake.

The royal sage, lord of the Magic Ring,
Solomon, once upon a morn in spring,
By Cedron, in his garden's rosiest walk,
Was pacing with a pleasant guest in talk,
When they beheld, approaching, but with face
Yet undiscern'd, a stranger in the place.

How he came there, what wanted, who could be,
How dare, unusher'd, beard such privacy,
Whether 'twas some great Spirit of the Ring,
And if so, why he should thus daunt the king
(For the ring's master, after one sharp gaze,
Stood waiting, more in trouble than amaze),
All this the courtier would have ask'd; but fear
Palsied his utterance, as the man drew near.

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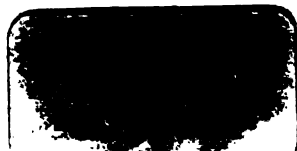
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the congregation, Beauty and the Beast frequently occupying the same pew ; a desecration and a sacrifice, however, much more excusable in the female, who has no liberty of choice, and is rarely independent of the world and its sordid influences. Look at the result of these deviations from one of Nature's primary laws. In the upper classes, to which such offenders are usually restricted, the sins of the parents are generally visited upon the sickly and puny offspring, whose incongruous forms and qualities attest the uncongenial elements from which they were derived.

Thank Heaven, however, even in this age of gold, enough remains of the golden age to ensure an occasional suppression of mercenary whisperings, and enough of romance to allow not infrequent instances of love at first sight. Tell not me that the man thus suddenly smitten must be the slave of an inflammable temperament, an unreflecting creature of impulse ; must be not less weak than rash, or that he would not surrender his heart at the first summons, blindly ignorant whether or not the object of his passion possess those moral recommendations which can alone secure happiness in the married state. Blind and ignorant ? Not he ! Show me a physiognomist half so sharp-sighted, or so sharp-witted, as the lover who, won by the countenance rather than by the mere features of his mistress, finds a spell in the sacred phylactery written upon her forehead, and knows her to be a saint by the halo that surrounds her. He discounts her looks, which are promissory notes of all the conjugal virtues, and takes her as so much current and sterling worth. True, those looks may be deceptive, but Nature seldom issues a forgery—seldom stamps a good and genuine physiognomy upon a bad heart ; and I had rather trust to a naturally pleasing expression than to those glosing phrases, ingratiating manners, and flattering courtesies, which may be assumed for a purpose, and, having obtained their object, may be discarded as suddenly as they were adopted. All men and all women, alas ! may be deceived ; but the language of the eyes is a surer index of the heart than speech. One is a sun-dial, which derives its light from heaven, the fountain of silent truth ; the other is a clock, whose inward workings, demoralising its tongue, may occasion it to strike falsely.

Had I any doubts about animal magnetism, the frequent occurrence of love at first sight would dispel them ; for if inorganic bodies may be drawn towards each other by an inscrutable and irresistible attraction, why may not sentient creatures be subject to a similar law ? Strew some iron filings around a bar magnet placed on a sheet of paper, and after a momentary agitation they will be drawn towards it, even in spite of the interposition of other substances. Even so will our hopes, fears, and affections, after a momentary excitement and surprise, be attracted by that most potent of all magnets, a fair damsel, in spite of the interposition of friends or the impediments of enemies. Obstacles cannot arrest the interchange of that magnetic current, which, in common parlance, is denominated love at first sight. The tides of ocean still respond to the moon, even though the darkest clouds may hang between them.

After these excuses for an instantaneous and unconditional surrender of the heart to a single summons, little surprise will be excited when I confess that mine was a love at first sight ; but, oh ! gentle reader ! should you ever be similarly smitten, may all good angels preserve you from the frightful calamities with which my unhappy passion was visited ! Heaven forefend that the orange-flower garland which you were entwining for

your bride should be converted into a cypress wreath! Never! oh, never may you become a wanderer and an outcast, as I have been, heart-stricken with the conviction that you have occasioned, however unintentionally, the cruel and premature death of your betrothed! Let me not, however, anticipate this tragic portion of my history.

CHAPTER II.

SOME of my ancestors must have been gipsies, or members of a migratory tribe, for the nomadic propensity was ever strong in me; and being an unbenedicted clergyman, with a moderate independence, I was enabled to indulge my vagabond tastes. This roving disposition, however, instead of urging me abroad, prompted me to visit districts of our own island which are seldom explored by tourists; and it was upon one of these excursions that I found myself on the western coasts of Cornwall, where huge rocks of granite, the giant champions of our isle, beat back with incessant conflict and deafening uproar the invading waves of the Atlantic. Rambling amid this bold and magnificent scenery, which accorded with my taste for the picturesque, I was surprised to encounter a lone cottage, most romantically perched amid the crags, and so effectually sheltered from the prevalent winds and sea storms, that flowering shrubs and underwood flourished luxuriantly around, almost giving it the appearance of a bird's nest. Three sides were thus embowered; on the fourth a rough ravine, sloping somewhat precipitously downward, and gradually widening till it reached the sea, opened at the bottom into a rocky creek. Adown this chasm, probably to give access to the beach, or perhaps to facilitate an ascent from it, rude steps had been fashioned; but instead of hazarding my neck by attempting to use them, I contented myself with gazing over the parapet of granite upon which I was leaning into the deep gulf below. A heavy swell agitated the sea, and the waves, as if maddened by their repulses from the perpendicular cliff, threw themselves over the broken channel of the creek, roaring and tossing their manes like infuriated lions. 'Twas but a momentary paroxysm of noise and rage, for the ascent and the smooth bottom gradually tamed them, so that, when they reached the extremity of the opening, and cast their white foam upon the sand, and spread themselves quietly beside it, they might rather be compared to sheep reclining amid their newly-shorn fleeces.

The more I gazed the more was I struck with the novelty and grandeur of the scene, from the contemplation of which I at length tore myself away, and, retracing my steps towards the cottage, I perceived, for the first time, a beard, announcing that it was to be let furnished. As an old woman was now standing at the open door, I asked permission to inspect the house, and presently learnt from the communicative dame that it had been built and inhabited for many years by an odd gentleman named Tregothick, who had died there a few months before my visit, and for whom they were now putting up a fine monument in the church of Penzance, which was the nearest town. From its dimensions the cottage was only adapted for a bachelor or a small family, but my companion informed me that there was a grand observatory in the garden, which she insisted upon showing me, adding that the late occupant used to pass whole nights there, staring at the stars through a long wooden pipe,

though she never could tell why, nor others neither, and so everybody called the building Tregothick's Folly. It stood upon a sort of natural tower of granite, almost overhanging the precipitous cliff, and consisted of a single spacious room, surrounded with glass like a conservatory, and commanding extensive views in every direction. As I gazed upon the poor astronomer's telescope, which remained where he had last fixed it, the thought occurred to me that his disembodied spirit might now, perchance, be roaming, with a full apprehension of their glorious mysteries, amid those starry infinitudes which had so often enchained his eye and bewildered the faculties of his living brain. From this reverie I was aroused by my companion exclaiming, as she pointed to the telescope, "Would you like to take a peep, sir? You're heartily welcome; and I'm sure it's more worth while now, when you may see the fishing-boats off the Tolpoody Rocks, than to go staring at the sky in a dark night."

Hearty as was the invitation I declined it; but as I possess some little knowledge of astronomy, and was always fond of the science, I felt a lurking disposition to hire the cottage for the autumn months, especially as the mention of Penzance had reminded me that the incumbent of St. Mary's in that town was an old friend and brother-collegian. But this idea was as quickly abandoned as it had been entertained, for I recollected my roving propensities, and feared that I should become weary of my sequestered hermitage long before the expiration of my term. As I walked away from the spot I could not refrain from smiling at the absurdity of my own notion; and yet, within a couple of hours, an occurrence ensued which led to my engaging Tregothick's Folly for three months.

I had rambled about the country for some time, when, as I skirted the thick hedge of a shady lane, I was arrested by the sound of a female voice of singular sweetness, clearly not that of a rustic songstress, trilling a simple ditty. I am fond of music, being myself a passable violinist, but, with regard to vocal displays, I do not by any means admit that difficulties overcome confer pleasure; rather agreeing with the French writer, who says, "We pay rope-dancers to astonish, and musicians to delight us, but the latter are never happy unless they can usurp the province of the former." To no such attempt was I now listening: the hidden melodist "warbled her native wood-notes wild" in peculiarly dulcet tones; but she was evidently singing, like the birds, from spontaneous cheerfulness of heart. Who could resist the desire to see her?—not I: so I advanced to a point where the wild hedge, closely cut down and trimmed, and pierced by a swing-gate, disclosed a small thatched dwelling, apparently a farm-house, surrounded by a garden, in the midst of which, under the shade of an old lime-tree, sate the warbler, plying her needle, and manifestly unconscious of my approach, for she continued her lay.

As her position prevented my seeing her face, I again advanced, making my footsteps audible that they might arrest her attention; but they had attracted an unexpected notice in another quarter, for a formidable-looking dog, whom I had not previously seen, started from her side, and rushed to the gate with such hostile manifestations, that I recoiled a step or two, brandishing my staff.

"Down, Tiger, down!" cried the incognita, hastening after the animal, who instantly obeyed her, when she walked up to the gate,

saying, with a gracious smile, "I hope you were not startled, sir. Tiger is a very good-tempered fellow, but we see so few strangers in these parts that he has not yet learned how to greet them civilly. Pray forgive him." And without awaiting my reply she bowed smilingly, and walked slowly into the house, good-humouredly scolding her protector as she retired.

This was the whole of our interview, which occupied less time in its occurrence than I have spent in relating it. But it was enough. The spell, the charm, the magic, the fascination, the sympathetic attraction, the magnetic current—call it what you will—had produced its mysterious effect, and I felt in my heart of hearts that I was most unequivocally and most devotedly in love at first sight.

CHAPTER III.

"Ah, ay!" somewhat contemptuously exclaims the reader, "you are of an excitable temperament; you were struck by the romance of a vision so unexpected, and mistook a sudden and pleasant surprise for an impromptu passion." Pardon me, ingenious but mistaken reader! Had I seen the unknown at the fretted oriel window of some venerable pile, her face radiant with the first beam of Aurora, as she chanted her orisons; had I beheld her in an amaranthine bower, surrounded by gardens that might rival those of Hesperus or Armida, some ground would have existed for your theory; but not an atom was there of romance, not an atom even of picturesqueness, in the whole affair. My enthraler was seated on a common wooden chair, under an old ungraceful lime-tree; the building into which she withdrew was a thatched, homely farm-house; and as to the garden, one half of it, *horresco referens*, was actually planted with cabbages! Nor had my incognita smitten me by her consonance with my previous tastes and predilections, to which, on the contrary, her whole appearance was in direct opposition. My admiration had always been confined to the tall, pale, dark-haired beauties, whose majestic mien *demand*s the spectator's homage: whereas I had now, strange to say, been captivated by a rosy-cheeked blonde, whose stature did not exceed the middle height, and whose winning manner seemed much more calculated to steal slowly into your heart, than to master and arrest it on the spot. One of my favourite charms, however, she did possess. Hair braided closely down, and varnished with bandoline, till the head looks like that of an Egyptian statue, or of a huge lacquered doll, I have ever deemed peculiarly unfeminine and unbecoming. No: the tendrils of the charming human flower should have their natural play, for nature is ever graceful, and the writer who first used the felicitous phrase of hyacinthine locks must have been a true and tasteful poet. The profuse and unconfined auburn tresses on which I had been gazing fell upon the fair throat and shoulders of their wearer, like honeysuckles overhanging an alabaster vase, waving in the breeze and catching the sunbeam, and making new combinations of light and shade, every one of which was a new and beautiful picture.

"So then," resumes the reader, "your bright particular star was a second Berenice, and your fancy was instantly entangled in her golden tresses." Pardon me once more. Her ringlets were not the lasso wherewith my heart was caught, nor was I smitten by any particular

charm beyond that of her countenance, in which I read everything that was amiable, feminine, and intelligent. The *clairvoyance* of a physiognomist, I repeat, surpasses that of a mesmerist; nor is Desdemona the only person who, looking at the mind in the features, saw the features of the mind, and thus became suddenly penetrated with a moral passion. Even the needle that my enchantress was plying had a charm in my eyes, for she was not muttering to herself over that eternal worsted-work which converts so many of our damsels into metamorphosed Arachnes; nor was she hemming those mysterious strips of muslin, which, being repeatedly finished and recommenced, without end or object, recall the useless labours of the daughters of Belus, perpetually replenishing their unretaining pitchers. No—she was tastefully attaching ribbons to a cap, evidently that of an old lady, probably that of her mother, a pleasing and incontestable evidence of a duteous and affectionate nature. Was not the natural kindness of her disposition, as well as the judicious control she could exercise, made further manifest in the attachment and obedience of her dog? Was it not clear, from her spontaneous singing, that her cheerfulness was the overflowing of a pure and innocent heart? Could it be doubted, even for a moment, that—*peuh!* enough has been said to explain why, having so recently smiled at the absurdity of engaging Tregothick's Folly, I lost not another moment in retracing my steps, and hiring it for three months.

Having secured the Hermitage, for such was the politer name of the cottage, my impulsive temperament hurried me on the very same day to Penzance, that I might make inquiries of my clerical friend as to the fair incognita, whose appearance I must have described to him in somewhat glowing terms, for he replied, with a smile—

“What! so close and accurate an observer in so very brief an interview? Well, I can hardly wonder that you were somewhat suddenly captivated, for Margaret Fanshawe is really a charming girl. The family, with whom I am well acquainted, and who are of great respectability, consist of a mother and two daughters, who have resided for some time in this neighbourhood on account of its great salubrity, Edith, the youngest girl, having exhibited consumptive symptoms, which have excited deep anxiety. I had intended to call on them to-morrow, and, if you will accept a place in my four-wheeled chaise, I shall be happy to establish a neighbourly acquaintanceship between you.”

How eagerly this invitation was accepted I need not state. On my introduction to the Fanshawe family my first prepossessions in their favour were abundantly confirmed: Margaret's mind and manners explained and justified the fascination of her countenance. Edith, who bore a striking resemblance to her sister, was perhaps the handsomer of the two, her colour being brighter and her eyes more brilliant, which were the hectic indications that had over-excited the fears of her friends; but in other respects she did not present any appearance of an invalid, though she wanted the spontaneous buoyancy and the animated countenance of her sister. The mother, who wore the identical cap which Margaret had been adorning, was in every respect worthy of such charming daughters. My reception was more than frank and cordial; it was unaffectedly friendly. In short, to use a common but most inapplicable phrase, I was as happy as a king.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE pleaded guilty to love at first sight; I will now make the further statement that every subsequent interview corroborated my primary impressions. I will proudly record that my declaration of unbounded attachment was favourably received; that in due time we were affianced to each other; and this must suffice for the whole record of our love-making. Lovers being all in all to each other, how can the rest of the world be interested in their courtship? Marvellous is it to me, and incomprehensible, that novelists can manage to fill three mortal volumes with wooings and winnings, as if a rational being had nothing on earth to do but to "whisper soft nonsense in a lady's ear," and that his fair auditress was created for no other purpose than to listen to him.

An old couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, near relations of the Fanshaws, who resided in Penzance, where they possessed considerable influence, were delighted with the contemplated marriage; so was my good friend the pastor: everything wore an auspicious aspect; but, alas! my happiness was far from being so near or so sure as I had fondly anticipated. Edith's medical adviser had strenuously recommended that she would pass the next winter in Madeira; her mother had consented to this arrangement; Margaret had promised to accompany her sister; and, in spite of so cruel a disappointment of my immediate hopes, I respected her more deeply when I found that all my persuasions and entreaties, vehement as they were, failed to shake her resolution. Her present duty, she urged, was to watch over her sister; when we were married, her husband would be entitled to her entire devotion. We were formally betrothed, however—we exchanged miniatures—we promised to correspond fully and frequently—Margaret pledged herself to return to the Maxwells in the spring, for the purpose of solemnising our union, even if her sister and mother remained behind; and with this redeeming promise for my consolation, though my heart was sorely wrung by our separation, I witnessed the sailing of the family from the port of Penzance.

Of this severance the most painful portion was the first month, during which I received no tidings from Madeira, but the letter that came at last, more than atoning for all my previous impatience and anxiety, gave most cheering accounts of the travellers. Edith had borne the voyage well; had already improved in health—a convalescence which had given new spirits to the mother; and the writer ended with a renewal of the solemn vow that she herself would return in the spring in order to become my wife.

Solaced by these assurances, and looking forward to the regular receipt of not less delightful missives, I devoted myself with a cheerful heart to such little excursions and home occupations as might best beguile the long, long winter that was now approaching. On one of my rambles I discovered, to my no small surprise, three or four hovels hidden among the crags, the occasional haunts, as I afterwards learnt, of a rude and somewhat lawless crew, who called themselves fishermen, and occasionally brought a smack up the creek to give a colour to their assumed calling, but whose real and much more profitable occupation was smuggling, for

which purpose they availed themselves of the rocky ravine, or Pendrip Gap, as it was called. As their haunts and hiding-places were in the immediate vicinity of the Hermitage, I feared that they might prove troublesome, if not perilous neighbours; but there were no grounds for this apprehension, and we soon came to a good understanding. I had only, as I was assured, to imitate Mr. Tregothick, who, whenever he was out at night, saw nothing but the stars.

"And if he had looked down Pendrip Gap?" said I, inquiringly.

"Why, sir, he might have got an ugly push from behind."

I took the hint. In the daytime, however, these men were civil and even friendly. By their instruction I learnt how to descend and climb up the precipitous gorge with perfect safety; and in calm weather they gave me the use of a small row-boat, occasionally moored in the creek, in which I was glad to paddle about under the stupendous rocks that threw their far-frowning shadows over the Atlantic Ocean.

The Maxwells, who were fond of music, often put my violin in requisition; through them and my clerical friend I obtained introductions to all the visitable families of Penzance and its neighbourhood, from whom I received the most hospitable attentions; I had my boat, my house, and my observatory to vary my amusements; and thus was the winter, Alexandrine as it proved, enabled to "drag its slow length along." Weary and dreary, however, would the days have been, but that Time in his heavy flight "shook thousand odours from his dewy wings" in a delightful letter by every packet from my dear Margaret. Her accounts of Edith's health were less satisfactory, but the assurance was repeated that my betrothed would come back to the Maxwells in the spring for the purpose of redeeming her pledge, were it deemed advisable that her mother and sister should remain longer at Madeira; and my intended threw out a hint that, as I was fond of travelling, I might perhaps be tempted to escort her back to the island for our marriage excursion.

Oh! with what joy did I hail the doubly delightful spring which, while it announced its advent in the buds and blossoms that seemed to be holding up their lips to kiss the vernal breeze, heralded the quick reappearance of my *flos florum*, my flower of flowers, my loved and loving Margaret! Earth threw up an incense of deliciousness and coming joy from every hill and valley; but a thousand times more exquisite were the sweetness and the hope wafted to me from the sea, for was not every southern breeze the herald and the harbinger of a coming happiness that thrilled through my heart as I stood upon the shore and bathed my spirit in its balmy breathings?

Lovers are apt to be selfish because they are always absorbed. So completely had my mind been engaged in looking forward, that I had forgotten to look backward and recall the many hospitalities I had received from my friends and neighbours, for none of which had I hitherto made the smallest return. An opportunity of performing this duty now occurred. A musical festival for the benefit of a charity was about to be held in the county; I was acquainted with two of the instrumental performers, one of whom had given me lessons on the violin; Mrs. Maxwell knew the principal vocalist; and I engaged these parties, with such assistants as were requisite, to come over to the Hermitage after the festival and aid me in getting up an evening concert of sacred music. The observatory, being a spacious room, was well adapted to the purpose;

and as it communicated with the Hermitage by a covered way would be easily accessible, whatever might be the state of the weather. A large lamp with six burners, which I had hired for the purpose, was suspended from the ceiling; a temporary orchestra was set up; Mrs. Maxwell had kindly consented to act as chaperone; I invited every one whom I knew; some of these had requested permission to bring strangers who had been attracted by the festival, so that my party ultimately became more numerous than I had anticipated, and it was much later than the hour I had fixed when I ushered the assemblage into the concert-room.

The overture of instrumental music was succeeded by Handel's fine air and recitative, "Sound an Alarm," which words had hardly been chanted by a loud sonorous voice, when a startling, not to say appalling, response was given in a deafening burst that shook the observatory, as if it were a sudden and tremendous crash of thunder. So solemn, so awful was the effect, that the performers mechanically stopped, staring at one another with bewildered looks; a lady, after uttering two or three hysterical sobs, sank fainting from her chair; those who were nearest hastened to assist her; no one ventured to speak; almost every countenance was aghast.

Anxious to break the silence, which was becoming actually oppressive, I observed that this terrible storm must have come on very suddenly.

"That was no thunder," said an old ship's captain, who stood by my side; "it was a signal-gun: some vessel is in distress."

"Heaven help her if she has got ashore on the Tolpoodies!" said a second voice.

"The Tolpoodies!" resumed the captain. "Lord love you, she's more to the north, and a great deal nearer to us. She's right under the cliff, I'm sure on't, or else the sound wouldn't come booming up Pendrip Gap in that way, and burst out of its mouth as if it would knock us all down."

"Can anything be done?" I demanded eagerly.

"Yes, to be sure, there's always something to be done. If the crew take to their boats they're sure to be dashed to pieces against these upright rocks, unless they can run up the creek, which they may safely do, for its nearly high water. But how are they to find out such a narrow opening on such a pitchy night as this? There is but one chance: we must rout out your smuggling neighbours, order them to take their lanterns, which they always keep ready lighted as night signals, scramble down the cliff as fast as they can, and light a fire atop of the creek. There's no time to be lost; I know where the rascals have their haunts. Who will run with me to give them a rousing?"

So saying, he hurried from the room, followed by myself and two others; but our object had already been accomplished, for we found that several of the men we were seeking, aroused by the signal-gun, were already hastening down the ravine with their lanterns. Thanks to my recent practice, I was enabled to follow one of them, and reach the bottom without accident; but as the night was intensely dark, with drizzling rain, our lanterns, even when we placed them together at the head of the creek, did not enable us to see beyond its outer extremity.

While we stood thus assembled, my companions bitterly lamenting that the want of a smack prevented their trying their luck and getting a chance of salvage, though I believe a wreck would have better pleased them, I was harrowed by a loud crash, followed by a piercing scream that

clove through the darkness, and was repeated by a heart-thrilling echo from the ravine.

"Why, she must be right under the rocks," said one of the fishermen; "but what lubberly handling to run her ashore here! Shouldn't wonder if it had been the *Tolpoodies*."

On my expressing an apprehension from the crash I had heard that she might have gone to pieces, the same man replied—

"No hope—I mean no fear of that, sir; at least not yet awhile, and perhaps not at all, for there's not much wind and no great sea. There's a somewhat has smashed, no doubt; perhaps one of her masts may have gone by the board."

Other opinions were hazarded, and thus we remained for some time, when we heard the hailing of voices, to which we responded with a shout, and presently afterwards a small boat, tossing over the entrance of the creek, ran up into the shallow water, into which my companions rushed, and rapidly hauled her ashore.

We learnt from the sailors that the man whom we saw lying at the bottom of the boat, apparently in a state of insensibility, was their captain, who, when the mizen-mast gave way, had been knocked down, and so severely hurt that they had brought him ashore immediately to procure surgical assistance.

"Poor fellow!" I exclaimed; "this explains the crash and the cry that we heard. We must carry him up the Gap if we can, and I will instantly send over to Penzance for a surgeon."

The sailors declared that their vessel was in no immediate danger, as she was again afloat; adding, that if I would kindly take charge of their captain they would coast round to Penzance in the boat, which they might safely do now that the wind had dropped, and get some additional help for towing their ship into Mount's Bay. For this purpose they pulled out of the creek, and my smuggling neighbours, stimulated by the promise of a reward for their services, set about the task of carrying the disabled man up to the Hermitage.

CHAPTER V.

Two of the fishermen hoisted him on their shoulders for this purpose, but their object was not attained without considerable difficulty and delay, their burden being heavy, and one of the stepping-stones having given way, nearly precipitating the party to the bottom of the gorge. At length, however, the summit was gained, when, on reaching my abode, I found that my visitants, abandoning all hope of continuing the concert, had dispersed and returned to their homes. The captain, who sometimes muttered incoherently and then relapsed into insensibility, was placed upon a bed, when I despatched my servant to Penzance, desiring him to return as quickly as possible with a surgeon. Before daylight the latter had arrived, and, on learning that his patient had been stunned by a heavy blow, immediately bled him, an operation of which the beneficial effects became quickly apparent. In a few minutes he opened his eyes, looked vacantly around, and said in a firm voice, "Hallo! what's the matter?—where am I? This isn't my cabin. I wonder what has given me such a confounded headache."

The few words in which I explained the accident from which he had

suffered fully restoring his recollection, he began to make eager inquiries about the *Arethusa*, which was the name of his ship, though the surgeon implored him to be quiet, and to refrain from talking for the present. "Bless you!" he replied, "I ain't hurt to signify: only a bad knock o' the head; not the first, and won't be the last, I dare say. But I want to understand how it all happened. I want to know where I am. If I'm not in Mount's Bay, I ought to be, that's all I can say."

"My good fellow," I replied, "you are somewhat out in your reckoning. This is Pendrip Gap, some miles to the north of the Land's End."

"Then I must be bewitched, or as blind as a buzzard, for I stood at the helm with the tiller in my hand, steering point blank for St. Clement's Beacon, when, instead of bringing up in Mount's Bay, as I ought to have done, I came bump upon the rocks. Has St. Clement's Lighthouse been removed?"—On an answer being given in the negative, he resumed—"Don't tell me, I know better. I have got eyes in my head, and as the fellows were bringing me up Pendrip Gap I saw the St. Clement's Light, or something deucedly like it, right atop of the rocks, though how or why it came there the devil only knows."

I felt the blood rushing to my face, and my heart sinking within me, as he uttered these words; for the truth—the dreadful truth—flashed upon me at once, and with a terrible pang of self-reproach. The observatory, with its encircling sashes, and the large six-branch lamp which I had so thoughtlessly suspended from its roof, had been mistaken for St. Clement's Lighthouse; and whatever might be the consequent loss of life or property—for the captain might die and the vessel might still be wrecked—I, and I alone, was the guilty author of the homicide and the destruction! True, it was unintentional; but what culpable, what criminal rashness, to set up on the very edge of that iron cliff a decoy, fraught with shipwreck and death to all whom it might deceive!

I buried my face in my hands, in order to hide my agitation from my companions. But, woe is me!—what was this distress compared to the terrible, the harrowing agony with which I was smitten as the captain thus resumed his narrative?—"The *Arethusa* is well insured, so I can't lose much, come what may; and as to this ugly knock on the head, I don't care a rope's-end for it; but one thing does cut me to the heart, and that is the death of the poor passenger."

"Death!—passenger!" I exclaimed; "I knew not that any one had perished."

"Ah, sir! I wish I didn't neither; but I wasn't sure that the *Arethusa* would hang together, indeed I was sure she wouldn't if it came on to blow, for she's an old craft; so when I saw there was a creek amid the rocks, and people with lanterns round about, I sung out, 'Down with the boat, my lads, and let us put the lady ashore, at all events.' So we got the boat alongside, and the two sailors who had jumped into it helped her down; and I was just handing her a small box, which she insisted upon taking with her—for you know, sir, women had rather lose their lives than their gimcracks—when the ship gave a lurch, and the mizen, which had been cracked and rickety for some time, went crash overboard. I was instantly floored and stunned by a heavy block from the shrouds, and I wish that had been the worst on it; but the mast, falling right athwart the boat, knocked the poor lady overboard, and I

take it she must have been killed by the blow, for she uttered a loud shriek and sunk directly, and was never seen to rise; and though the boat pulled about for some time as soon as it got clear of the mast, they never caught sight of her. This I heard the boatswain say, as I lay upon the deck."

"Then the piercing shriek I heard was that of a lady after all. Who was she, captain? Was she old or young?"

"Quite young and very beautiful."

"You know her name, of course?"

"Oh dear, yes, sir. She was a Miss Fanshawe."

"Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, starting suddenly up, and striking my hands together. "Where did you take the lady on board?"

"At Madeira."

"And her name?"

"Her name, I tell you, was Fanshawe."

The words tingled confusedly in my ears; every object around swam before my eyes; my heart was utterly sick. I sank back into my chair in a total and indescribable prostration of soul!

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

No. I.

JANUARY.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, Esq.

JANUARY! bright and clear,
First-born of the op'ning year;
Harbinger of coming Spring,
You I love and you I sing.
Cold and wintry though you be,
You have many a joy for me.
As your robe of snow, beneath,
Has many a blessed primrose wreath,—
So upon your bleakest day
Glimpses of the coming May,
In your sunshine broad and clear,
Dawn—sweet First-born of the Year!

JANUARY! in your bright days,
Songs of joy and hymns of praise,
Voices full of hope and love,
Send their choral strains above:
Twelfth-night rhymes, and wassail cheer,
Welcome in the bright New Year.
Though your branches, bare and high,
Stand against the broad blue sky,
Still the little buds are there,
Nurtured by your bright, sweet air,
And your sunshine broad and clear,—
Blessed First-born of the Year!

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

THE church of the Santissima Annunziata, in Parma, is a masterpiece of architecture. It is an oval vault, in the shape of an immense oven, daringly launched up into Heaven. It rested originally on two enormous pillars at the centre; but an adventurous French builder (name unknown—mayhap that same sable gentleman who furnished the design for the cathedral at Cologne) stepped up, once upon a time, and offered to remove those sturdy supporters, and to let the great dome hang up in the air of itself. The two pillars were knocked down accordingly. The huge vault was seen (report says) swaying and swinging, but settled at last in the graceful curve which it has retained ever since, and in which it will continue, may be, till the vault itself of the firmament gives way.

Such is the confidence of the devout burghers of Parma in the solidity of that stately pile, that they seek for no better roof, when otherwise at a loss how to shelter their heads. The monks of the Annunziata, a Franciscan order, have the miraculous image of San Francesco Solano stowed away somewhere in the crypt. That saint is, for reasons too deep to be inquired into, the patron-saint of, or against the earthquake. At the first roar of that direst of God's scourges, the good wooden saint is produced; and, with it, a pretty fair representation of the good old city, with all its towers and steeples, reeling and rollicking as if dancing a hornpipe. The Annunziata alone appears to stand firm; and, from the top of its dome, St. Francis is seen stretching forth his hand in great commanding attitude, as if putting his veto upon any further frolics on the part of the drunken edifices around.

The church is also famous for some of Correggio's frescoes which *used to be* there; for the altar-pieces of some of the eighteen or twenty chapels that jet out of the main building in every direction around; but, above all, for the bagpipe tunes (*la piva*) there played on the organ at the midnight mass on Christmas-eve.

All the Protestant novelists of the Ann Radcliffe or Monk Lewis's school have made the most of the awful solemnity of those midnight high-masses. To read them, one would fancy that mass is never said but at midnight, at least that mass is said every night at that witching time, throughout the Catholic world. It may have been so for aught I know or care, in the good old times; but priests in modern ages have an eye to their own comforts, and it is a fact that there is now no midnight mass, high or low, except Christ-mass, and *that*, far from having any of the harrowing horrors attributed to it by romance, is, I am compelled to say, rather a jolly affair than otherwise.

Mass, it must be kept in mind, is daily bread to many a poor priest of the lower classes. The mourning ceremonies of the holy week, which for eight-and-forty hours break up all the altars in Catholic Christendom, have the effect of robbing those poor starvelings of their customary fees; and it is with a view to indemnify them for the losses they have to sustain at the Easter season, that a bountiful church allows them to celebrate three masses instead of one on the Feast of the Nativity, and pays them accordingly. The first of these masses is said at midnight, the second at early dawn, and the last at noon on Christmas-day. Two of

these are, properly speaking, only mock-masses, only rehearsals; for the mass is nothing but a communion-service, and as the sacrament implies the strictest fast, and can only be taken once in twenty-four hours, it follows that only one of the three masses, generally the last, is the real thing; the celebration of what is called "the bloodless sacrifice."

Now the midnight mass on Christmas-eve is said in every one of the eighty-four parish churches of the city of Parma, to say nothing of abbey-churches, oratorios, and private chapels; and at every mass the bagpipe tunes are generally played on the organ. Still there is nothing like the bagpipe tunes on the organ at the Santissima Annunziata. Those good Franciscans keep one of their order for that purpose merely. They have always had one, time out of memory. His business is to fatten and play upon the organ. In all other matters, too, he is only an average performer. But as to bagpipe-tunes, he is expected to beat not only all other organists in the world, not only all imitations of the bagpipe, but actually to beat the bagpipe itself.*

Now there is good reason why the bagpipe should be the instrument *de rigueur* at the Nativity. It is intended to imitate the rustic minstrelsy with which the Bethlehem shepherds greeted the Messiah's coming into the world. Those tunes are the audible part only of a pageantry by which those good monks bring before the senses of the dullest class of the faithful all the "mysteries" of that first act of redemption. All their religion is "a stage." The gospel, a drama from the "cradle" to the "sepulchre." For weeks and weeks, in anticipation of the happy day, every hand in the convent is busy at the construction of the *Presepio*. A holy stable or manger (*Præsepe*) is equally reared up in every place of worship; nay, in most dwelling-houses also, and by squalid ragamuffins at every corner of the streets, who solicit inspection of their pasteboard structure by every passer-by, and levy contributions towards defraying expenses, with the same importunity and much in the style and language of the London urchins, when "only once a-year" their oyster-shell rubbish is allowed to strew the metropolis with a profusion that might remind one of an Athenian election. "*Un s'zein o un sold p'r al San Presepi!*" cries the ragged little vagabond in his choicest patois, as he pulls you by your coat-tail; and there sure enough you have it, not the "holy stable" alone, but all Bethlehem, town and country; and, for that matter, all Judæa and Egypt, if you please, all on a little deal-table, with its three crazy legs modestly swathed in new-bleached linen, snug under its fresh mistletoe canopy, bright with its farthing oil-lamps, in large snail-shells, or classical earthen-pots after the most approved Pompeii cut, with a *sacra famiglia* in the centre, cut in bold profile out of pasteboard slips, and the shepherds coming in with pipe and tambourine in great glee, and with tarantella steps; and the three *re magi*, or wise men, in the distance, with huge turbans and huger beards, high on the tops of their camels; and the chubby cherubs hanging by the hair on the mistletoe branches, and the star in the East, with blazing long tail; and, on the foreground, the ox, with amazing long horns, and the ass with preposterous long ears. Task, in short, all the faculties of a no less imaginative than superstitious people, and set them all to work, outdoing each other in the exhibition of the same familiar yet awful objects, and your

* About the *Pifferari* or *Zampognari*, who come down from the Apennines upon every Italian town with their bagpipes for the Christmas wakes, travellers have sufficiently entertained us.

fancy will still fall short of the "miracles of the great stable-show" at the Santissima Annunziata. Christmas seems to belong to the jolly Franciscans by right; ever since their foundation they made it their especial study, and it is their business so to trick out their shop at this season as to draw all the custom to themselves. They have fairness enough to withdraw from competition in other solemnities, and will gladly, for instance, allow some of the rival gloomier fraternities to exercise an equal monopoly over the tragedy of Passion-week, and the construction of the *Santo Sepolcro*.

The performance of Christmas devolves upon them, and an egregious pantomime they do make of it. The Presepio at the Santissima Annunziata is not merely a bas-relief, or a *tableau-vivant*, as in other churches, not merely a mummery or a dumb show; it may well be called a down-right opera, inasmuch as it has its stage decorations, its orchestra and choruses. The stage is erected on the left-hand side of the main altar; as the midnight hour approaches, the curtain is drawn aside. The happy mother is discovered in a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture on the straw; the putative father, about whom the Italians have a great many ribald jokes, is seen resting on his long crook behind her; their two dumb and patient companions looking on, grave and wise; the angels—heads and wings without bodies—hovering above the family group in the air. The divine infant—for aught that may seem profanation the monks are alone responsible, inasmuch as nothing can slip from my pen but what I may testify as an eyewitness—the divine infant is taken from the manger—a wax-doll, with flaxen curls and blue glass-bead eyes, all swaddled in brocade and decked out in tinsel and sham jewellery—is held up before the gazing audience amidst the joyous strains of the piping organ, and is then made to go the whole round of the choir, with all the alacrity of a decanter of port-wine at the convivial board. Each of those frolicsome friars, all flushed with their Christmas-eve supper, takes it from his neighbour's hands, hugs and dandles it, with all the dexterity of an expert monthly nurse, and toasts it up in the air, while their anthems (quaint sorry old ditties in the best style of refectory literature) keep time with the swelling organ peals, singing—

Lo! the holy babe is born,
White and rosy as the morn,
Curly-headed, plump and sound—
Take it, brother, pass it round!*

Such is the prelude to the midnight mass on Christmas-eve.

I have described the monks as elated by their Christmas-eve supper; let no one infer from these words that they are performing before a supperless audience. Christmas-eve is a fast, but only in so far as a fast as it is a dinnerless day. The very soldiers (those arrant reprobates, say the common people in Italy), the very soldiers, who otherwise evince the

* This vile doggrel is hardly as *rich* as its monkish original. Here I subjoin a few scraps, such as dwell still in my memory, after perhaps twenty years' interval:
E' già nato 'no bel bambino
Piglialo tu, caro fratello!

Ecco, ecco, il bel bambino,
Bianco, rosso e ricciolino,
La sua mamma lo piglia in braccio...

&c. &c.

most sovereign contempt for all ecclesiastical injunctions, show nevertheless a proper regard for Christmas-eve. No one allows himself any food from sunrise to sunset on that *holy stable day*, except perhaps in the morning, a *pan-grosso*, a vile compound of flour, oil, and fennel-seeds, made only and expressly for the occasion, and so unsavoury as to make sheer abstinence a luxury; and a thimblefull of *marsigliana*, or strong brandy. There is as much gastronomic speculation as piety in that rigid abstemiousness. The Italians—I am sorry for their reputation for sobriety—give up breakfast and dinner only to give a keener edge to their appetite for supper. The fast of the day is preparatory to the orgies of the night. Christmas-eve supper is one of the great events of the year.

To celebrate any religious or political solemnity by a sumptuous banquet is thought, in England, to be a peculiarity of the English people; but the Italians, the Lombards especially, equally think it characteristic of their national manners. They are, it must be remembered, the “wolves of Italy,” and glory in the appellation; they not only make every *fiesta* an occasion for a joyful feast, but have actually a peculiar feast for every festive occasion. So long as the Presepio is exhibited, and that lasts from Christmas to twelfthnight, there is an interchange of convivialities from house to house. He must be a free-thinker, indeed, who would think of any less substantial fare on Christmas-day than a turkey and *ravioli*, just as he would, indeed, be worse than either Turk or Jew who would not grace his board with new lamb on Easter Sunday. Shrove-tide has its blessed pancakes and fritters; the whole Easter season its painted eggs; St. Anthony its fresh *mortadella*, *bondiola*, and *pork chocolate* (for the holy hermit of the Thebais is a friend to all quadrupeds, but the pig is his darling).^{*} The whole of the long winter months, from the Advent to the close of the Carnival, constitutes the great eating season. The dining-table is an altar in which every saint is sacrificed to according to his or her own peculiar inclination; the cook and confectioner keeps an emblematic calendar in his shop-window; not a child but knows how to read and interpret it. That round rich sponge-cake tells us of twelfthnight; it is cut out into regular slices, and one of these is the lucky slice; a dry French bean has been cunningly inserted into it, the one under whose teeth the bean comes may look out for some unexpected turn of good fortune in his favour. On the morrow we have St. Christopher's consecrated goose.

Burly St. Christopher, huge and tall,
Who on his shoulders bore the earth-ball.†

* St. Anthony's is, properly speaking, out of the range of Christmas festivities. It comes on the 14th of January, when all horses, mules, and asses, all horned cattle, and whole flocks of sheep and swine, come to be sprinkled with holy water by a priest in full canonicals at the door of the church. Even bipeds are not admitted, or do not care to enter within the sanctuary on that day, but are privileged to kiss a crooked stick, said to be made in imitation of the crook or crosier of the holy abbot himself, and which another priest holds out to them. A large pewter-dish is laid before this worthy on a table, into which the faithful are expected to drop their oblations. A penny a kiss is the rate.

† San Christòpher grand' e gross'
Al portava al mond' addoss'.

The legend of this Christian Atlas is derived from other sources than the Gospel. At the time of the “Flight into Egypt,” the holy family having to cross a stream, one of the natives, a giant, offered to carry the child across on his shoulders. He is represented in that act, and the infant holding in his hand a terrestrial globe. Hence the distich.

The Latin cross is in commemoration of St. Stephen's; the cross of Malta is for John the Baptist; John the Evangelist has his spread eagle. There are equally *bonbons*, tarts, pies, and patties, for Innocents'-day, for New Year's-eve, for St. Hilary's, who is the patron-saint of the town, and who must have been a cobbler, inasmuch as he shapes his cakes and sweetmeats after the pattern of a shoe.

All these sweet delicacies have their old-established, recondite, allegorical meaning; their import may be lost to the multitude, but not so the relish.

Yet and nevertheless the feast of feasts is that which ushers in all the others—it is Christmas-eve supper. Its grand display is quoted from year's end to year's end proverbially. Some hard-hearted sceptics may be found who sneer at it, it is true, who will ask, scoffingly, whether men eat "only once a-year?" and whether it is expected that the world is to come to an end after Christmas night? But even these *esprits forts* take good care to secure a nice repast for themselves, notwithstanding; if they can have none at home, they go and look for it at some neighbour's.

Eight o'clock in the evening is generally supper-time; and the banquet is everywhere prolonged until midnight, when the saints, the wags, and the rakes make it a point to adjourn, and repair, in a more or less tottering condition, to the Santissima Annunziata, to hear "*la piva*," steadier folk do not stir, but abide by their stout determination to make a night of it.

Christmas-eve is a fast, and the supper is *de maigre*. It is anything but a meagre banquet nevertheless—not all meats only, but milk, butter, and eggs, are rigidly excluded from its ingredients. Those who have dined with Roman Catholics of luxurious habits on a fast-day, especially with the better sort of prelates or monks, must be aware how ingenious their cooks are to dress their viands with little more than sweet Florence oil and lemon-juice. We ourselves remember dining with the good monks of St. Bernard on Assumption-eve, August 14th, last year, at their usual primitive hour of eleven o'clock in the morning, and we scarcely remember even our pedestrian appetite to have been so sumptuously gratified at any of the tables-d'hôte throughout Switzerland; what we actually ate, we could not for the life of us say, but we had faith, and in *that* were we sated.

Now every Catholic-Apostolical-Roman cook is expected to outdo himself on Christmas-eve. All the fishers in the Mediterranean are ploughing the waves for months previously, merely that the Christmas board may groan under the weight of their plentiful harvest. None of your savoury herrings, none of the high-scented stockfish your English heretical fisheries supply! No, no; salt-fish may very well be put up with in the dreary season of Lent; cod and mackerel may be acceptable in expiation of carnival sins; but Christmas is time for rejoicing, and the fish must be unpreserved and unpickled, however otherwise problematic its freshness.

Unpreserved and unpickled is not strictly meant for unsalted. The inland Lombards, in their happy innocence, think that all fish from the sea must have the taste of the water it swims in. The Genoese make it a practice of sending across the Appenines all the fish that has grown too *high* for their fastidious olfactories; down it comes, on muleback, wrapt in snow and salt, to perfume the market-place in every city of the plain; the good landsman pays its weight in gold, revels in its *natural* flavour, drenches it with lemon-juice, and economises his salt.

He has no lack of fresh-water fish near home. Nothing so exquisite as the sweet-flavoured pike and rich carp of the Po; but hardly anything can come up to his extravagance and love of variety on Christmas-night. Even the Neapolitans will, on this occasion, play false to their standing dish, and substitute eels to macaroni. They buy up all the *anguille* from Trieste to Taranto, from Lerici to Messina. In the writhing things come for weeks and weeks in their light *paranzellas*.* Down they are shot upon the shore of Santa Lucia by thousands of bushels; the slender eels from the freshwater-pools near Bastia; the thick *capitoni* from the swamps of Comacchio. They rise at unheard-of prices, but not too high for the poorest. No *Lazzarone* who has a mattress to pawn is ever too destitute to be unable to afford a domino for the carnival, and some kind or other of water-snake for Christmas-eve.

The eel is, however, only a Neapolitan luxury. The Lombards are so far willing to humour their southern brethren in their predilection for that slippery dainty, as to give up in their favour all the produce of their swampy bottoms on the Adriatic shore, near the seven mouths of the Po, in exchange for the sardines of the Lipari Islands, and the wealth of the tunny fisheries on the Barbary coast. From the sturgeon and turbot—those leviathans of the Mediterranean waves—down to the *gianchetto* of the average size of an infant's smallest finger, which come on shore in great shoals in the Ligurian bays—all is fish that comes to their net. The Gulf of Venice supplies a good stock of exquisite mullet; that of Genoa makes up by quality for its proverbial deficiency in quantity. During the whole week that precedes Christmas, no business is transacted except at the fish-market; and a pretty sight is, on such occasions, an Italian Billingsgate, especially at nightfall, when the last lots are disposed of by auction, by the light of hundreds of farthing candles wrapped in red paper shades, with loads of orange and lemon rolling on the pavement, and heaps of fish in all states of decomposition—a field of battle for fishmongers of either sex—and great greedy gourmands haggling and higgling for very life, and an occasional jeer and banter, such as only can sally forth from Italian wit, and shouts and yells such as only burst from Italian throats.

But fish, though it must be there, and in the greatest possible plenty and variety, is hardly the *one thing needful* at a Christmas-eve supper. This great meal must needs come up to the *beau ideal* of supreme earthly felicity, described in Italian fairy tales: “*Un gran pranzo con dodici piatti*.” Out of twelve dishes laid upon the table, nine at least are made-dishes. How made, and out of what, is one of those culinary mysteries to which M. Soyer, and he alone, may possibly furnish a clue. Sorry I am, for the reader's sake, to be the last person to give any particulars on such matters. Of Christmas festivities I have had my good share, and enjoyed it too; but at home, as well as abroad, my plan invariably was to swallow my *vicinals* and ask no questions.

The dessert is, if possible, a more complicated and luxurious affair than the repast itself. The orange comes in perfection towards Christmas; the grapes have been mellowed by two months hanging on the bare ceiling. The sunny *Riviera* is never at a loss for fine flowers in the heart

* Flat-bottomed double-keeled boats, by the means of which fish may be conveyed alive from harbour to harbour.

of winter; and as for candied fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, why the Italians have not invented the art of confectionary for the benefit of Ultramontanes alone.

All sweets are welcome at Christmas; but Christmas has sweets of its own: its jars of *mostarda*, its *spongata* and *toroni*. The town of Cremona is renowned for the last-named delicacy. Indeed, the glory of that town proverbially rests on three things whose names begin with a T. *Toroni* is one, the great Tower of the Cathedral is another: the third refers to something conspicuous in the fine busts of its ladies. The best *mostarda* comes from Venice: *spongata* and *spongatini* issue from convents and nunneries, and none are so good as those manufactured by the Benedictine monks of St. John at Parma. Those good friars used to be hard at work on these matters during the whole of the Advent—so hard at work as to have hardly any leisure for the *Santo Presepio*. They called in their lay cronies, the friends and benefactors of the convent (jolly old bachelors, confirmed epicures, *bons vivans*, such as do love to congregate in barbers' and apothecaries' shops of long winter evenings), to lend a hand in the manipulation of their miraculous ingredients. Night after night these worthies kneaded, pounded, and cracked—cracked coarse jokes, too, together with their almonds and nutmegs. The world without saw their industrious lamp burning cheerily long after midnight and rejoiced; for when the day came, the *spongatini dall'aquila*, so named from the eagle of the Evangelist they bore on their crust—richer than any wedding-cake—were sent forth all the world over, tidily wrapped up in silver and silk, to the great delight of all children's hearts, and the utter dismay and discomfiture of lay confectioners, forced to acknowledge themselves mere bunglers by the side of their reverend fellow craftsmen.

Alas! that I should have to describe such happy doings in the past tense. The *spongatini di San Giovanni* are amongst the things that were. The young Duke of Parma, the son of that "Protestante Don Giovanni," who astonished all Italy by his half-Anglican, half-Jacobinical freaks at Lucca, did not scruple last summer to seize upon St. Benedict's property; he turned the monks to the right about, and shut up their confectionary shops. How he can hope to go through the Christmas season when his people come to him for their cakes, and he will have nothing but stones or bullets to give them, is what remains to be seen. *Faire des brioches* is what all statesmen have been liable to time out of memory. It remains to be seen whether the people of Parma will suffer *that* to be numbered among the royal prerogatives, and how far they will suffer their prince to interfere with their messes, or with the good and pious souls who provide them.

But if the Christmas season has its ambrosia, it can equally boast of its nectar. The transalpine nations know little of southern *liqueurs*, save only *Parfait Amour* and *Maraschino of Zara*. But out of the essence of every flower or fruit the Italians know how to distil their *Rosolio*. Some of the sweetest also, such as the one known under the quaint but expressive appellation of *Latte di Vecchia*, seem to be the result of magic spells, and to condense all pleasant flavours into one luscious flavour. The dear liquids come in at the close of the banquet, in tiny vials—hardly entitled to the name of bottles—by dozens and scores, with their labels telling of all the sweets of hill and dell, and their oily contents are noiselessly

poured out into the tiniest of glasses—glasses no bigger than thimbles ; and yet a sip from every glass, and a taste from every vial, cannot fail of its effect in the long run—the effect of the drop wearing out a stone. The long-established privilege of the evening, the brightness of happy faces grouped merrily around, the example of the gravest and soberest—the necessity, in short, of being merry on that blessed night, render it rather arduous to keep that merriment within proper limits; and there is hardly a *governor* in all Italy so stern as to be put out by an occasional twinkle in the eyes not only of his promising boys, but even of his darlings of the tenderer sex.

To be *alquanto brillo*—in fine, something like half-seas over on Christmas night, is not thought derogatory to the dignity of either man or priest. There is, owing to a natural buoyancy and elasticity of temperament, or else to the light and genuine nature of their beverage, something exhilarating and winning in the loquacious ebriety of southern people. It is not easy to quarrel with men who only dance and frolic in their cups. So the monks of the Annunziata, well aware of the frame of mind in which most of their votaries approach their altar on bagpipe-night, take good care so to prepare themselves for their performance, and to give such a character to the performance itself, that any unexpected sally on the part of the pit may not be altogether out of keeping with the doings on the stage.

It is all based on the principle of “*hanc veniam petimusque, damusque vicissim.*” Both parties have learned to wink at each other’s slips and backslidings. If some of the worshippers have sat so long at table as to be rather apt to “see double,” not a few of the sacrificers at the altar are in a sufficiently happy condition to afford to “see not at all.”

There is, however, a limit even to the long-established indulgence of that merry solemnity. For those who may be tempted to trespass upon it, there is no lack of terrible warnings.

In a corner of that great oval edifice, on the left hand, near one of the side doors, and right behind the massy *pilier* where the faithful come to dip the tips of their fore and middle fingers in holy water, there is a broad slab of marble, greatly worn and darkened by age, and bearing in the Gothic characters of the fifteenth century simply this brief inscription—

ECCE MARIA.

Beneath that stone, people believe, is a bottomless pit. The legend runs as follows :—

Two ill-fated lovers, at a loss how otherwise to bring together a meeting, appointed a rendezvous at this church, at the time of the celebration of the midnight mass on Christmas night. What sort of a supper they might have partaken of, how many bumpers of *Parfait Amour* they had tossed off, is not on record. Only the transport of that longed-for encounter, the outburst of long pent-up feelings, seem to have blinded them to all circumstances of time and place. The lateness of the hour, the comparative darkness and stillness of that remote and shadowed part of the sacred edifice, the strains of ravishing music, the clouds of inebriating incense, the very awfulness of those august rites, conspired to lull them into the happiest abstraction from the world that environed them. They scarcely needed the dark and gloomy *pilier* that screened them from observation, for the mass was now at its highest, every eye was turned

to the main altar, and the silence of death had succeeded to the irreverent whispers of the bustling crowd. Blind to all but their love, in the fervour of their hurried converse the two lovers rushed into each other's arms. It was at the elevation of the Host—the climax of all that is truly appalling in that form of worship. Every one in that countless multitude was struck dumb, if only for a minute; every one, whether sober or otherwise, had, by mere force of habit, fallen on his knees and lay prostrate on his face. The officiating priest stood alone with up-lifted arms, turned from the altar, and holding the holy wafer high above the level of his eyes, when his hands were suddenly seen to tremble, and a piercing shriek of "Jesus Maria!" burst from his lips.

On that very instant the earth shook with sudden violence, the tapers burned pale on the altar, and a ruddy light gleamed upwards from the very spot where the lovers had stood. Ere the attention of the terrified crowd could be turned into that direction, a dark flame had broken out of the ground under the feet of those miserable offenders; it had wrapped them in its lurid lambent tongues, engulfed them, and left no trace of them.

A wide abyss had opened underneath their feet: an unfathomable pit, which has been yawning ever since, and will probably yawn till every one of the surrounding tombstones are equally forced open at doomsday. The names of those profane victims of inordinate passion are not inscribed on the monument, nor yet the date of their tragic catastrophe; but the monks aver how many cart-loads of rubbish have been shot into that black hole year after year, in a vain hope of choking it up; how many coils of hempen rope have been let down into it, in a bootless attempt to sound its depth. All in vain! A huge square flag was at last thrown upon the charm, and dismal indeed is the hollow sound it gives under the heel that ventures to tread upon it. There are not many, however, that like to stand upon that *aditus averni*; and especially on Christmas might he must, indeed, be a free-thinker, who would even with all the elation of his midnight potations, come near it. The lovers' slab (*la lapida degli amanti*) and its approaches are carefully shunned; the side door in its immediate neighbourhood is, like another *Porta Scelerata*, closed on that occasion, and striking from its very contrast is the silence, darkness, and loneliness, which reigns over that desecrated part of the building.

Yet it was close upon that redoubted spot, round the very *pilier* that we have described as rising almost immediately upon the brink of the abyss, that three students were standing, with idle talk and laughter, not loud, but deep, on the Christmas-eve of the year 18—.

If they were faithless and fearless, as the very circumstance of their having chosen their station near that excommunicated ground would imply, it must also be borne in mind that they were homeless and loveless. Two of them were strangers in the town, and came from so great a distance, that even the four weeks' holidays allowed by the university at this season would not have made it worth their while to join their family circle in compliance with the universal custom of the country.

The third of them, the tallest and handsomest of the group, by name Natale Gennari, has no such excuse, for he is a native of the town. His father, the judge, or as the title is there, the *Consigliere* Gennari, is at this very moment presiding over the grand family carouse at home—a house not a hundred miles off. But this Natale, the eldest of the judge's.

children, is a prodigal son; and even the holy domesticity of the Christmas season fails to keep him snug and quiet under the parental roof.

Christmas in Italy, in northern Italy especially, brings round a yearly sanctification of home. It is not in England merely, or in Germany, that the close of the year is made an occasion for great family meetings, and interchange of affectionate greetings, though many people in these good northern countries are apt so to flatter themselves. Christmas I have found to be the great holiday everywhere, in all Christian communities—a few cross-grained Yankee puritans alone excepted, the pale of whose church seems to be a great universal wet blanket; but certainly the Catholic nations—the old Christians, those who give the heart so strong an ascendancy over reason in all religious practices, will not be expected to remain behindhand in the solemnisation of a festival which blends devotion with the kindest and tenderest feelings.

The wassail-bowl of the English, and the *tannen-beum* of the Germans, may be unknown in the south; but most assuredly no where do kinsfolk more cordially live with and for each other, between mid-December and mid-January, than they do in those limited and stationary, and all but primitive, Lombard communities.

Take, for instance, the family of that same Consigliere Gemmari we have lately mentioned, and from whose fireside the wrong-headed son and heir, the pride and hope of the house, chooses to estrange himself.

The consigliere is the father of twelve children, and therefore entitled to the pension by which those old-fashioned patriarchal governments, ever since the days of ancient Rome, always apprehensive that the world may come to an end, endeavour to encourage the zeal of those useful members of the community who swell the census by the dozen; well, with twelve children of his own, even allowing for the absence of the truant eldest, one would think the good judge possessed of sufficient elements for a good merry-making of his own. Not a bit of it—his wife has a married sister, whose wedding took place within a twelvemonth of her own, and who has ever since kept up with her a neck-and-neck race, so that the consigliere can number as many nephews and nieces as he has sons and daughters! The judge has besides two greatly beloved sisters of his own, an old uncle, a canon in the cathedral, and the average number of cousins and unavoidable poor relations.

A mighty clan, in short, they constitute whenever they assemble and meet together; in the Christmas season, also a noisy and disorderly one. But the consigliere's house is vast and lofty; there is room for them all, and for their voices. He is the head of the family, and as such claims the right of the first in that long round of Christmas invitations. This evening they all sup with him; to-morrow the whole tribe will fall upon the Zio Canonico, and his fat beef and turkey. New Year's-eve is celebrated at Uncle Silvestro's. On New Year's-day comes the turn of the Zio Protomedico; the Zia Teresa convokes all the small fry at her house on Innocents'-day, where, agreeably to long-sanctioned custom, the whole rising generation is made to sit down to table alone as the guests, whilst parents, uncles, grand-uncles, and all the elders, minister to their wants as waiters, trenchermen, and cup-bearers.

But Christmas-eve is the consigliere's own. The log—a *bona fide* Christmas log—such a log as coal-burning England has no knowledge of, except from Dickens and the old Christmas carols—the “*Zocca della*

Vigilia di Natale," as it is called in the dialect of the country—is all in a blaze in the kitchen; the great dining-hall has also a roaring fire, and the whole dwelling receives such a thorough house-warming as may well do for the season. The boys and girls, who have all been on the lookout for the *Santa Vigilia* for the last three months, are all gathered round the table, scrambling upon the backs of the chairs, clustering together in every variety of fanciful groups. They have been made to recite their "Compliments of the season," in all possible languages, till they have unlearned almost every syllable of them. Compliments from the young "Greek" fresh from a crack grammar-school; compliments in dog-Latin; compliments in school French; compliments stammered forth by rosy urchins in white pinafores, with—

Love to my good father,
And love to mammy dear,
With a merry, merry Christmas,
And a happy, happy new year!*

The perfumed gratulatory pink notes that the dear girls have cleverly thrust under their respective papa's and mamma's napkins before supper, those fair specimens of their very best roundhand, and of the high-flown sentimentality of their Ursuline governesses, have made the round of the table, till their embroidered envelopes have contracted not a little of the stickiness of the rosy thumbs and fingers with which they had to make acquaintance. Drawing sketches, lace, braces, slippers, handkerchiefs, and other masterpieces of school craft have also been duly admired, and all is said that could be said about them. The dessert, pink and rosy, has been pounced upon and vanished under rapacious clutches. The juveniles have *carte-blanche* after the sweetmeats come in. No scolding allowed on the part of the parents this blessed night, no chiding or squabbling among them. Burnt-cork moustachios, tickling with straws, and other harmless tricks, played upon such as evince symptoms of drowsiness, are considered fair play on the occasion. Even boys, sick with sugar-plums, or roisterous with *maraschino*, may be sent to bed, but unwhipped. Being sent to bed is punishment enough in all conscience, for every one is aware that the real fun of the evening only begins after supper.

After supper, the papa, mamma, and others, retreat behind the great curtain which separates the dining-hall from the *anti-sala*—the larder or pantry, that leads to the kitchen. What is taking place behind those curtains, whilst the children are amusing themselves with blindman's-buff, *la strega*, and other similar games, not wholly harmless, though styled *innocent*, and not certainly noiseless—is to be a mystery to them. Some of the boldest urchins will venture to peep from under the curtain, it is true, and break out into some exclamation of wonder; but when closely questioned by their eager playfellows, it soon becomes evident that they

* Here is the specimen in Italian:—

Son fanciulletta,
E non so nulla,
Ma pur soletta
Compò io vuò.

Un complimento
A voi miei cari,
In un momento
Meglio che so.

Le feste sante,
E l'anno nuovo
Lieti e felici
Vi augurerò.

E sempre sempre,
Finchè vivrò,
Savia e buonina
Con voi sarò.

have seen nothing, and it is well with them if they come back without a fillip on the nose for their impertinent curiosity.

But now the curtain is drawn aside, discovering a table loaded with, perhaps, a hundred parcels, carefully wrapped up—so carefully, indeed, that nothing can be made out of the shape or nature of their contents; conspicuous on the foreground amongst that variety of things is an urn. It is the urn of fate. The elders are ranged round the table solemn and demure. They are the priests and ministers of the blind goddess. At a given sign, silence is ordered, and sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, by an inverted order of their age, are summoned to approach; bidden to thrust their hand into the urn and draw their lot.

The urn is to the Lombard children what the Christmas tree is amongst the Germans.

From the highest to the lowest, no human being goes through the holidays without what is called in Italy a "*Buona-Mano*"—Anglicè, a Christmas-box. These boxes are no slight taxes upon the heads of families. Assailed by "compliments" in every quarter, they are expected to give five-franc pieces in exchange for words. These compliments are not merely the "*Buone Feste!*" (Merry Christmas!) and "*Buon Capo d'Anno!*" (Happy New Year!) with which people pelt each other, so to say, in the streets whenever and wherever they meet, but regular set speeches from their own butlers and kitchen-wenches, from the beadle at the university, the porters at the court, at the Casino, at every familiar haunt, whether official or otherwise—regular tirades in prose and verse, in a grave mood or in the spirit of drollery, agreeably to the peculiar humour of the orator—eloquent effusions which have their meaning, and only one meaning, that of enabling your well-wisher to have a dive into your purse.

Those who have travelled far will know very well that the frequency and variety of presents is found to increase in an inverted ratio with the degree of civilisation attained by different nations. The Italians are deep enough in barbarism to have established vails for every incident in life, not only for births, weddings, and burials; not only for birthdays and saints' days, but almost for every festivity in the calendar. Still nothing comes up to the munificence of the Christmas-boxes. No one is allowed to be unhappy at that time of the year—no one, at least, whom a couple of *lire*, a round of beef, or a faggot of firewood, can relieve from immediate suffering.

But what is out of doors often a burthensome duty of habit or charity, becomes a source of great enjoyment between friends and relatives at home. The consigliere has been busy for hours, as we have represented him, aided by that portly matron his wife, and a couple of skinny maiden cousins, carefully sorting and suiting his presents. The children, awed by expectation, scarcely venture to whisper. The little things come with trembling hands to see what a benignant fortune may have in store for them. Nor the young ones alone, but all the ladies and gentlemen present, take their chance, and the very domestics are summoned from the offices to have their share in the *lotto*. The consigliere has thrown handfuls of little quizzing distichs, mottoes, and quolibets, together with the lottery numbers, into the urn. For one premium that happens to come up, there are at least a score of these vexatious blanks. The unlucky wights who draw these latter make very long faces and are laughed at, for the excel-

lent joke that has been played upon them. But the winner of a prize is immediately surrounded by an eager crowd and smothered with felicitations, whilst the prize is pulled and snatched from his hands, drawn from the four-and-twenty covers that usually wrap it, and passed from one to another, to become an object of wonder, a theme of the shrewd commendations and strictures of all these youthful expectants.

By-and-by, as the game advances, it becomes evident that the goddess is not so blind after all as it might have been judged at first; however long disappointed, every hand that applies to the urn is sure to draw a premium sooner or later. The game is so cleverly contrived, by some sleight of hand on the part of the *pater-familie* who has the management of it, that not only is no one cheated out of his Christmas present, by the caprice or perversity of luck, but very usually every one gets the very present originally intended for him.

Were this not the case, and had some blunder occurred in the awarding of fortune's favours, the children's hearts are too much expanded on Christmas night, too much elated by good-humour and benevolence, too much attuned to the kindest and gentlest feelings, to allow any one of their fellow revellers to depart with a baffled or mortified look. The new commodities are brought together; a kind of fair is held; the respective merits of each article are duly weighed and discussed; the opportune advice and insinuations of the old heads are not withheld, and those "boxes" do change hands again and again—a Breguet watch is exchanged for a packet of chocolate cakes; a drum for a pair of coral ear-rings; a wax doll for a Leipsic edition of the *Iliad*; till, in short, somehow or other, every one has secured what best suited his wants and purposes, or what was nearest to his heart.

It was at entertainments such as these that the young hope of the family, Natale Gennari, chose to turn up his nose; it was from such a merry party that he absented himself. He was now in his twenty-second anniversary, having been born on Christmas night, as his name implies; for people born within the twenty-four hours between Christmas-eve and day are usually christened *Natale*, and they are thought by the vulgar to be possessed with supernatural gifts; amongst others, with the faculty of seeing and holding intercourse with the souls of the departed. But Natale Gennari, having no belief in ghosts, could not be troubled with them. He had no belief in ghosts or in anything else, as he asserted; though for that matter, that was mere bravado, and he was no more free from some qualms of vague apprehensions on the part of the invisible world, than men of strong and quick imagination are apt to be, who have too long been under the training of silly, old-fashioned nurses. He swore in a loud round oath that there could be no ghosts, though he looked round about him, if it happened to be in the night-time, as if expecting every moment that aught might turn up to give the rash unbeliever the lie.

Natale Gennari affected the opinions of the most exaggerated free-thinkers. He was one of those who discover a peculiar flavour in a pork-chop on a fast day, and who only frequent the confessional to mystify some old priest hard of hearing, and to overhear the self-accusations of unsuspecting fair penitents. Even amongst reprobates and libertines he enjoyed a most unenviable reputation. His highly respected father, liberal-minded, and free from prejudice as he was, did not know what to

make of him. He saw that advice and reprimand were lost upon him, and that he was deaf even to the most common-place dictates of discretion.

The young Gennari could see nothing solemn or sacred in a Christmas holiday. He only hated the "fuss and maudlin sentimentality" that was made about it at home. Indeed he quarrelled with his godfathers for having saddled him with the stupid name of Natale. He was either too young or too old for the merry-makings of the season; too old to find a delight in "squalling brats," too young to join the group of "twaddling elders." So he "made himself scarce" (these vulgar phrases are only meant as translations of equivalent expressions in our vernacular idiom), he made himself scarce on principle; and had a sensible supper with those choice spirits, Crollalanza from Palermo, and young Papadopulo from Zante, his class-mates at the University, the same we have described as grouping around him by the "Lover's Slab" at the Annunziata on the memorable evening of December 24th, 18—.

Dashing blades they were, that Sicilian, the young Ionian, and the native Parmese. The very landlord of the *San Giuseppe*, a very low tavern and favourite haunt of all the loose youngsters about town—the very landlord, we said, hardened sinner as he was, shuddered with dismay as he laid before those three customers a hissing hot dish of tripe (*busecca alla Milanese* seasoned with boiled onion and Parmesan cheese), which those scapegraces preferred to the *soupe-de-maigre* on that hallowed evening. With that strong-scented abomination, a few veal cutlets, and a bottle or two of the rarest *Barbera*,* the boon companions set all established rules at defiance, and cried "a fig for the Pope!"

Supper over, and the night being already far advanced, they sallied forth into the frosty streets, comfortably warm within, and in the very best humour with the world and with themselves. And inasmuch as the midnight mass at the Annunziata was known to be not quite the thing for respectable individuals, they resolved that it would be "regular fun" to go, and went accordingly.

They had already made themselves sufficiently merry at the expense of the "greasy friars" and their stupid "puppet performance"—the *Presepio*; they had stared out of countenance the few semi-devout damsels, kneeling at random on the vast area of the church; they had exchanged ribald jokes with several of their cronies, and set up a chorus of crowing, cackling, braying, as a response to the bagpipe tunes, and the chanting in the choir; and after all manner of disturbance and annoyance to their neighbours, they had, at last, just as the mass began, withdrawn into a corner (that corner!), and there stood laying novel systems of metaphysics, and devising new plans of mischief.

"Well, if you wish it," said Natale Gennari, at the conclusion of a long discussion on the nature of souls, "if you wish it, I am your man. Let us go for crowbars and pickaxes, rope-ladders, hammers, and chisels, bring them here under our cloaks, lie *perdu* in one of these chapels till this silly mummary is over, and when the cowed gluttons are gone back to their guzzling, we'll have the marble slab up, and pay our respects to the lovers at the bottom of the pit."

"Mind how you meddle with the dead, Gennariello," answered one of his companions. "Remember—you were Christmas-born."

* Strong sparkling Piedmontese wine. To our taste the best in all Italy.

"Christmas-born, and Christmas fool to boot, Crollalanza," replied the blustering Natale. "I tell you I have been on the look-out for a good substantial ghost ever since I was a boy, and never a poor half-starved goblin did I fall in with. So we'll even have our good Christmas frolic to-night, boys, and a hunt after spirits, if there be any to be found at old Bogie's."

"Right, by jingo," shouted the Sicilian, with a horse laugh; "we'll flurry the game in old Nick's own preserves. We will, by jingo!"

"I swear to God," pursued the profane Natale. "These paltry cowed hypocrites have lost all skill at their old juggleries. I have tried them and found them wanting. You know they have always some devilry or other in connexion with their crazy old monkeries. Well, I was fool enough to put one of their silliest legends to the test of experience, and hang me, if I was not made a fool of for my pains, and caught a devil of a cold into the bargain."

"How was that?" said the friends with one voice. "How was that? Let's have it!"

"Why, you know our old baptistery is more than six hundred and fifty years old. The devil, it seems, had some grudge against the builder, or else he found fault with the new shop which was to rob him of so much of his former custom. He attempted to blow up the fine octagon ere it reached its present height; but as his rage was powerless, and he found himself compelled to decamp, he kicked and butted at one of the corners with so fell a malice, that the marks of his horns, and the print of his cloven hoof, are still discernible on the fine black marble at the present day. Well now, my friends, if you listen to the parsons, they'll tell you that by walking nine times round the building at the dead of night, you are sure at your ninth turning to bring up the old gentleman himself, face to face."

"Capital!" ejaculated the young friends, crowding closer and closer to the narrator with breathless interest.

"Capital!" re-echoed the latter. "It is a regular take in, as you shall hear. I was only a boy of fifteen, and had not quite made up my mind yet as to the mysteries of 'the dark side of nature.' So I determined I would stand no more nonsense, but settle the matter by the evidence of my own senses."

"Well spoken, my hearty!"

"No sooner said than done. I had a stout cudgel of *cornale*, a kind of white thorn that grows on our Apennine, as heavy as iron and much harder—a sound stick that had borne me honourably out of many an encounter with mere flesh and blood. I took it under my arm, and felt myself more than a match for the whole invisible world. I suspected the parsons might be at some of their tricks, and was resolved if any came within reach of my *baculum* not to let them off without a friendly rap on their shaven pate."

"Bless you for the good intention, my dear fellow!"

"Well! it was a summer night, but without star or moon; pitch dark and weird enough for all evil purposes. There were inky clouds drifting before the wind, slowly and sullenly, and a dismal growl in the air as if of distant thunder, giving clear intimation of a gathering storm. Not a soul was astir; my footsteps, as I came into the Piazza del Duomo, gave a hollow sound, as if I had been treading on tombstones.

"I came to the old baptistery; stood up before the spot where the devil's marks are indelibly traced on the stone. I tapped upon those marks with the heavy end of my stick, and cried out with a tolerably loud tone of defiance, 'Now then, old fellow, what's o'clock?'"

"The huge bell from the square tower of the cathedral made answer by tolling the deadly hour—midnight!"

"It was *my* time. I brandished my sturdy weapon resolutely, and set out with a steady step on the first of my rounds. I walked once, I walked twice; I counted my nine times very accurately. Devil a bit of devil was there! not a tiny imp, such even as will nestle snugly in the corner of a fair lady's dimple. I laughed aloud, bitterly—and it might have been an echo from the building; it might have been mere fancy; but I thought I could hear my own laugh repeated behind me, but in a tone of fiendish malignity. At that moment the dense clouds above head were torn asunder by a fiery streak of lightning, and such a shower of rain came down as our thirsty land alone can delight in.

"Brothers! I had my gingham jacket on, and a pair of nankeen pantaloon. I had not left the shelter of the baptistery's roof ere I was thoroughly drenched to the skin. I dashed across the square, scudded along the cathedral, running close to the building, and dodging to the right and left to shun the cataracts that fell from the mouths of the dragons at the end of its roaring waterspouts.

"It was thus that I came to the Piazza di San Giovanni, where I found the gutter swollen into a torrent. I attempted to take a flying leap over it, but stumbled against a stone, and came down with a tremendous splash into the stream.

"That was the end of the adventure. A thorough ducking, and the loss of the first beaver hat I was allowed by the governor!"

"So much for being born on Christmas-eve," sneered his friends. "Come, come! we'll have better luck to-night. At any rate, if this black hole underneath leads nowhere else, it is sure to bring us to the convent cellars, and a man may go further and fare worse."

"Ay, ay!" said the Sicilian, gravely; "these ancient vaults and subterranean passages must have their dark meaning; and may reveal a page or two in the hidden history of these shaveling humbugs. A propos, did any of you think of a dark lantern?"

"We'll borrow the Madonna's oil-lamp yonder," quoth Gennari, scoffingly. "I long for all this rabble to clear the ground. It is not far from mid-mass; our lovers must be up and stirring."

"Pity we do not know their names, the darlings," said the Sicilian, "else we might call out to them to make ready for our reception."

"One name will do as well as another," said Gennari. "Ho, Julian! Ho, Ginevra! There are romantic names for you! Darling Ginevra! What a trump she must have been! Give me a woman that will go through hell-fire for my sake, say I. Give me such a lass—Gracious powers! what is that?"

"What is what?" cried out his two friends at one voice.

"Why, there is our Ginevra, as I live!" gasped out the rash youth, turning pale as death. It was but for one moment, however, and he rallied immediately. "Why, what a masquerade is this! What do you call that nice plump young woman in black yonder?"

"Young woman? which? where?"

"Why, yonder, under that niche, close to the railings of St. Bonaventura's chapel."

"The one in the pink bonnet?"

"Thunder and lightning, no! The one in the long flowing veil; that fair form in black velvet, in a costume of the middle ages, who seems but to have stepped out of one of Titian's canvasses, yonder."

"Gennari, my dear fellow, you are raving!"

"It is yourselves that are stone-blind idiots," he retorted with warmth. "Who is she, in the devil's name? or what brings her here? Ha! I have it. She must be one of the opera girls, a singer or dancer for the next Carnival season. Well, woman or fiend, she is a jewel, I declare. She puts on her stage toggery, and comes to mass as if to a fancy ball. Not a bad idea that, *amico mio*."

"I must have a word or two with her. I must, by Jupiter! See what a light gliding step! Oh! she is one of the nymphs with 'many twinkling' toes, I have no doubt. See, how she threads her way between the groups of those besotted citizens! And they seem to take no notice of her, the blind moles! they do not step aside to make way for her, the stupid blocks! No matter, she is nimble enough to make her way through the eye of a needle."

"She is in want of a cavalier, I'll warrant you. Ha! did you see that? she puts out her white hand and beckons me. I am to be her favourite to-night. Excuse me, friends, *au revoir*. Here I am, fair black ladie! A word with you, I pray; we must have that invidious veil up; we must have a peep at that sweet roguish face. Indeed, we must. Hold! hold! Did you not call me? we must be the best of friends this blessed night, or my name is not Natale Gennari."

With this he darted forward, making for the spot he had been pointing at all the while. His friends, mystified by that wild and incoherent rhapsody—his friends, who had in vain strained their eyes to describe the object he was in pursuit of, now set out after him, uncertain what new game he was after, and half apprehensive that he might have gone out of his mind.

Mass was already far advanced, and the church was crowded to suffocation. The friars of the Annunziata admit of no pews in the main body of their building; but there are thousands of chairs and portable *prie-Dieu*, which may be taken out of the side-chapels on ordinary occasions. A few of the steady zealots were kneeling here and there, or leaning against these chairs to the great annoyance of the rest of the congregation. The rest was a motley mass in perpetual motion.

Bating the costumes, there is no great difference in the behaviour of the audience of a midnight mass from that of the revellers at a public ball at the opera-house. Those who have attended camp-meetings in Yankee land must have been struck with the appalling amount of profanation inseparable from all exaggerate shows of devotion. Indeed, I question whether anything like reverence can ever be found compatible with a large assemblage. But on Christmas night in Italy licence reigns uncontrolled. We have already hinted, that respectable persons are scarcely to be found at that hour in any church. Least of all at the Annunziata; the very popularity of whose performance makes it the rendezvous of all the loose characters about town.

The throng is especially set in the direction of the main altar and of

the *Presepio*, laid out on its left side. Ten thousands of eager faces are there jammed up, swarming, swaying to and fro. Few take the trouble of lowering their tone to a whisper. Unbridled licence for all ribald jokes; together with jeers and gibes, occasional scuffles also, pinching of damsels' fat arms, crushing of bonnets, and high words, scowling and blustering in consequence.

It was even through this pandemonium that Natale Gennari followed the traces of his unknown charmer. Expert as he was in dodging milliners' apprentices along the streets, indefatigable in his chase after grisettes in green dominoes at the *Veglione*, he had, nevertheless, great trouble in keeping up with the fairy sylph that was now gliding before him. The crush of people, who by mere force of inertia offered so much resistance to his own progress, seemed to be no hindrance to the movements of the black-robed adventuress. The crowd opened before her as if by magic; and neither the surprising elegance of her form, nor the richness and strangeness of her attire, seemed to call forth any curiosity or remark.

Many are the ladies in black at a night or morning service in Italian churches: many are they who prefer the national *zendado* or *mezzaro* to the Frenchified bonnet of modern times. But the cut of this black lady's veil belonged to other ages; that cape, and those flounces, had not been worn for many generations. Yet she passed on unnoticed: she threaded on from group to group without interruption, brushing past, and hardly touching any person. You would have said she made her way over the ankles of kneeling worshippers, so lightly did she overcome every obstacle that lay in her path.

It soon became obvious to her bewildered admirer that nothing could be easier for her than to give him the slip, and be out of his sight in a minute, had she been so inclined; but she evidently was aware of his efforts to overtake her, for she stopped from time to time and shot a glance at him from under her veil: a glance either of encouragement, or else of triumph, at his baffled impatience—a glance of scoff and defiance.

Every one of these pauses added fury to the eagerness of her mad-denied persecutor. He tore away through the crowd, puffing and panting like a baited bull, jostling and skirmishing, forcing couples asunder, stumbling here against a prayer-desk, there kicking a stool from under an old lady's seat.

It was well for him that Christmas-eve is a season for mutual forbearance, or else, in despite of his broad shoulders and great muscular strength, he might have drawn upon himself more quarrels than he had, at that moment, leisure to settle. He passed on unchallenged, by a rare luck, and perfectly heedless of the angry looks that followed him in his mad and apparently objectless career. He made twice the tour of the church—twice forced his way to the very steps of the altar—twice stood in front of the stage of the stable-show: his cloak was almost torn from his shoulders, and his hat had been squeezed into the shape of a pancake.

With not one of the folds in her velvet gown crumpled, the veiled figure still scudded before him. Her motion was not mere walk; she seemed to move in cadence, keeping time with the swelling organ strains with which the vast edifice was now trembling.

She had twice gone the round of the church, and was now on the point of once more emerging from the dense multitude; her follower's heart

beat joyously as he flattered himself she was now making straight for the door. He redoubled his efforts to extricate himself from the last rows of the pressing people. He breathed freely : yet one desperate rush—and he stood by the stranger's side.

On that very instant the organ peal stopped suddenly short ; and the tinkling of the little silver bell gave sign of the elevation of the Host.

The whole crowd fell upon their faces. The black lady moved a few steps further—only a few hurried steps, and she stood right on the "Lovers' Slab." There she stood, and suddenly faced her pursuer. He had already stretched forth his hand to lift up her veil, when she removed it herself.

She removed her veil, and—shall I describe what features she revealed to the astonished gaze of Natale Gennari ? They were the rigid brow, the staring glassy eyes, the dropping jaw of a recent corpse !

Those eyes flashed with a transient light : the livid lips moved and uttered a faint scream of "*Jesus Maria !*" Gennari re-echoed that scream, and sank overpowered over the tombstone. It was Ginevra !—The Christmas-born libertine had seen the ghost he had the rashness to evoke !!

His friends, who had repeatedly lost sight of him in the crowd, had just come up with him at this last extremity. They raised him from the ground, and had no slight trouble to bring him to his senses. Longer time elapsed ere he had so far recovered as to allude to his adventure, and to give the particulars upon which we have grounded our narrative.

He is a married man now, and the head of a family of his own. He takes good care to keep "holy" the Christmas night, and sits down to supper with his own and his friends' children as soberly and rationally as his worthy father ever did before him.

A DRIFT-LOG ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ZEBEDEE HICKORY.

CHAPTER VI.

A WARNING—ROCKS AHEAD.

Don John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

HE drove off with the intention of returning to explain the reason of his detention. He was fatigued with his day's work. He had scarcely broken his fast since the morning, and, overpowered by the heat of the day, he was faint and weary. In passing through the town, the cab came to a sudden stop, and Mr. Underwood's head appeared in the window.

"We are waiting for you," said that gentleman.

"I cannot come just now," replied Selborne ; "I am on important business."

"It must be now or never," said Mr. Underwood.

"Well, get in," said Selborne, impatiently. "I hope we shall not be long."

"You will be of a different opinion presently," answered his companion.

They drove to a small house in the suburbs, where the latter person jumped out and rapped at the door. A little girl appeared and let them in. Accidentally glancing down as he passed, Godfrey recognised the child whom he had rescued from the fire on the night of his arrival.

"How did you come here?" said he, putting his hand on her head.

"We live here," said she.

"We!" said Selborne. "Who are we?"

"Mother and I," said the child.

"In fact, the people who keep the rooms," interposed Mr. Underwood, impatiently, at the same time pushing the girl out, and locking the door after her. At another door in the same room Mr. Underwood tapped softly. It was stealthily opened, and a head appeared.

"Are you all there?" said the first person.

The head took a short survey of our hero, and then said, "Yes; you can come in."

Four persons were seated at a table. One was a thin, sallow, cadaverous creature, with emaciated hands and hollow cheeks, with parched lips and bloodshot eyes, and who spoke in hollow accents. To every word he uttered the others listened in a species of entranced admiration, and as he went on with his story they glanced from him to our hero, as if to mark the effect of the narration on him.

He told how, possessed of a clue from the Indians, he had hunted over mountains, and waded through rivers, scorched with the sun, smitten with swamp fevers, and sometimes almost perished for lack of food—how, with the one object of his life, he had raked the gurgling streams, and picked out of rocks the precious metal in solid lumps.

He further said that they intended to start on the morrow for the Sabine river, to proceed thence through Texas, where they would join a corps of volunteers, and proceed up the Rio Grande to Santa Fé in New Mexico, whence they would diverge upon the old Spanish road through the Indian country. In spite of his fatigue, Selborne became interested beyond measure; and the time passed away so quickly, that it was near midnight before he thought of going. At the door the following conversation took place betwixt Mr. Underwood and himself.

"You will join us?" said the former.

"I will answer you to-morrow morning."

"You can decide as well to-night."

"But I do not choose to decide to-night."

"How do I know, then, what use you will make of the information you could not have obtained but for me?"

"I have given you every assurance that an honest man can give," said Selborne. "If you think I would betray you, it is too late for you now to recover your false step." And he jumped into the cab, and drove away.

"Not quite too late, my fine fellow," said the other when he had gone.

Arriving at the hotel, our hero discussed a chop and some bottled porter, and then proceeded to his room to enjoy a quiet cigar. An idea started at this moment. "Texas, these people said. It was a Texas boat in which Mr. Mudge was. Can there be any connexion between them? No, it can only be a coincidence." But, by an odd train of thought, his mind turned to the robbery of the previous night, and he was in the midst of a brown study, when he was informed that a gentleman below wished to see him.

"Oh! very well; ask him to step up here."

Enter Mr. Snag, in evening costume.

"Hallo!" said that gentleman; "retiring to private life?"

Selborne replied that he had been busy all day, and was taking a quiet smoke.

"Quite right," said his friend; "wooding up, I guess. If you have another cigar, give it me, and I will tell you something."

The cigar was handed over and lighted. Mr. Snag produced a pocket-book, and, drawing thence a highly ornamented card, presented it to our hero, telling him to read it.

"What is this?" said Selborne. "Ticket—masked ball? Why, it's to-night!"

"I know it," said Mr. Snag. "I have come for you, and you must go with me."

"I can't to-night; it is too late. Besides, I have no costume," said Godfrey.

"I'll lend you a domino; you'll want no other costume," said his friend.

After some reluctance on Selborne's part, which was at last overcome, he proceeded to dress, and the lapse of half an hour found them both on the staircase of the Assembly-rooms.

The ball had commenced at nine o'clock, so that they were in tolerable time.

"Now," said Mr. Snag, "there is a head-dress of blue flowers that I am going to dance with when it is disengaged, and then we separate. You must try to get along somehow. You see that little girl with the white mask and chaplet of pearls? she waltzes some, I tell you. A nice partner for you. You had better go and ask her."

"Who will introduce me?" said Selborne.

"Introduce yourself," said his friend. "You don't need an introduction at a masked ball, I reckon."

"Are they all ladies, here?" inquired Selborne.

"The best in the city, sir," replied Mr. Snag.

"Is there no danger of their being insulted in a mixed company like this?"

"We don't insult our females in this country," said Mr. Snag. "I guess, if any one insults a lady here, he will get 'cracked off' mighty quick. But I see the blue flowers a settin' all alone. Good bye; take care of yourself."

Selborne stood awhile, as the various couples whirled past him in the waltz. There were some fancy costumes of simple character, such as flower-girls and Greek maidens, which formed an agreeable variety in the scene. The band was choice, and the room handsome and lofty. By-and-bye the number of couples dwindled down to two or three, and showed

no symptoms of increasing ; and the music ceased. Godfrey had his eye on the chaplet of pearls, and saw the fair owner led to a seat.

He approached, and requested the honour.

The chaplet acquiesced.

"Shall we walk meanwhile?" said she, rising and taking his arm. "This is a pretty sight, is it not?"

"It would be much prettier if the ladies had not those odious masks," said Selborne.

"How do you know they do not conceal something which will not bear the light?"

"It is my impression that the lady with the chaplet thinks otherwise," said he.

"Then you accuse me of vanity," said she.

"Far from it," he replied ; "but something tells me that vanity might be excusable in such a case."

"Do they pay compliments in that way in your country?" said she, laughing.

"My country!" replied he. "How do you know that this is not my country?"

"Your dress, your speech, everything proclaims you. Your people are like Cain—they have a mark on their foreheads which every one may know."

"Not, I trust," said Godfrey, "like Cain, with a mark of guilt?"

"No; but with a mark of—" Here she paused.

"Go on," said he ; "a mark of—?"

"I ought not to tell you ; it will make you vain."

"If you intend to pay me a compliment, I fear I shall be very vain," said our hero.

"No, not quite so bad as that ; but there is a mixture of ingenuousness and reserve, of simplicity and pride, that distinguishes them."

"Not bad national features either," said he. "But you have not told me whom you take me to be."

"It is not necessary to tell you that you are an Englishman."

After one or two dances, a man with a black domino and a great beard took Selborne's fair partner away. Our hero eyed him with great disgust, and then set off in search of another partner; but ever and anon followed the chaplet of pearls with his eyes round the room. At length supper was announced. The owner of the chaplet was seated, and the man with the beard standing by her chair.

"Now for it," thought Selborne. "I'll take her from that ugly fellow.—May I have the happiness of taking you to supper?" said he.

He *felt* that Bigbeard was scowling awfully under his domino.

"You are progressing," said the lady, as she walked away with him.

"It was only an honour a little while ago, it is a happiness now."

"This is an age of progress," said Godfrey.

"Do you know that man whom we have just left?" said she.

"No," replied he ; "nor do I care to do so."

"He knows you," she replied. "He has noticed you all the evening. I want to ask you a question," she continued, in a low voice. "Choose some moment of interval—say after supper."

"Mystery!" said he. "Why not now?"

"Hush! not now," replied she, glancing over her shoulder.

Selborne looked behind, and saw Bigbeard at no great distance.

Notwithstanding his good company, our hero found himself getting drowsy at the table; and to drive off the feeling, helped himself plentifully to wine. So that, when he once began to talk, he became very eloquent.

"I see some persons leaving the room," said his fair partner at length. "Suppose we go?"

They proceeded to one of the ante-rooms. The lady seated herself, and motioned him beside her; a command which he obeyed, saying at the same time,

"Now for this mystery, this momentous question."

"I fear," said she, seriously, "that you will find it more momentous than you anticipate. Will you promise to answer my questions without reservation and without inquiry?"

Godfrey replied that he was fearful of making a contract which it might be difficult to keep.

"Tush! I am serious," said she, impatiently. "Reach me that pack of cards."

He did so. Selecting some, she pretended to consult them.

"You are recently from England?" said she, appearing to read.

"I am."

"You have received an appointment in the state department?"

He inclined his head.

"Did any unusual occurrence happen to you last night?"

"A very unusual occurrence," said he, in some surprise.

"Name it."

He told the case of the robbery.

"Ah!" said she, with a start.

He listened without speaking, and with an interest which was too real to be concealed, and only nodded in corroboration of her remarks as she proceeded.

"You are on the eve of an adventure, dazzling in prospect, and momentous in more respects than one. Hush! hear me out," said she, seeing Godfrey was about to interrupt her. "The interests, perhaps the safety, of more than yourself hang upon this step. And now that I have shown you that I possess a knowledge greater than your own, you will be satisfied that I have other motives than curiosity when I ask you for your name and address."

Selborne drew a card from his pocket, and wrote the address in pencil.

"Now unmask," said she.

He removed the domino with no little anxiety.

"I am right," said she, rising, and throwing the cards from her.

"Mr. Selborne," she said, speaking earnestly, "you are the victim of treachery. Be warned."

"Alas, madam! of what use this warning, if I know not by whom I am threatened?"

"I cannot tell you—I dare not tell you," said she, passionately. "But it is true, as I live."

- She was silent for some time.

"Dear madam," said Godfrey at length, "who you are that thus take an interest in my fate I know not, nor why. Your motives are friendly, I am convinced. I believe that a dark purpose can never be harboured in so fair a form. Pardon me," said he, taking her hand: "as I am ignorant of your modes of access to this knowledge of my concerns, give me some clue to this treachery, and permit me at least to know whom I have to thank; let me know what good angel takes an interest in my unworthy fortunes, and, as I am a man, no unhandsome use shall be made of your confidence."

"It cannot be; do not ask me," said she, shaking her head. "I am your friend from a sense of justice, nothing more," she added.

"Forgive me," said he, earnestly, "if I say that this interview cannot terminate here. Your beauty—I am sure you are beautiful" (here she turned away her head)—"your friendship for one of uncertain fortunes, tempt me to hope that a sense of justice may be supplanted by friendship of a more interesting nature, when this mystery is explained, and when happier days shall permit us to renew the intercourse."

Some part of our hero's eloquence was attributable to the wine he had taken during supper.

"Rise, sir!" said she, in terror. Selborne had thrown himself on one knee. "This must not be. For your own, for my sake, rise from that posture. You must not misconstrue my conduct in this affair. That would be an unworthy use of my confidence."

Godfrey obeyed.

"At least," said he, "permit me to see my monitor."

She complied so far as to lower her mask, disclosing a pair of beautiful eyes, which were large and dark, and, as he thought afterwards, filled with tears.

"And now," said she, with assumed gaiety, replacing the mask; "the confidence has gone as far as it may, except in one respect. Tell me, have you heard from home?"

"Not yet," he replied.

"I feared as much," said she. "And your letters would be addressed to—"

"Mr. Forrest," he answered.

"Then lose no time in seeing him to-morrow. Have you any other friend on whom you can rely?"

He replied, after a pause, "I am afraid none on whose experience I can depend."

"Who came here with you to-night?"

He named Mr. Snag, adding that he had not known him long.

"You may trust him," said she. "He is known to me. Tell him all but of this interview. And now we part. You may hear from me again. Any messenger producing this token is trustworthy"—(drawing a ring from her finger)—"but is not to be questioned. Farewell!"

She extended her hand, which he pressed to his lips. She hastily withdrew it and escaped from the room. He then sought out Mr. Snag, and, telling him that he had some matters of importance to communicate in the morning, left the rooms and made his way homeward with a throbbing pulse.

It may easily be surmised that, in consequence of the night's employ-

ment, our hero was not up with the lark next morning. When he awakened he had a confused recollection of the events of the preceding day, and a vivid consciousness of some threatened evil which he had to discover. A neighbouring clock struck ten before he was fairly awake; and he sprang up and dressed himself. A very short time elapsed before he presented himself to Mr. Forrest in his sanctum.

"Letters—letters?" said that gentleman, pondering. "Let me see. There were letters for you. A large despatch marked 'important,' and some others, and they were all delivered to your order."

"My order!" exclaimed Selborne, in surprise. "I never gave any order."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Forrest, calling one of the clerks, and requesting him to produce the order in question. A slip of paper was brought out and handed to Selborne.

The order was written in the third person, and requested a delivery to the bearer of the despatches in consequence of the ill health of him to whom they were addressed. Mr. Forrest then stated that the order had been presented by two individuals, one of whom, by the description, must have been Mr. Mudge, and that he (Mr. Forrest) had demurred for some time, but, having no means of denying the authenticity of the handwriting, he had at length consented to the delivery of the papers.

"But this is a forgery," said Godfrey.

"I am extremely concerned to hear it," said Mr. Forrest. "There was a letter of advice accompanying them addressed to myself, which you shall see. And stay,—a letter came for you this morning."

Both were handed over to our hero, who, anxious to hear from home, tore open the one for himself, which was in his sister's handwriting. It was very brief, referred him to previous epistles for information respecting some recent events, and concluded with this remarkable postscript:—

"A Mr. Underwood has lately, to our great vexation, obtained an unaccountable influence over your father; and we have, with extreme distress, just learned that he accompanies the mail which carries *the packet* to which your poor father attaches so much importance. You were not wont to despise my cautions. Beware of this man."

The letter of advice made reference to a credit for a thousand dollars in Selborne's favour, which one of his letters contained, and also presumed that the party named "would consult with Mr. Forrest regarding some business matters spoken of therein."

"Nothing can exceed my sorrow for this occurrence," said Mr. Forrest, kindly. "I have been extremely remiss in delivering the papers on a written authority. The only thing that remains to be done is to ascertain whether the bill has been presented, and then to endeavour to discover the criminals, of whom, it appears, you know something. In this search I will cheerfully assist you to the best of my power, and will go with you to the bank for that purpose."

On calling at the bank, the letter of credit in question was shown them, endorsed with a forged signature of Selborne's name; and the cashier informed them that it had been paid only the day before.

T H E P I S K I E S.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

BEING THE THIRD STORY OF "THE LITTLE OLD MAN,"

AS RECOUNTED

BY FATHER POODLES, P. P.

CHAPTER I.

T H E P A G E.

LONG—long ago, when the Lord of Chyvarton—which meaneth "the castle on the green hill"—lived in Castle-an-Dinas, and long before Henry-de-la-Pomroy attacked St. Michael's Mount and turned out the monks, who were obliged to take shelter in the little market-town of Marcaiew, as it was then called, but whose proper name was* "Marhas-dow," or Thursday's Market, as the people held their market on that day—

"Is that the little rubbishing place they call Market Jew?" said I.

"That's not the way you should speak of an ancient place," said the little man, frowning. "I don't like it; there's too much of that sort of thing now-a-day. If it were not for your ancient places, and ancient institutions, you would never have been what you are."

And when Theodore dwelt in his castle at Riviere, and was the sovereign Prince of Cornwall, there was a page who waited upon Theodore; he was a handsome youth, and of noble parentage; his name was Arthur Tremayne. Now it so happened that this young gentleman, in his comings and goings to and from Riviere Castle to Castle-an-Dinas, with messages and so forth, had many opportunities of seeing the Lord of Chyvarton's daughter Katharine; and as Katharine was very pretty, it was no great wonder that master Arthur should fall in love with her.

"Humph!" said I.

"Humph!" said the little old man. "What are you humphing about? Didn't you fall in love with your wife before you married her?"

"Yes, I did; but all people do not. Some marry for money—some for titles—some for beauty—and some because their parents make them."

"Fools!" yelled the little fellow in a furious passion; "what right have such people to expect happiness? If they do, they seldom get it. How dare they prostitute that holy rite by wedding for aught but affection—that highest gift that God did give to man? And what right has he to the name of parent who compels his child to kneel at the altar of God and commit deliberate perjury? I tell you," said the old man, and he reddened with his theme, and I could have hugged him for it, "there's a curse on the head of him who sells his child for gold."

So master Arthur was in love with Katharine. He kept his secret to himself—he loved the maid too well to gain her love, and disturb her peace of mind, when he knew he was but a page; and how he longed to do some deed of valour and be made a knight—and how he pictured to himself the joy of winning then her love, and asking the Lord of Chy-

* In the "Doomesday Survey" it is called "Tremarastol, i. e. Market-town of the Monastery."

varton for her hand ! He knew it were useless as a page ; the proud lord would spurn him from his doors ; and then some thoughts would steal o'er his mind lest the young St. Allen, who was very handsome, and who, it was whispered, was a great favourite with the Lord of Chyvarton, should carry off Miss Katharine. All this made Master Page exceedingly uncomfortable. However, he kept his secret. But one fine morning Theodore took it into his head to have a hunt, and young Arthur was summoned to attend his master, to assist in equipping him. "Now," thought he, "if I can only get off going to this detestable hunt, I shall have all the day to myself, and then—"

With this, Arthur entered his master's presence.

"Ah ! boy," said Theodore, in high spirits ; "we'll have rare sport to-day. See how the mist is hanging on the God-al-gan hills, and the warm southern breeze just ruffling the leaves."

"But will you not, my liege lord, go to see the launch of the *Victor* at St. Erth ? See how the people are flocking to the sight !"

And in truth the old bridge was crowded with the folks from far and near, and the vessels lying alongside the wharf were gaily decked with flags of many a hue.

"Ah !" said Theodore, "and there goes the vessel of that pompous old fellow the Lord of St. Ives. Boy, I'll to the hunt, and thou shalt go too."

"I, my lord ?"

"Yes, you. Why, what's the matter with the boy ? Why, thou wert wont to be always craving to go to the hunt. Ah ! There is some fair damsel amid yonder throng that thou wouldst fain see no harm happen to."

"Indeed, indeed, my lord, you are wrong ; fain would I go and see the hunt, but—I—"

"What, boy ?" said Theodore, sternly.

"I am ill at ease ; I—"

"Ill at ease ! What right hast thou, or any other scapegrace of a page, to be aught else. And now I bethink me, that proud young minx Katharine, the Lord of Chyvarton's daughter, is to be queen of the launch. But what art thou about ? thou hast been buckling two spurs upon one heel. Thou wert over-lavish of the mulled sack last night. But stay ; now I look at thee, thou art pale. Nay, my poor boy, thou shalt not go to the hunt ; I did thee foul injustice ; it was mine own imprudence that would urge thee on beyond thy strength at 'hurling' yester e'en. There—there, leave me, and go to thy room and quiet thyself ; Ronald shall do thine office."

Master Arthur was too glad to escape, and went to his room, and there remained till Theodore and his train had left the castle. Anxiously did the page watch through the loop-hole of the tower where his chamber was, to see the last of the train disappear ; and when the last retainer had turned the corner of Riviere hill, he could contain himself no longer.

"Bravo ! bravo !" he shouted, as he flung his cap from one end of the chamber to the other. "Now for the launch, and then I shall see my own—"

"Maister Arthur," said a shrill thin voice, the owner of which immediately appeared at the door—"Maister Arthur, the't poorly like to-day—unkeenly too ; no hunt, no launch, and they taalkest that the

dafter o' Laard Chyvarton is to be theer; thee art roight to sta at home."

"I'm quite well now, good Prudence."

"No, no; thea't no well at aal. Tha Laard Theodore said I was on no account to let thee foorth. Good-now-en, what's coom to thee?" said the old woman, as Arthur opened a wardrobe and took out a most gay attire.

"Come to me! Why, I'm well now; I'm going to see the launch; it is the first we have had since I have been here."

"The'rt not going to see tha laanch. Why, the'rt sa waak like, thee'st get scaat aal to miggens in the powers o' people, an Doctor Maakemwuss is cooming to see tha."

"Doctor!" roared the unfortunate page. "I want no doctor."

"Is, but a do, an tha shuss'nt go theer; an plaase, sure here's tha doctor cooming a tarving and teering for dear life."

Presently the doctor was heard coming up the turret-stairs, each jingle of his spurs going to the page's heart. There was a savage malicious jingle in those spurs, too, that no one liked to hear, it never boded good. Doctor Makemwuss was an oddity; he was, to use a quaint term, of a "cranky" nature, and always contradicted everybody upon every topic. It was said he was clever, and, as he was the surgeon to Theodore, it is but fair to suppose he was. He had a thin, long face, with a sour-tempered, up-turned nose, which gave one the idea that the said nose had been all its life trying to raise itself above the reach of the abominable compounds its master was in the habit of mixing, and had never succeeded. He always carried a heavy stick given him by Theodore, and surmounted with gold; he used to say his stick ruled the three most unruly things in creation,—his patients, his mule, and his wife.

"Well, Master Page, what's the matter with you? The Lord Theodore said I was to come as fast as my old legs could carry me. Old, indeed! old! and now my *old* legs have come, I say, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, good doctor—nothing. The Lord Theodore was in error."

"The Lord Theodore is never in error, you scapegrace; if he says you're ill, it's your duty to be ill, and ill you are, and ill you shall be. Ah! I see!" as the page began to get wrath,—*"fever—bleed—a quart—more—bring a bucket, you there."*

"Old fool!" shouted the page, as he sprang past the doctor, whom he overturned into a washing-tray that happened to be there.

Old Prudence held up her hands in astonishment. "He's maazed, maazed as a Maarch heer. Laard a masy on us, what ul becom of us?"

"Come of us? you doting, withered old thing of a feminine!" said the half-drenched doctor, rising in great wrath. "Come of us? come of him, you mean; he is in a raging fever. But, stay; I have it, I have it—the young scapegrace; it's all a trick; he stayed at home, shamming, in order to go to the launch: but I'll be even with him—I'll be there. The Lord Theodore said I was to watch him, and so I will." Saying which, the enraged man of physic recovered his hat and cane, and went grumbling down the turret-stairs, his spurs jingling more savagely than ever; growling, "If he has a fever it will kill him—that's some comfort; if he doesn't, he'll have an abscess inside."

Poor Prudence set the washing to rights, wiped up the water, moaning

and shaking her head in a most mysterious way,—“Laard a masy on us, pure cheeld, to think of his going aal his life with an absalom inside him, pure dear!”

CHAPTER II.

TELLETH HOW MASTER ARTHUR MADE HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE PISKIES.

THE sun had just sunk behind the high range of hills of Towednack as Master Arthur, who had been frolicking the day away in seeing the launch and then paying a visit to Castle-an-Dinas—what faces these pages have!—was wending his way homewards, thinking how he should fare when he got to Riviere Castle. He was just beginning to ascend Trecrobben Hill when he met Richard Kellio, the tin-washer.

“Hillo, Maaster Arthur! were beest a going en, eh?—art a hastes?”

“Why, I have been out all day without leave, and—”

“Ah! is sure—theer now, I thogt as mooch; theest aal the look of it. How’s Miss Katern, eh?—ha! ha! But coom, coom; tha waast heer; I’ll gie thee a drap of metheglin that’ll cheer the heart o’ thee.”

The moon was rising over Cairn-Brae as the page left Richard’s house; there was little wind, but yet the clouds were flying fast and thickly, now obscuring the light and making all around dark and gloomy, then letting the bright moonbeams flash on hill and vale.

“Strange!” said the page to himself, as he toiled up the steep hill covered with huge rocks, making the best of his way while the moonlight lasted, and pausing till the dark shadows passed away, lest he should break his shins against some block of granite. “Strange! I have heard of such things; I wonder if they would help *me*. They say the small people always take pleasure in helping those in trouble; and never was any one in greater trouble than I. Sure to get a scolding when I get home, and played the truant to no purpose. I wonder why Miss Katharine was so cool to-day? it is that puppy St. Allen. The next time I play quarterstaff with him I’ll be courteous, I will—I’ll take all his raps for nothing. If I don’t break his head, I am no page, though I be sent to the dungeon for it.”

“Krischk, krischk!” The page started; he looked; the moon was then overclouded, not a thing could he see.

“Oh, it is nothing,” said he.

“Krischk, krischk!”

“Who’s there, eh?”

“Krischk, krischk!”

“Ah! it won’t do, Dick; I see you.”

“Krischk, krischk!” This time the sounds were so faint that the page exclaimed,

“What a fool I am! they are nothing but grasshoppers after all.”

“Krischk, krischk, krischk, krischk,” came from all sides, to the astonishment of the page, and he could hear a low fat chuckle, as if it came from some very diminutive turtle-fed alderman troubled with the asthma. The cloud that had till then obscured the moon passed away, and the landscape was again lighted up. The page anxiously gazed around, when, to his surprise, he found himself in the midst of as queer

a group as ever met mortal eye. They were about a foot high; here and there was one, perhaps, about eighteen inches. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes! it was no vision: there they were, skipping and grimacing in every possible manner, and the perpetual "Krischk, krischk, krischk," going on in a way that perfectly bewildered him.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the same fat voice; "Master Page sees us at last."

"Hee! hee! hee!" chimed in a little, thin pisky, who seemed to have lived all his life on frosty dew.

[Hang that way-warden, who is kicking up such a row under my window! Who's to write? "Will you have the kindness, sir, to speak in a lower tone?"

"Sir, I can't—I'm the way-warden, sir—the street is in a disgraceful state—the 'Health of Towns Bill,' sir—the 'Health of Towns Bill,' sir."

"Well, sir, if covering up my street with sand, and letting all the filth flow over and through it, is part of the 'Health of Towns Bill,' I shall go to the 'diggins.'"

It was no use. I went to bed; and it rang in my ears all the night—"I am the way-warden, sir." Strange fellows are these same way-wardens. What a fuss they make! how they pull up streets, and how they pull up people, and how little they drain the places! With what keenness of scent they detect a retired pigsty; and how they grumble at an elderly female pig, the mother of a large family, for being in so odoriferous a condition!

"That pig, sir," said one of these gentlemen, in a glazed hat, an abbreviated coat, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes twinkling with cleanly indignation, "that pig, sir, is a disgrace; she lives in the midst of her own filth—does not seem to care a bit about it."

The way-warden was right; the pig *was* living in its own filth. But is poor piggy alone? Walk through our towns and villages, and many a human pig may be seen wallowing in its mire. Speak to them; tell them there is disease in every puddle—death in that reeking pile. Say to them, "The Destroyer is on his way; his delight is in that putrid ditch; he revels in that stench; cleanliness he detests; he hates the sight of soap; he avoids all running brooks; whitewash, like some other gentlemen, he takes as a personal insult, and turns his back upon it." Tell them all this—but the human pig still wallows in its mire.]

The page turned first this way, then that, not knowing what to say or what to do.

"Master Page," said the owner of the small fat voice, advancing from the throng, "you are in a bit of a pickle. St. Allen is not so bad-looking, is he?"

"Confo—"

"Hush!" said the fat pisky: "that is not the way. If you had not been a stupid, instead of abusing him to-day, you would have praised him, spoke of his valorous deeds, of his liberality, of his—"

"Valorous deeds!" broke in the page; "what valorous deeds did he ever do, except taking advantage of my situation and breaking my head, because he knew well I dared not return it? Liberality! When was he liberal, except at the expense of other people's pockets?"

"There—there now—there it is with you wild, know-nothing pages. Doesn't Miss Katharine know all this as well as you? But you men never will understand that it seems to give them pleasure to contradict and tease those whom they love best; they do not take the trouble with those whom they do not."

"Ah!" said the page; "I dare say you understand them."

"I should think so," said the fat pisky, with a knowing wink, and giving his hare-bell hat a set on one side; "I should think so."

"He! he! he!" said the thin liver on frosty dew, rubbing his little skeleton hands. "How is it, Master Uranack, that Miss Heart's-Delight leads you such a dance?"

"Get out!" said the fat pisky, giving him a kick with his two-inch leg. "Don't you know, you miserable thin thing that a dumbledorry knocked over the other night, that pisky girls are five times as troublesome as mortal ones? and they are bad enough in all conscience, are they not, Master Page, eh?"

The page was silent.

"Only see now," continued the fat pisky; "the fellow won't say a word against her after all."

A bright gleam of light suddenly appeared: it seemed like the most brilliant star. The piskies immediately hurried to it, and commenced chanting—

Lightly, lightly tread the heath;
Yonder is our master's call.
What ho! above, around, beneath,
Piskies, hasten, "ONE AND ALL."

And as they sang they formed a circle around the page, and, still approaching the light, he seemed compelled by some mysterious influence to go with them; and as they came closer to the light, which almost dazzled him, they changed their song.

The slimy snail is creeping,
The bat is on the wing;
Why is Sir Page not sleeping,
But in our fairy ring?

FIRST PISKY.

He has wander'd away from his master's hall,

SECOND PISKY.

To seek a lady's bower.

THIRD PISKY.

He has cheated a doctor thin and tall.

CHORUS.

Sir! Page, you are in our power.

The page observed that as they advanced towards the light it receded, till at last it came to a huge block of granite, that seemed to form a sort of wall, nearly at the top of Trecrebben Hill, and the instant it came to it it parted in two, like folding doors. If the page had been surprised before, he was completely, as they say here, "mazzled" now. Before

him seemed an interminable hall, self-illuminated to all appearance, for, although a pale crimson light pervaded the whole, yet whence it came could not be seen; but changing as the distance increased into the various prismatic hues till it ended in a pale lambent azure, at the extreme point of which could still be seen the star that had guided them; and the page observed that as the piskies entered the portal they became the size of ordinary individuals. Presently the star was seen to be coming nearer and nearer, and as it advanced the various hues of light were absorbed in the dazzling brightness that seemed to surround it, beneath which was a man, to all appearance, but who was, in truth, no other than the King of the Piskies. On his head he wore a tire of gold, on which was written, in letters of light, "One and all." And the page observed that each pisky had the same motto on his breast.

All bowed low before Galludoc, the King of the Piskies.

The king continued to advance towards the page, whose knees began to shake, and he wished in his heart he had never left Riviere Castle.

"Elo why clapier Kernuack?"* said the king, with a frown, to the page, who stood aghast.

"Our king asks you if you speak Cornish, said the fat pisky; "and as you can't, you had better mind your P's and Q's, for he has little favour towards those who do not."

"I—I—I—" stammered the page; "I—"

"Fleâz hep skeepanz,"† broke in the king.

"Uranack," said the king to the fat pisky.

"Tho ve guz gavaz izal,"‡ answered the fat pisky, placing his hands on his waistcoat and bowing low.

"Waistcoat!" said I. "When on earth did piskies wear waistcoats?"

"Hold your stupid tongue!" screamed the little wretch: "if he had not a waistcoat, hadn't he got a stom—"

"Oh, I perfectly comprehend," said I. "I see exactly. You thought it would not be polite—you—"

"Now, jackanapes, are you going to write?"

"Cawzow do ve,"§ said the king.

"Menjam, O Materyn,"|| answered the pisky, advancing towards the king, with whom he seemed to hold a short conversation. After a little time, the fat pisky, with a low bow, retired. The king waved his hand; a mist seemed to spread over the vast hall; presently forms were seen, indistinct at first, but gradually becoming plainer, till, to the surprise of the page, he recognised the form of the fair Katharine, and at her feet another form which he instantly recognised as young St. Allen. The maiden seemed to repulse him; he attempted to seize her hand, which she hastily drew away. Presently a third form approached; it was the stern Lord of Chyvarton; his brow was lowering, he seemed to shake with passion, and to be commanding her to acquiesce; still the maiden would not. Her father made a sign, when two attendants entered, and, seizing her, bore her from the spot. The mist dissolved, and the hall, the piskies, and their king were as bright as they were before. During this strange scene it was with difficulty the page could help springing forth to the rescue of the phantom maiden, and was on the eve of doing so once or

* Can you speak Cornish?

† I am your humble servant.

‡ Children without knowledge;

§ Speak to me.

|| I will, O king!

twice, had not the fat pisky, who kept at his side, given him signs to be quiet. The king seemed to smile on him as he slightly bent his head and said, "*Karenza whelas karenza—Bene tu gana.**" Immediately all was dark, and the page found himself just where he was when he first heard the "*Krischk, krischk*" of the piskies, and as he proceeded on his way almost bewildered he heard small voices chanting,

"Cheer up, cheer up, Sir Page;
The darkest night hath a morn,
But the troubles of life,
And the world's dark strife,
By mortals must be borne.
Wouldst thou free the captive maid,
Call the piskies to thine aid;
For whether in earth, or air, or sea,
Our king commands to follow thee.

"Well," said the page, half aloud, "if they could only catch that meddling old fool Makemwuss, I wish they would serve him out." And he heard the merry "*Ho! ho! ho!*" of his fat friend.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWETH HOW DOCTOR MAKEMWUSS FOLLOWED MASTER ARTHUR,
WHEREIN HE ALSO MAKETH ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE PISKIES.

"*THERE* they go, the fools!" said the angry doctor, as he gained the front of the castle, and saw the crowds hastening to the launch. "A pretty job I've given myself to go hunting after that young fliskmahay of a page! I might just as well try to find a needle in a whiskit of hay. I'll just go into yonder crowd of fools and see if I can catch a glimpse of him, and then I'll off to Castle-an-Dinas. I am sure to catch him somewhere thereabouts."

So away went the doctor, mounted on his skeleton of a horse, which same unfortunate creature—who, by-the-bye, never had a full meal, for the doctor was a regular miser—always went at the same pace, a sort of "ge up and ge o" kind of canter; and as he passed the outskirts of St. Erth, and began to mingle with the throng, the doctor sat bolt upright, and looked as sour as usual, and replied to the various greetings in his customary surly manner.

"Ah! daactor, how arry this morning?" said a lively little woman dressed in her Sunday's best. "Clever day sure for tha laanch, esna?"

"Humph!" said the crusty compounder of disagreeables; "you're one of the fools, I suppose, losing a day's work, and spending more than you get in a week."

"Iss," returned the old woman, "I'm one of the fules—iss, I'm jist like my naabours, daactor, ye see. But whaat beest tha in sich a foos about? One o' yer patients getting well? ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old woman, in which the rest joined: "niver heerd tell o' the like o' that."

"Stupid old fool!" returned the doctor, and away he went. He got to St. Erth, saw the launch, peered into the train of followers that attended on the queen of the launch—the pretty Mistress Katharine; but no

* "Love begets love"—"Fare thee well."

Master Arthur could he see. The persevering man of physic lingered behind the crowd, dodging here and there in hopes of catching the page; but pages who are in love with young damsels are not so easily to be caught, and seldom find it a very difficult thing to cheat the old folks.

The doctor waited till nearly all the people had gone away—it was now getting dusk—and made the best of his way to Castle-an-Dinas, where he had a very gruff reception from the Lord Chyvarton. He inquired after Miss Katharine; but Miss Katharine was indisposed (what a knack young ladies have of being “indispodged,” as Mrs. Gamp says, when they do not want to be seen!). It was late at night ere the doctor reached Nancleddry; the moon had by this time gone down, and the doctor could not see a yard before his nose. Presently he saw a light glimmering. “Ah!” said he, “that’s Master Trevorrow, at Chypous; that fellow always keeps bad hours. However, I’ll go and get a lantern from him, for in this cursed dark night I don’t see how I shall find my way home without.” But as he went towards the light it seemed to be going away from him. He had turned down the road that everybody knows leads from Nancleddry to Chypous, and from thence to Towednack, leaving the swampy hamlet of Skilliwodden on the right. The doctor increased his pace; but still the light kept ahead. “What can it be?” said the doctor; “if it were a man on foot I should have overtaken him long ago.” At last the light turned just where the road branches off that leads to Coldharbour. “I’ll catch him now,” said the doctor, putting his horse to its fastest pace—the eternal canter. He had hardly spoke the words when down went he and his horse floundering in the bog that is on either side of the road; he tried to raise his horse, but all to no purpose.

“Hilloa! hilloa!” he shouted; “you with the light, come here and help me. I’m stuck in a confounded bog.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” was the only reply.

“Who the devil are you?” roared the enraged doctor.

“He! he! he!” was the answer.

“Ha! ha! ha!” screamed the now furious man. “What in the name of all that’s abominable is the use of ha! ha! haing! and he! he! heing? Come here and bring that cursed lantern.”

The lantern seemed to approach, and the doctor went to meet it. It then turned; the doctor followed, floundering in mud and water.

“Stop, stop, you brute!” shouted he.

“Ho! ho! ho!” laughed a fat voice; “custn’t tha follow tha nose?”

The doctor pushed on, and soon saw, dim against the dark sky, what seemed to be the roof of a house; and as he approached it he smelt the savoury perfume of eggs and bacon.

“Well, come,” said he, “I’ve got into a snug berth at last; eggs and bacon—no bad things for a hungry man.”

He walked and walked; there was the lantern before and the roof of the house against the sky, but still he could not reach it.

“Confounded odd!” said the doctor; “they must be frying a lot of that bacon to smell so far off.”

At last he reached the house. There it stood, a good old substantial farm-house, of good old granite, and thatched with reed (as they call straw in this part of the world); lights were in the lower windows, and sounds of cheerful voices were heard inside, and the same savoury smell

of fried bacon and eggs surrounding the dwelling. The doctor eagerly seized the handle of the door; but to his astonishment it melted in his grasp. He looked up—the house was gone—the smell of bacon and eggs was fled—and he was up to his knees in water.

“Ha! ha! ha!”

“He! he! he!”

“Ho! ho! ho!” sounded on all sides.

The doctor was bewildered: to use a cockney expression, he “picked himself up” and scrambled as well as he could to a large rock, where he sat, and endeavoured to gather his scattered senses. The light which he had at first seen again appeared, but the doctor was afraid to follow its treacherous guidance, and there he remained till morning’s light, when, in a very wobegone condition, he made his appearance at Riviere Castle, when who should open the wicket-gate and wish him good morning, but Master Arthur?

The tale of the piskies is now drawing to a close. Arthur told his prince how he loved Katharine, and how he had met with the piskies. Theodore at first would not believe his tale; but as he persisted in it, Theodore, more to humour his favourite page than aught else, went in state with a numerous train to Castle-an-Dinas, and demanded the haughty lord to deliver up his daughter Katharine. The proud Lord of Chyvarton refused, when Theodore instantly ordered him to be arrested, and the castle to be searched. The command, at his earnest request, he intrusted to Arthur; and with what a palpitating heart he searched each dungeon and each cell! and as he opened one after another and found not her he loved, how his heart grew sick! Cell after cell he burst open with frantic fury; some he found empty, in others heaps of mouldering bones.

“Katharine!” he shrieked; “Katharine! dearest Katharine! answer if thou art alive; it is thine Arthur who calls!” But the long dark passages echoed his voice in mockery.

At length a faint cry seemed to answer to his call; he rushed past the attendants, and in half madness wrenched open the door, and Katharine, pale and wasted, staggered to his arms; she had just strength to say,

“Arthur, dearest Arthur, do not leave me.”

The poor page could not answer; his grief was ended, and his heart was full.

The wickedness of man does not always go unpunished in this world. The Lord of Chyvarton was banished; St. Allen, for his disgraceful conduct, was sent to Palestine; meddling cross-tempered doctors must take care of the bogs of Killiwodden; and, reader, wert thou skilled in the nature of thy race, thou wouldst have little difficulty in discovering in these western regions the descendants of Arthur Tremayne and Katharine Chyvarton.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE TEMPLE—INTRODUCTION OF ONE OF OUR CHARACTERS.

THE Temple, London—there is something venerable and antique about the very name; it awakens reminiscences of events totally unconnected with the present age; it speaks of manners, customs, and institutions long passed away and extinct in the civilised world. Small patches of ancient London exist in divers localities; but these are fast dwindling into points, such as single houses, old church-towers, and crumbling walls. The Temple exhibits still a fair assemblage of buildings on which rests the shadow of days long departed. We do not mean to assert that the first edifices erected by the Knights Templars in 1184, when they removed hither from their house in Holborn, are now standing; the noble Round in the church, however, where the prostrate effigies of the knights are seen slumbering in armour, dates back to that period. In 1308 ended the glory of the Order of the Knights Templars, for in that year Edward II., following the example of Philip the Fair of France, summarily arrested the half-warlike, half-religious brotherhood. William de la More, the last master in England, sighed over the extinction of his order and the confiscation of its wealth. He was, nevertheless, happy in not suffering death at the stake, like the grand master in France, whom the merciless Philip burned in an island of the Seine. Shortly after this event the Temple was assigned over to the practitioners of the law, and it has remained, we scarcely need add, under their quiet jurisdiction to the present hour.

The Temple has suffered much at various periods from fire, Wat Tyler's wanton conflagration in the time of Richard II. being the first, we believe, on record. Many houses, in consequence, of comparatively modern date, have sprung up; yet, in spite of the strange and diversified appearance of several of the courts and ranges of building, where the spirit of the present seems mocking the spirit of the past, still, we repeat, Antiquity has made here a determined stand. Yes, Antiquity looks from the high-perched attics, gables, and sloping roofs; his broad face laughs out on the red-brick fronts; his old shoulders support the round stone arches of many a passage and door-way leading to spiral staircases; he watches the elm-trees along King's Bench-walk, so black, so withered about the stout old trunks, yet bearing in summer fresh green leaves, like hopes springing out of sorrow. He passes in scorn the modernised terrace and garden, but sits in pride on the ancient hall overlooking the splashing fountain; the turrets of that hall, crowned with crosses, seem limbs of his strength; and the curiously stained windows, gleaming in the sunset, reflect his purple smile.

Ay, brave Antiquity, though drooping, mourning elsewhere, is strong and joyful here; and let no cold, unimaginative utilitarian, by pulling down, re-erecting, and "beautifying," destroy his pleasant dreams!

Should there be one among our readers who has never visited the time-

honoured abode of the Knights Templars, we despair of giving him anything like a correct idea of the singular place. Let him, however, know that it comprehends the district which, lying south of Fleet-street, is bounded on the east by the once celebrated Whitefriars, on the west by Essex-street, where stood, in ancient days, the palace of Queen Elizabeth's favourite earl, and on the south by the river Thames. Within he will find a maze of small squares and nondescript courts, composed of very high houses, many of which display little antique dormer windows, surmounted with triangular tops, and which look out like eyes on the roofs. Sinuous passages lead to other courts, and again openings beyond, retaining the quaint appellations of Pump-court, Figtree-court, Mitre-court, and so on, until the stranger is bewildered and lost, and begins to entertain the very natural fear that he shall never extricate himself from this almost Cretan labyrinth. All the way as he goes he reads on the posts of every doorway a long catalogue of names, comprising a sufficient number of lawyers, one might imagine, to settle the disputes of all the litigants in the world. How such an army can find employment, or make the most meagre livelihood, the cleverest calculator might be puzzled to determine.

The church, with its spacious round, its armed knights, its restored black clustering marble pillars—rich, gorgeous, the very gems of ecclesiastical architecture—would baffle any attempt at description. Emerging from these buildings on the south side, we enter on the open space where the old knights used to practise feats of arms, and dream away their hours in the sunshine, thinking of Palestine, the Saracens, and the Holy Sepulchre. The gardens now encroach upon this once broad area. Proceeding onward, we reach the Thames, the boundary of the Temple; and here we must close our imperfect sketch of this venerable and far-famed locality.

It was a fine April morning in the year 18—when a gentleman was seated in his chambers in the Temple. The rooms were on the first floor of one of the old houses in King's Bench-walk. In front rose a lofty tree, whose age might have equalled that of the building. The Temple Gardens were entirely screened by the opposite range of houses, but a pleasant view was caught of the busy Thames.

The person alluded to, though he sat at his table, did not seem to be engaged in business; indeed the room, in its general appearance, had little of the character of an office. True, sundry ponderous law-books were ranged in shelves around the apartment, but the accumulation of dust on their covers intimated that their valuable contents were rarely consulted by the owner: a few rolls of parchment, and bundles of old papers tied with red tape, lay on the table, but were in reality thrown together as a blind; in other words, they were meant to lead people into a belief that in those rooms law business was transacted. There was no clerk in attendance—there were no heated messengers hurrying from Westminster, or the inns of court; the postman, bustling so busily about in other quarters, came rarely to those chambers: all was lonely—all was silent.

And there leant the solitary man, his elbow resting on the table and his head on his hand. He was abstracted, moody, sullen. The domestic sparrow chirped in the old tree without—he did not hear it: the genial sunbeam of spring shone through the dull casement, and lighted up the

trast which the new comer offered to the other was in the expression of his countenance. Everything that opposed harshness, frigidity, and gloom, beamed there. You saw good-humour in the dimples of the cheek; sweetness about the soft lines of the mouth; honesty in the clear, bright, and open eye; and these you could not possibly believe assumed for the occasion. The gazer immediately felt he might trust him; in short, that he was one of the few men to whom nature has not given the capability of playing the hypocrite.

Mr. Somerset, with a sunny smile on his face, approached Hartley. He extended to him his hand, but the latter did not accept the proffered courtesy. With a freezing air he drew back a few steps, and pointed in silence at a seat.

Mr. Somerset was embarrassed, and his smile gave place to a look of sorrow.

"Roland, this will not do," he began; "why persevere in your coldness—your anger? Your conduct gives me great pain."

"If I give you pain, you had better absent yourself from my chambers. I ask you not to call."

"I came with a hope of removing any misunderstanding that might exist on your part, and of establishing between us perfect good-will and fellowship."

"Good-will and fellowship?—you jest—nonsense!"

"Why should I jest? Roland, my brother, why should I not be in earnest?"

Brothers!—yes, these two men were brothers. They owned, it is true, different fathers, yet had they hung on the same breast, and lisped the same sweet name when calling on the author of their being: strong should have been the tie between them; but the silver cord was broken; hatred, in the breast of one, trampled out and extinguished the sacred fire of fraternal love.

"Roland," continued Somerset, "I appeal to your good sense, your reason, your knowledge of the world. Do me justice. Do not harbour enmity without a cause. Have I used any unfair means in our unfortunate rivalry? Was not the field equally open to yourself as to me? Nay, you had the advantage of me in years and in person."

"But I had not your estate."

"Again must I solemnly declare unto you that the lady knew nothing of this until—why, you well know I passed under another name, purposely that no chance should exist of her being biased in her choice by mercenary views; therefore, I repeat, until—"

"Go on—until she refused me, and accepted your humble self, she knew nothing of your real position. Be it so. I dispute not your chivalric course of action. The question is now decided; you will marry Isabella Millbrook."

"My dear Roland—"

"I want not your sympathy—I need not your pity."

"What can I do for you?—how can I serve you? If you think yourself aggrieved—if it would at all advance your happiness—I freely, gladly agree to make over to you half my estate."

This generous proposal was no idle offer, spoken for the sake of effect. Somerset meant what he said.

"Man, I am no miser. I despise your wealth."

"But we must not continue enemies. Something must be done to

reconcile you to me. You are my only brother, and as such I must ever regard you with affection."

"Pshaw!—you waste breath. Our paths in life are now in opposite directions. Leave me to myself. Go—prolong not this interview."

Hartley turned his back, and walked towards the window. He looked out upon the ground in front of the Temple, and, as if to evince his utter indifference, began to hum a tune. No anger, but anxiety and deep sorrow, were depicted on the countenance of the elder brother.

"Hear me, Roland!—bear with me!" cried the latter, laying his hand on Hartley's arm. "You still love Isabella; your heart bleeds. Oh! I can fully enter into your feelings; I can imagine your distress."

"Distress?" exclaimed Hartley, turning sharply around, a fierceness in his accent which made the other start. "I have no distress; and as for loving Isabella, the unworthy, the mad passion I once experienced, has passed into—another feeling."

Somerset was much relieved. He secretly rejoiced to think that his brother had achieved that ever-difficult victory—the conquest of self.

"Right, right! I thought your strong mind, your excellent sense, would prevail. Your natural intellectual power, aided by your severe studies, place you far above myself, Roland, in controlling the inclinations, and bringing the passions under the dominion of reason."

"You are pleased to speak in enigmas: I am at a loss to understand what you aim at."

"In plain language, then, for your future peace and happiness, as well as for my own, I am not a little gratified at hearing you assert that your love for Isabella has given way to other feelings. Believe me, she esteems you as a friend—a dear friend; and you have our mutual good wishes, our prayers, for your prosperity and happiness in life."

Hartley turned slowly, and cast a withering glance at the speaker. His brow was gradually contracting; his cheek was becoming momentarily more pale, and his limbs trembled. All gave evidence that he was struggling with some strong internal emotion—an emotion he desired to veil, but which made itself apparent in spite of himself.

"Listen to me!—understand me!" he exclaimed at length, in a deliberate measured tone; but as he proceeded, the words fell from him rapidly, and he spoke with vehemence. "I admit that my love for Isabella has ceased, is extinct; but it has been succeeded, as I said, by another feeling. That feeling I cannot describe to you: contempt and hatred are weak terms to represent the sentiment I now entertain for her. Her beauty to me seems but the beauty of a Hecate just risen from below. Her late imagined virtues have all vanished. Oh, how could I have ever listened to that voice and deemed it music! The recollection of the tones, like horrible discord, grates on my memory; her image rises before me, foul, detested—"

"Cease!" cried Somerset, seizing his brother's arm, and gripping it with a force that made him utter an involuntary cry. "Speak not thus of the gentle being whom I am about to make my wife. I am bound to protect her from insult and slander as if I were already her husband."

"Nay, I will neither insult nor slander her. I wish only to show you how my once tender feelings have been converted into something more than apathy. Her refusal has made me the man I am. Circumstances bind me in their iron chain. A short time since I could not conquer my love, and now I cannot repress my hate. For yourself—"

he paused an instant, drooped his eyes, and when he lifted them again the late flaccid lids were drawn up, the pupils were distended, and they seemed full of that *savage* fire peculiar to them in times of unnatural excitement—"For yourself, I have few words. Your presence is as a cloud on my spirit; you seem to make the very air around me pestilential. I regard you as a brother no more, but a foe, whose death would not rejoice me, for then I could not hope to behold you living in torture. You have won the woman whose hand I likewise sought—go, wed her; and ere you leave these rooms, never to re-enter them, receive my blessing on your approaching marriage; or call it, if you like—my curse!

"May you continue to love your wife, dote on her, only to find her false! May the nuptial pillow prove to both of you a pillow of thorns! May you have children only to turn scorpions in your own bosoms! May each fawning friend prove a traitor, and work you disgrace and ruin! May the Heaven you place confidence in frown on you, and forsake you in your old years, and may your last hour be—without hope!"

While the unnatural brother proceeded with his malediction, Somerset remained perfectly still, as if under the influence of a spell. His feelings were harrowed, and his amiable nature was shocked. He now gradually, as without consciousness, moved backward, still gazing on the incensed and excited speaker, whose every word fell like a drop of gall, or a spark of fire, on his heart. Overpowered at length, he sank into a chair, and, slowly bending down his head, covered his face with his hands. His breast heaved, his manly cheek was wet with tears, and he groaned audibly, "My brother! my brother!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MARRIAGE-DAY.

WE must transport the reader to a quiet rural district in Norfolk, not far from the sea.

The traveller, in passing through that fine English county, cannot but have observed the numerous very ancient villages which nestle in the valleys or dot the sides of the green hills. Each village boasts, like a heavenly protector, its old Norman or Saxon church. Some of these sacred edifices are entirely covered with ivy even to the summit of the square rude towers; and the gazer beholds them with feelings of deep interest mingled with awe. Worship has been going forward within their walls generation after generation; the dead of a thousand years are gathered around them. Empires have been overthrown, dynasties have been changed; but there they stand in lowliness and quiet, speaking of rude and earlier times, whose ill-recorded events are fading into fables, or utterly forgotten—breathing of God, and pointing with their grey towers like finger-posts to heaven.

Over the hills that embosom one of these villages morning had just dawned. It was a pleasant sight to watch the sun gradually ascending, as it were, from behind the sea, shooting up his divergent rays like ten thousand arrows of gold. His great broad disk at length emerges from the brim of the waves, and ocean, like an immense chalice, seems full of sparkling rosy wine. Higher yet he mounts above the floating vapours, and the gold changes to silver; higher yet, and all is dazzling lustre.

Beautiful, all-powerful sun! landward dreamy nature awakens up; the

hills throw off their night-robcs of mists; and the woods hail him with an anthem from the throats of countless rejoicing birds. He is an enemy to none but the fairies: they fly at his approach, and bury themselves in thickets, or beneath the verdant earth, through terror of his presence; and he, thirsty giant! great Behemoth of the heavens! drinks up all the nectar dews which, through the night, those indefatigable fairies had been distilling so diligently in their cups of flowers.

In the old Norfolk village the sparrows had quitted their nests beneath the thatch, and the peasants their beds. Yet no husbandman, with scythe or spade, was seen trudging forth—no horse was harnessed to the plough, or bullock yoked to the wain. Is it the Sabbath-day?—no. Are they oppressed with a sudden fit of idleness?—we are bound to deny it. The inhabitants of that hamlet were never more active, and never seemed more full of business. The young girls were tripping here and there into the gardens, heaping their laps with flowers, and the old women were dressing the children in their best attire.

Some of the young men had hurried off to the old church-tower, which was clothed in a green garment of luxuriant ivy. There they hoisted a great red flag to flaunt bravely in the breeze—a flag emblazoned with the arms of the squire of their parish. Another detachment was busy in completing sundry arches made of poles and willows, spanning the road which led immediately from the church. Then came up the tripping blooming girls already spoken of, holding their laps full of flowers; but ah! the violets were not bluer than their merry eyes, nor the peonies redder than their fresh pouting lips. The young men descended from their ladders, seized on the roses of the girls, snatching at the same time a hasty kiss from the roses of their cheeks; and speedily the arches, by their cunning workmanship, were covered with festoons, till, loaded with that floral wealth, those arches blushed like the young maidens below watching their lovers at work; or they looked, in the rich diversity of their colours, like so many small rainbows springing up along the road.

It is to be a holiday; a day of rejoicing—a day of feasting. Their squire is to be married. In the gray Norman church yonder the ceremony will be performed. The parties are Hugh Somerset and Isabella Millbrook.

Simple race! happy successors of the primitive Arcadians! enviable state of ignorance of society and the world! The children of the soil, rarely exercising the faculty of reflection, behold but one side of the picture. A marriage-day must, in their opinion, be a day of joy. The flowers, the glad faces, the bells, the sports, the feasting—can these pass around them, and any heart be sad? above all, can the wedded themselves yield to any feeling but an exuberance of delight?

We do not, in making the foregoing observations, mean to insist that Somerset was unhappy. No, he felt deeply for his brother; he had been stung by his bitter unforgiving wrath. But a full consciousness of the rectitude of the part he had acted brought him support and peace. Then he loved, and was beloved. The dear being about to link her lot with his had resigned her happiness to his keeping, and he must be worthy the trust. His mind, in truth, was relieved of its burden; and his heart fully shared in the happy excitement which affected his humble tenants, and the youthful dwellers of the old Norfolk village.

So the flowers were strewn by the peasant-girls; the prayers and

blessings were murmured by the gray-headed patriarchs of the hamlet; the bells were lustily rung, the old pinnacles of the tower, each stone, the very ivy itself, shaking and quivering, as if they likewise shared the general joy, having no other method to express themselves but by that tremulous motion. The ox was roasted. The feasting progressed; and tankards of ale, brewed strong for the occasion, foamed all down the long benches which were ranged on the village green.

Then the round broad sun set over the western hills, himself red as a merry toper, and pleased, no doubt, with the scene of happiness he had that day witnessed in a small corner of his dominions.

In the cool of the evening the sports began. The bowling-green was thronged with young men—desperate players at bowls, quoits, and skittles. Dancing, too, was going forwards beneath the flowering May-bushes, the striplings and lasses performing Sir Roger de Coverley with more spirit than science, and sending forth their mirth in such ringing, light-hearted laughter, as would have done the very soul of a Timon good, could he have heard it.

That was, indeed, a day to be remembered by all to the end of their lives—the marriage-day of Squire Somerset. So said the old men who sat apart smoking beneath the trees.

Would such days came more frequently—came less like “angel visits, few and far between,” to you, children of the soil!—for such days vary the monotony of your dull career, and lighten the burden of your heavy toils.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LITTLE ATTORNEY OF ST. MARY AXE—THE SECRET COMPACT.

MR. HARTLEY was sitting in his chambers in the Temple with a morning paper in his hand. Cursorily he glanced over the news, which seemed little to interest him.

Suddenly his eye was riveted on a passage. His forehead became flushed, and his hand trembled.

As if ashamed of the emotion to which he yielded, though no being was there to behold him, he suppressed by coughing the rising in his throat; then folding the journal, and quietly placing it on the table, he whispered a few words to himself, indulging a habit to which solitary men are frequently addicted.

“Well, I did not conceive it would take place so soon. Married?—let it be so. Festivities?—ha! ha!—the poor country wretches should weep rather than rejoice at this wedding of their master. And is Somerset, is Isabella happy? Pshaw! ’tis false. No human being is happy. There is a canker-worm at work in the roses of every enjoyment; and the man who says he is happy I pronounce to be a hypocrite and a liar.”

Hartley quitted his chair, and paced slowly up and down, his hands folded, as was his custom, behind his back. He stopped—moved more rapidly—again stood still. His teeth were set; his sinister eyes flashed. Once more his lips moved. At first no articulate sounds were heard, but at length his mutterings shaped themselves into words.

“A vow! yes, I will make a vow, and it shall bind me to a line of conduct from which I will never swerve. My employment henceforth shall be to trample on the necks of those who have wronged me. The end and aim of my existence shall be revenge. I feel now but that one passion,

and to indulge it I will spend my fortune, I will risk fame and life. This shall be my vow—to pursue without ceasing, covertly or openly, my deadly enemies. Not to kill them, for then they would escape me, but to sap little by little their fancied happiness. To add trial to trial—disgrace to disgrace—torture to torture. To keep them, like criminals in ancient times, on the rack until—” he lifted his hand, slowly contracting the fingers, as if in the act of grasping some object—“until, wholly in my power, I exult over them, I crush them !”

Hartley wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and he seemed to have relieved himself by forming some definite plan, by embracing some decided course of action. He approached his desk and penned a hasty note. It contained only the laconic sentence, “Call on me the first opportunity.” This note was addressed to Mr. Jeremiah Pike, Attorney, St. Mary Axe.

The post duly conveyed the epistle to Mr. Pike, and, the next day, that gentleman presented himself at the chambers of Hartley.

We must here pause for a minute to give our new character an introduction. He is by no means an unimportant personage, inasmuch as the deeds of Mr. Jeremiah Pike will exercise considerable influence on the positions and destinies of the principal actors in our history.

Lawyers, considered in a body, none dare dispute are most honourable men. Yet their profession, no doubt, exposes them to numerous temptations, much money being sometimes obtainable through trickery and fraudulent practices. Hence, when a lawyer departs from the path of right, he does not go a few steps, but generally a great way. When a lawyer is a rogue (and happily this delinquent class is comparatively small) he is a rogue *par excellence*. Few can approach him in knavery. He beats all other rogues with their own weapons. He wades through the mire of foul fraud, and fights his way through black actions, being usually able, from his knowledge of “the law,” to escape harmless, and come off with triumph.

The character of Mr. Pike must be permitted to develop itself through the medium of events. We can only in this place present a brief outline of his person.

The lawyer of St. Mary Axe, London, was a man about forty years of age. He was short in stature, spare in limb, but withal remarkably active. A squirrel skipping from bough to bough, or a wild cat springing twenty feet upon her prey, was scarcely more agile than Jeremiah Pike. His face, once seen, left a permanent impression on the mind. Like Napoleon's, it stood out from among all other faces. It was easily recognisable in a crowd. The idea of it could never be blended with that of another man's. Here, however, we must confess that all resemblance of his face to the countenance of the French emperor ceased.

The features of Mr. Pike were sharp and meagre in the extreme, answering precisely to the very expressive term “hatchet.” His little tawny brow was so low that it scarcely deserved the designation of forehead; ascending, however, in an oblique fashion, it assisted in forming a remarkably lofty head, which might contain, within its spacious chambers, a sufficiency of brain to satisfy the most exacting phrenologist. That pyramidal or sugar-loaf shaped head, was adorned with straggling tufts of red hair; his eyebrows, too, were red; and his small, narrow whiskers, projecting like two claws along his cheeks, were of the same fiery hue. His mouth was wide, but perfectly straight, and, being dry as parchment, appeared to be exempted from those natural adjuncts—

lips. His nose was his best feature; it was large, and hooked like the eagle's beak, and completely saved the face from insipidity. The eyes, too, though small, were black and very brilliant. They were restless eyes, turning like beads of jet, and darting their quick rays in all directions, giving evidence that the soul, whose dictates they obeyed, was of remarkable activity.

The impression produced by Mr. Pike's whole appearance seemed to be that he was clever, crafty, daring—he might be a rogue, or he might be an honest man: his general conversation, and the excellent sentiments which he sometimes expressed, led you to infer that his conscience was tender, and that he had a high regard for principles of integrity and virtue.

The little lawyer, with hat in hand, bowed low to Mr. Hartley. That gentleman received him with unusual urbanity, drew for him a chair, and pushed towards him the decanter of Madeira which stood on the table.

Mr. Pike was not insensible of the courtesy, for he smiled blandly, as he placed his tall hat upon the floor near his chair. Yet he was not a man to be deceived by any one: in short, he knew the other intended asking of him some favour.

After a few observations on ordinary matters, Mr. Hartley opened the business on account of which he had summoned the attorney to his chambers.

"I have known you, Mr. Pike, for several years. We are pretty well acquainted, I believe, with each other's pursuits and position in life."

"Well acquainted, certainly—very well," said the little man, who opened his round eyes, being rather puzzled, and also surprised, at this preamble.

"You have served me on more than one occasion, and I have paid you for it," said Hartley.

"You have, sir; and I am always thankful for any little business you may throw into my way. These are hard times, Mr. Hartley. It is very sad that people won't apply oftener to attorneys—that they begin to show a contempt for the beautiful laws of this country, and *will* settle their own quarrels. Ah! I say, it is very sad." And Mr. Jeremiah Pike heaved a deep sigh.

"Attend to me. We can benefit each other. I am assured of your ability and your expertness. Serve me faithfully, and I will make it worth your while. I will not seek to bind you by any solemn promise, or any oath, to carry out my plans and never to betray me; for promises between man and man I regard as dust in the balance, chaff in the wind."

"Say not so, Mr. Hartley. Do not entertain so bad an opinion of human nature. I, at least, never violate a promise. My word, once given, is sacred. I would rather die than betray a trust."

As he gave utterance to these amiable sentiments a deep solemnity shadowed Mr. Pike's long face, but on Hartley's lip played a cold, sneering smile.

"Far be it from me, Mr. Pike, to cast a doubt on your good faith or integrity; yet I confess I would rather bind you by the strong chain whose links extend from the prince on his throne to the beggar on his dunghill—self-interest. I would so arrange matters that, while serving

me, you should serve yourself. Pray, may I ask what you usually make per annum by your profession?"

Pike turned uneasily in his chair, scratched one of his red eyebrows, then the tip of his large ear; looked steadfastly on the floor, as if examining the patterns of the carpet, coughed, again glanced up, and shook his head sorrowfully at the decanter of Madeira.

"Your question is rather personal—rather awkward, Mr. Hartley. However, since a close connexion, it appears, is to be established between us, of course I will hide nothing from you. Why, then, owing to the horribly peaceful times in our quarter; owing to the dreadfully few failures among my immediate friends, whereby they do not require my assistance; and owing to the rascals punctually paying their rents, a circumstance preventing me from levying distrainments, I have not made for some time past more than one hundred paltry pounds a-year."

"And yet you work hard: you exert yourself."

"Certainly, I do. I run about endeavouring to *make* business six hours in the day, but can't—can't *set* people by the ears—I mean find out any quarrels. And then I sit four hours in my office—*expecting*."

"Very well; I perfectly understand. You shall lead a more easy life in future, Mr. Pike. You know my capabilities of paying."

"Never doubted them. You are a fund-holder, Mr. Hartley. Ah! firm man—solid man—good man, as we say in the City."

"Now attend. I will grant you an income of three hundred pounds a-year. You shall draw on me at sight for one hundred and fifty pounds every six months, and I will duly honour your draft."

The little lawyer seemed stunned, stupified with amaze. Such generosity he had never anticipated; such wealth he had never dreamt of. Visions of saving, of purchasing stock himself, for the first time flitted across his excited imagination. His small eyes sparkled and glowed like black ripe sloes when the morning dew is on them; his cheek, chin, mouth, and forehead appeared to beam and smile; and even his huge aquiline nose, by its nervous twitches, evidently sympathised with the inward delight of his soul. He could only clasp his hands, and exclaim, "Generous Mr. Hartley!"

"The annuity will last so long as you serve me faithfully. In other words, it will cease whenever you think proper to prove traitor to my interests."

That Pike would prove traitor to his patron's interests, under the circumstances, was not very likely. Hartley had taken a profound view of human nature, by rejecting, in his dealings with this man, all idea of binding him by promises involving his honour, or by solemn oaths. Such bonds, with men of the class to which Pike belonged, are totally ineffective. The lawyer, it is true, was profuse in his assurances of eternal fidelity, yet he could not but imagine that some very onerous duty would devolve upon him, so as in a manner to warrant the handsome stipend granted him. He knew Mr. Hartley was not a person very renowned for liberality; and it was altogether opposed to his notions of philosophy to suppose a man will give much and expect little in return.

"If I may ask," began the attorney, with great nervousness in his manner, sitting on the extreme edge of his chair, and stooping, as he paused to cough—"if I dare ask, sir, what may be the nature of the services required of me? It is not from a doubt of being able to carry

through any business, however perplexing, that I make the inquiry ; no, no ; I hope I may say, without boasting, that few men can push through difficult actions and thread intricate mazes of the law better than myself."

"I assure you the business is simple, and will occupy a very small portion of your time." Hartley lowered his voice to a whisper. "I must explain ; I must reveal to you my situation, my feelings, my objects ; this is absolutely necessary, or you will not understand the ground you have to tread over, but will be working mole-like, in the dark."

His brow contracted, and he hesitated as if unwilling to proceed. The proud Hartley found it difficult to bring his soul to stoop so far as to discover its secret sentiments to a being like the man before him. But the ruling passion of his breast soon overswept all such reluctance and scruples.

"Come this way," said he, gripping Pike by the arm. The latter suffered himself passively to be led into the inner room.

Hartley bolted the door, drew a chair for the attorney, and placed himself opposite. His manner was stern, imperious, and well calculated to overawe those in communication with him. Pike, with all his hardihood and effrontery, confessed the spell which a superior nature, evil though it be, ever exercises over the inferior : he quailed beneath Hartley's look and words, and felt in a measure his servant and slave.

When Pike quitted those chambers in the Temple, his usually sprightly eye was bent on the ground, his cheek was pale, and his knees trembled and knocked each other, so that with difficulty he could proceed in a straight line. It was evident that the compact which he had entered into raised in him a feeling of fear. The duty he had to perform would either expose him to great personal danger, or the crimes contemplated shocked even his unscrupulous and villanous soul. At length his countenance brightened, he walked more briskly, and from time to time rubbed his lean hands, and chuckled with inward glee.

"Three hundred a-year—one hundred and fifty pounds every six months," he whispered ; "and no more running about to *make* business. 'Tis prodigious—wonderful ! I can't withstand the lure. I'm Hartley's. I'll serve him to the death. Conscience ? I've as tender a conscience as most men, I believe, but I think I can argue it down this time : and as or crime, if such there be, it lies with the employer, not the employed—with the workman, not with the tool. Yes, come what will, I, at least, shall be an innocent man !"

Oh ! Jeremiah Pike ! striving to deceive *thyself*—to throw dust into thine own eyes : sophist even in solitude ! Thou fearest that the consciousness of sin might alloy the pleasure received from the possession of 300*l.* a-year. Would there were not so many in the world like unto thee, Jeremiah Pike ! but, alas ! the stiflers of conscience, the hushers of that still small voice which comes from nature and from God, are characters all too abundant. So thou wilt rub thy hands, Jeremiah Pike ! eat, drink, apply the "soothing unction" to thy soul, and endeavour to be happy.

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD ELIZABETHAN MANSION—THE FIRST-BORN.

MR. SOMERSET's seat in Norfolk was situated in the windings of a beautifully wooded valley, a few miles from the sea-coast. He possessed

Brookland Hall and the domain attached by right of his mother, who had been sole heiress of that very ancient property. As we have already stated, the lady had one child by her second marriage, Roland Hartley, and who was amply provided for.

Both the fathers, as well as the mother, being dead, and having no relations, except a few very distant ones, the brothers were almost alone in the world, the last representatives of their line. Their estrangement from each other, therefore, was the more to be regretted, for the enmity, though it existed on one side only, did not the less form an insurmountable barrier between them.

Brookland Hall was a venerable-looking pile. Built in the early part of the reign of James I., it displayed the architectural peculiarities which distinguished the mansions erected in the reign of his predecessor. So marked, indeed, was the character which the domestic architecture of Elizabeth's time assumed, that the style has acquired for itself a fixed designation; namely, the Elizabethan.

The building occupied three sides of a quadrangle; it was low, compact, but of considerable dimensions. The red brick, of which material mansions of the period were almost invariably composed, was relieved by white stone buttresses and raised facings, technically termed quoins, at the angles of the walls. A low balustrade, marking a later date of erection, ran along the edge of the roof, which was also adorned at the corners with large and quaintly-carved urns. A clock-tower, surmounted by a metal vane, rose above the centre of the building. Such a tower might now be thought a disfigurement, but in ancient days it was regarded as yielding dignity to the main portion, and harmonising with the advancing wings.

The front windows, having been somewhat modernised, were square; the others displayed the narrow Tudor arch, having strong stone mullions and diamond-shaped panes. The principal doorway was of massy oak the posts and lintel being elaborately carved. The portico, round on the summit and of stone-work, was supported by four Tuscan pillars, which had been originally cased with marble. A lofty and handsome pediment gave almost an air of majesty to this antique entrance. In truth, the pediment had long been an object of admiration; and it was evidently the work of a classic hand, for the tympanum, or enclosure within its sides, was filled with figures carved in high relief, and of exquisite workmanship.

The terrace in front of Brookland Hall, and the gardens beyond, had nothing about them of the quaint Elizabethan era. They were essentially Italian. Long lines of white balustrades, ornamented with balls and stone rosettes; huge vases at every corner, and statues on tall pedestals; broad flights of steps, flanked also by balusters, leading from the terrace to the parterre below; ponds with little green islands, the last being adorned with summer-houses or grottoes of spar—all betrayed a southern taste. The park, which was extensive, swept away in gentle wave-like undulations, until the opening country nearly lost the character of a valley. A small brook, from which the manor took its name, divided the park, and over this stream several rustic wooden bridges were thrown. The trees, dispersed in groups, were principally sycamore and oak, some of them being of gigantic size and of extreme age. Herds of deer, drinking at the brook, or standing on the green knolls in relief against the sky, gave animation to the picture.

Hugh Somerset, at the time this chapter opens, was alone in his library. He stood at the window which overlooked the park. Great anxiety was depicted in his countenance, and yet his face strangely expressed the counter feeling of pleasure. That his mind was much disturbed appeared evident from his gestures and his incessantly moving from place to place. Now he turned hurriedly from the window, caught up a book, flung it down again; next he threw himself into his great morocco-covered chair, and, looking at the door, which stood ajar, intently listened. A low cry was heard as of some person in extreme pain; it ceased, and again the voice of suffering fell on the ear more distinctly.

The face of Somerset changed, and the moving muscles, especially the tremulous motion of the lips, evinced how strongly those sounds jarred on his feelings, and excited his sympathy. He now clasped his hands, and seemed absorbed in prayer. The husband praying for the young wife! that Heaven would look down in mercy and love, support one so gentle and good through Nature's trial, and lighten in this instance, if Eternal Justice could not suspend, the curse of Eve.

The cries succeeded to each other with shorter intermissions, and light steps, as of agitation and fear, were heard passing up and down the staircase. Somerset could support that state of suspense no longer. He quitted the library on the ground-floor, and ascended to the room communicating with the chamber of his wife. His look was now haggard, his limbs trembled, and his accustomed presence of mind was fast deserting him. To every inquiry which he made, a whisper only was returned, or a slight motion of the head.

The sounds of pain ceased. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sudden stillness might be a sign of good, or it might forebode ill.

He was proceeding towards the room, with an intention of entering it, in spite of the injunctions previously given him, when he was met by the medical man. The good doctor placed his finger on his lip, but Somerset beheld only the quiet smile which covered his face, and read there in an instant all he was so desirous of being assured of.

She lives! the worst is over! and a child is born into the world!

How many myriads of fond hearts this announcement has caused to beat wildly with joy!

Somerset seized and wrung the doctor's hand, unable himself to ask any questions, or even to speak.

"I congratulate you, sir; your wife is doing well," said the kind-hearted accoucheur. "Ah! Mr. Somerset, she has borne her trial with wonderful fortitude—patient as an angel. She often called for you, sir, wishing to see her husband; but of course that could not be allowed—of course not."

And again Mr. Somerset shook the doctor's hand; but while he was asking permission now to enter the chamber, an elderly woman appeared at the door. She bore something in her arms swathed in a dozen flannels and indescribable wrappers. Approaching the master of the house with a curtsy, she presented to him, in accordance with the nurse's practice, the little stranger.

Somerset received it with the awkwardness of a man to whom such family affairs are a novelty, but with a heart brimming over with joy and gratitude. A profound silence ensued for a moment. A tear trembled in the eye of the agitated father; and during that silence Somerset invoked mentally a blessing on his first-born daughter.

MR. JOLLY GREEN'S IDEAS ON SOME OF THE LEADING QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

[It is, as all the world knows, an ill wind that blows nobody good. When, at the commencement of the present month, the days were overcast with gloom and fog and wintry rain, we entertained fears that some even of the liveliest of our contributors might betray symptoms of having been oppressed by "the skiey influences;" and we certainly had no expectation that an esteemed correspondent, who has been for some time silent, would have selected "dark December" as the season for his lucubrations. Such, however, turns out to be the fact. Mr. Jolly Green, since his return from the Continent (where, we understand, he kept his "weather-eye" open upon "men and manners"), has been enjoying the privacy of domestic life in St. John's Wood, having disposed of his residence at Peckham; but being of too active a mind to remain idle when events of importance occupy general attention, he has devoted his leisure to the consideration of certain subjects, some of which are of a public, and some of a personal nature. From the papers forwarded to us by Mr. Green we have selected one or two of the most striking, and, if we learn that our accomplished friend pursues his present occupation through the coming season, we may be tempted to make further demands upon his portfolio.—Ed. N. M. M.]

MR. GREEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A SPECIAL JUROR.

ON the evening of the 30th of November last, I had been dining in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square with a distinguished French publicist, of rather rosy opinions, whose acquaintance it was my fortune to make in Paris shortly after the revolution of February, and after seeing him into a cab (and lending him the money to pay for it, as he had left his purse at home) I hailed an Atlas omnibus and returned to St. John's Wood, arriving at Ventrebieu Villa, where I now live, about eleven o'clock. I found that, during my absence, an unknown person, of no very prepossessing appearance, had called at my house, and, after simply inquiring if that was my place of residence, had left for my perusal a folded paper, which my valet, Mr. Pinker, observed to me, as he put it into my hands, was, he believed, "a copy of a writ."

As I happen to owe no man a shilling I was not much disquieted by this intimation, knowing very well that an action for defamation would lie, or at all events that I could come upon the county; I therefore merely smiled with my accustomed air of superiority, and turned to read the paper. I glanced at the document and—cool as I am in moment of danger—was at the first moment somewhat startled at the contents; but, quickly recovering my presence of mind and mastering my emotion, I calmly read as follows:—

	2000
	<hr/> 6
<i>Special.</i>	47
" COMMON PLEAS.	
To JOLLY GREEN, Esq.	
<i>Middlesex.</i>	

By virtue of a warrant from the SHERIFF of the county, I hereby
summon you to appear before the Right Honourable _____.

(I omit the chief justice's name from motives of delicacy.)

"——, at Westminster, on Thursday, the sixth day of December, at NINE of the clock in the morning, to be of a jury between

THOMAS KIMBER

and

RALPH BAGGS.

Hereof fail not. Dated the 30th day of November, 1849.

WILLIAM HEMP,

Summoning Officer."

Attached to this was a side notice, enjoining continued attendance in the event of the trial not coming on on the day named—a superfluous menace to one of my firmness of character and tenacity of purpose.

"So!" said I, when I had read the paper through, at once comprehending its whole scope and bearing, "this, then, is one of those precious instruments of which I have so often read—a *quo warranto*, on which the liberties of every Englishman may be said to hinge! As long as these exist, trial by jury—the Palladium of the British empire—is no fiction. 'Pinker,'" I continued, in a grave but not an angry tone, "you have been mistaken. This is not a copy of a writ—to the best of my belief—but an appeal to the finest feelings of a patriot and a man. I am summoned—"

"I knewed it was a summons," interrupted my faithful valet: "a case of overcharge, I'll be bound." And I thought, though I might have been deceived, that I saw a tear twinkle in his eye.

"Summoned," I resumed, "not in the sense you suppose, but for my country's good—to sit at Westminster in the proud capacity of a SPECIAL JURYMEN!"

"Oh, that's it," said Mr. Pinker; "I fancied it had been somethin' wuss."

"I am—at a loss to know how it could have been better," I replied, with a dignified air. "Give me a chamber-candlestick, Pinker—and good night."

"Good night, sir," returned my obedient henchman, evidently surprised at my cutting short the colloquy which usually precedes my *coucher*.

But I had a motive for it. The sense of the responsibility which had been thus suddenly thrown upon me seriously impressed me; and I felt that silence and repose were necessary to enable me to arrive at a proper judicial state of mind. I trust that I achieved this enviable condition before I slept, for the clock struck one as I left my dressing-room; my meditations, aided by three excellent cigars and some cold brandy-and-water, having been wholly concentrated on the important question before me.

The fruits of these meditations were apparent next morning.

"Pinker," said I, at breakfast, when I had despatched my customary brace of Epping sausages and fresh cottage loaf, and was preparing to enjoy my tea and *Times*—"Pinker, I wish you to go down to F—— street, to B—— and B——, the law booksellers, and purchase the works which you will find written down on this list."

As I spoke I handed him a paper, on which were written the titles of the volumes I required. The public may wish to know who the authorities were that I was desirous to consult, I therefore transcribe them.

The first on the list, as a matter of course, was "Burn's Justice of

the Peace," a work indispensable to a special juror; then came "Coke upon Littleton," the "State Trials," "Blackstone's Commentaries," "Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*," "De la Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*," "Hone's *Trials*," "Tidd's *Practice*," "Lord Kames's *Elements of Criticism*," "The *Statutes at Large*," "Stephens's *Treatise on the Principles of Pleading*," "Plutarch's *Lives*," "Burlamaqui on *National and Civil Law*," "Williams's *Compendious Extracts of the Public Acts*," "The *Newgate Calendar*," "Vattel," "Puffendorff," "Grotius," "Beccaria," the "Small Debts and Local Courts Act," and a few more of minor importance.

"You will desire Mr. B——," I continued, "to let me have these books as soon as he possibly can. If he hasn't got them all at home, he must send what he has. You can bring two or three with you. Here is some money. Let a bill be made out for those you don't pay for, to be sent up with the rest; and now make haste. By-the-by, don't forget to tell the servants that I am not at home to any one who calls before the sixth of December; after that time, the fact may be mentioned that I am at Westminster, on affairs of—of—of—not of State exactly—but of—ah! yes—of jurisprudence, and that it is very uncertain when I may be back; perhaps not before Christmas."

In the course of a couple of hours Mr. Pinker returned from his errand. His mission had not been entirely successful, for, strange to say, Messrs. B—— and B—— had not got all the books which I had written down. Some of the more voluminous works they said they would procure for me; others they recommended Mr. Pinker to apply for at the bookstall over the way; and one or two, including "Tidd's *Practice*" and "Burn's *Justice of the Peace*," they sent by my valet. I was given to understand by the trusty fellow that the booksellers were very curious to know who I was, imagining that the name he gave was only a *nom de guerre* for some great lawyer in disguise; an error which he allowed them to remain in. They said the list was "rather a miscellaneous one," but they would do the best they could, and that I might reckon upon receiving some more works in the course of the day.

They kept their word; and when I sat that evening in my study, surrounded by such piles of legal luminaries—costing, by the way, a good round sum—I could compare myself to nobody but Marius amid the ruins of Carthage.

I worked hard for the next four days, scarcely allowing myself time to take my meals, so anxious was I to become master of the general principles of law, that it might be seen when I got into the jury-box who was likely to have the best of the argument. I am one of those people—and this, I fancy, is pretty generally known—who never do anything by halves. "Thorough," as the great Lord Strafford said, when he charged the Irish rebels, is my motto. That I might completely imbue myself in the form as well as in the spirit of our Institutions, I studied in AN ERMINE CAPE, which Pinker procured for me at a celebrated furrier's in R—g—nt Street. I had some thoughts also of buying a judge's wig to wear on the same occasion; but as it would have rumpled my hair, which Pinker curls every morning with great care, I dispensed with that mark of wisdom.

It is amazing how rapidly time flies when one is intently occupied. I could scarcely believe it was the fact when, looking up from my

Blackstone, on the fourth evening, I saw by the day of the month over the mantelpiece that it was the 5th of December. The *Ideas of March*, as *Cæsar* says, in *his Commentaries*, were come, and, after all, I had not made so much progress as I anticipated. There still remained the "*Statutes at Large*," the "*State Trials*," and several other works, untouched. I felt a little confused, too, with the variety of my reading; just as one does after having eaten of too many dishes; but I consoled myself with the reflection that some leading technicalities had fixed themselves indelibly in my memory; and unless I greatly erred, I considered myself on a footing with the majority of the learned profession into whose shoes I was quietly stepping.

The morning of the 6th of December arrived. It was cold, wet, and foggy, but my nerves were braced to the *outrance*, and I rose manfully at seven o'clock, though in doing so I was obliged to shave by candle-light. At half-past eight my Brougham was at the door, and it was with feelings of indescribable emotion that I entered the vehicle whose name coincided so perfectly with the contents of the blue bag which was now placed beside me. In another blue bag was the ermine cape, which it was my intention to put on as soon as I got into court. Before *Pinker* got on the box beside the coachman, he asked me where I was to be driven.

"To Westminster, of course," I replied.

"But whereabouts in Westminster the coachman wishes to know, sir," returned *Pinker*, when he had delivered my order.

I was rather puzzled at the moment, for *Mr. Hemp's* invitation had not mentioned exactly where. At first I thought of Westminster Abbey, and was about to tell him to set me down at Poets' Corner; then I had an idea of Coldbath-fields Prison, but I didn't feel quite sure on the subject; at last it came into my head that the best thing to do was to let him drive on till we came to the Houses of Parliament.

"I dare say," said I to myself, "I can find some one who will be glad enough, for half-a-crown, to tell me where it is."

I therefore gave directions accordingly; and just as the Abbey clock was chiming "nine" we drew up opposite the late *Mr. Canning's* statue, an effigy I particularly admire on account of the vivid colour of the bronze. I put my head out of the window, and seeing a man dressed in black (by way of contrast he had a very red face), who was loitering on the pavement, I beckoned to him, and he ran up directly.

"Wish to see the 'Ouse of Lords, sir, painted glass winders, the new freskers?"

"Not at the present moment," answered I, taking a half-crown out of my waistcoat pocket, on which the man's eyes instantly fixed, as if by fascination: "my business here is of rather more importance. Whereabouts is the Right Honourable" (I may as well speak out now, as I did to the man) "Sir Thomas Wilde to be found?"

"Sir Tommus Vild," returned he,—"that's Common Pleas, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied; "exactly so."

"Here you are, sir," said the man: "third door on the left. 'Common Pleas' written on it. Shall I ring the bell, sir?—thankee, sir."

And with these words he pocketed the half-crown, rang the bell, and disappeared round the corner.

The door was promptly opened by a person who, seeing a handsome Brougham standing there, came forward with as much alacrity as if I had been the Chief Justice himself, while Pinker got down from the box, and, touching his hat, stood respectfully by to receive my instructions.

"Is Sir Thomas Wilde here?" I asked, in a magisterial tone. "I wish to see him on particular business."

The person took a rapid survey of myself, the carriage, and its contents, and being satisfied, no doubt, that the whole had a very business-like appearance, civilly inquired in his turn—

"An appointment, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, "a special one—for nine o'clock."

"His ludship," said the person, "has not yet come down; but he will be here in ten minutes at the furthest. As you've an appointment, sir, you had better step into his ludship's waiting room. This way, sir."

I desired Pinker to follow me with the two bags, and the person led the way upstairs into a small room, "through which," he told me, "his ludship must pass on his way to robe. If I would have the goodness to give him my card, he would mention the fact to his ludship *the moment he arrived*."

He laid so much stress on the last words that I saw clearly he expected a fee, and I did not hesitate to gratify him for his civility. He certainly looked very much gratified as he furtively eyed the half sovereign which I slipped into his hand.

The apartment into which I was shown was more remarkable for antiquity than splendour, but the obscurity which pervaded it harmonised well with the sombre majesty of the law. A tall bookcase with glass doors, through which might be seen several rows of "Reports," a shrivelled Turkey carpet which occupied the centre of the floor, leaving a wide margin all round, and half a dozen high-backed chairs with horsehair bottoms, constituted all the furniture. As I seated myself on one of the latter I could not help reflecting on the important part which horsehair plays in all judicial proceedings, whether it decorates the chief justice's brow, or affords relief to the nether man of the suitors in his ante-chamber. I was meditating on this theme when a hasty step in the corridor aroused me, and the door of the room being thrown open, I started to my feet, Pinker, who held the blue bags, being a little behind me.

"His Ludship, the Chief Justice," said a voice, which I knew to be that of the person who had given me admission, and the distinguished functionary thus announced made his appearance.

He was a gentleman of middle height, or perhaps rather above it (for I cannot be expected to be very precise in my description at such a moment), inclined to stoutishness, with a full face, an adust complexion, a quick eye, and on the whole a pleasant expression of countenance, though there was a kind of grimness in the smile with which he greeted me, such as the ghost of Hamlet's father may be supposed to have worn when he found himself once more in his own palace gardens. I perceived that he held my card in his hand, but he had evidently not looked at it till that moment, for he seemed at a loss to make out my name.

"What's this?" he said in a quick tone, speaking rather to himself than to me. "Mr. Who? Jol—Jol—Jolly Green! Odd name! I don't know any such person. Appointment? I have no appointment with him. Is this your card, sir?"

"Yes, my lud," I replied with a smile and a bow, adapting my phraseology with ready tact to the atmosphere of the law courts. "I was punctual to the hour, my lud."

"Punctual!" exclaimed the chief justice. "What have I to do with your being punctual? I don't recollect ever to have seen or heard of you before." He glanced at Pinker and the blue bags as he spoke and added: "What are you? An attorney?"

"No, my lud," replied I, a little nettled at the supposition and at the sharpness of his manner; "I am a private gentleman of ancient fam—"

I was cut short in my explanation by a hasty inquiry.

"Not an attorney! What is your business here then?"

"That, my lud," returned I drawing myself up, "is easily explained. If your ludship will do me the honour to peruse this document, the reason for my being here will at once strike your ludship's mind, though possibly the fact may have escaped your ludship's memory."

I held out to him the paper bearing the signature of Mr. Hemp, which I have since inserted in my book of autographs.

The chief justice snatched rather than took it from my hand.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, when he looked at it, "why this is a summons to attend in the Court of Common Pleas as a special juror!"

"I am aware of that fact, my lud," replied I tersely.

"Then, sir, if such be the case," he returned angrily, "how came you to present yourself here, waylaying me in my private apartments? I thought," he added, turning to the person who had let us in, "I thought you told me that this—this—gentleman had a special appointment?"

"So he informed me, your ludship," replied the obsequious, time-serving attendant, anxious to shift all blame from his own shoulders.

Before the chief justice could make any comment on this servile remark, I struck in—

"I fear, my lud," said I, "there has been a slight mistake. I was expressly summoned '*before*' your ludship, 'at nine of the clock.' As this is the first occasion on which I have been called upon to serve my country in this manner—in *this manner*," I repeated with strong emphasis, "I was naturally anxious to introduce myself properly to your ludship's notice, being persuaded, moreover, by the inscription on the door below that this was the Court of Common Pleas."

"Enough, sir," observed the chief justice, his features somewhat relaxing from their severity. "I see how it has happened; there was no intentional intrusion. I should not have thought, however, that anybody *could* have made such a mistake who had arrived at years of discretion. You may go, sir. The entrance to the court is through Westminster Hall. Let the way to it be shown him for fear of another blunder."

I bowed, and was turning to depart, a little vexed at the stupidity of Mr. Hemp and the redfaced man who had led me into this error, when the chief justice stopped me.

"Mr. Green," he said, in a more familiar manner than he had hitherto employed, "I see you have got some well-filled bags there. They can't be stuffed with briefs—for I need nothing to tell me you are not professional—what *have* you got in them?"

"In *this* bag, my lud," I answered, "are the books of reference which I shall most likely require at the impending trial; the other contains merely an article of dress."

"You are an extraordinary gentleman, Mr. Green," said Sir Thomas; "I should like to know something more of you. But time is precious; I can't waste any more of it now. Good morning, Mr. Green."

With these words he moved briskly away, muttering something in which I fancied I could distinguish the Latin word "*compos*," but to whom or what it had reference, I could, of course, form no notion.

The "person," whom I have frequently adverted to under that designation, now stepped forward.

"Why didn't you tell me, sir," he said, "what it was you wanted, instead of asking for his ludship? I was very near catching it; and I'm not sure I shan't now. Mind how you come, sir; the stairs is rather narrowish. Look out, young man with the bags, that you don't tumble over the gent. I'll show you the way myself to the 'All—it's only a step round."

And then, talking as fast as he could, without doubt to prevent any recrimination on my part, he conducted us round to the Hall, where I observed a number of people walking up and down waiting for admission into the courts, and every now and then trying the doors to see if they were open. We crossed over, and observing the names of the different courts written, like Dante's "*Inferno*," above the entrances, I immediately directed Pinker's attention to the fact, remarking that this was the place he ought to have brought me to at first.

"As soon as the doors is opened," said the person, "you have only to go in and take a seat till your name's called, and then you'll step into the box and be sworn."

"My servant, I suppose, can accompany me?" I asked.

"Into the court, sir? Oh, yes, sir. It's public, sir. No charge, quite gratootius. Now, sir, they're a goin' in."

And he touched his hat very deferentially, while his eyes wandered in the direction of my waistcoat-pocket. It was a hint not to be misunderstood, and I knew too much of the world not to be aware that he expected another fee, so I gave him one, limiting my donation however to silver.

The person then took leave, and, followed by Pinker, I ascended a short flight of steps, passed through a double doorway, thrust aside the folds of a heavy curtain, and found myself in the Court of Common Pleas.

"Pray, sir," I inquired of an individual who I discovered was an usher of the court, and whom several others addressed in a similar way,—"pray, sir, can you inform me when the case of *Kimber* against *Baggs* comes on?"

"It's the fust for trial," he replied; "there's the list, agin the wall yonder."

I thanked him courteously, and remembering what the person outside had said, took a seat on the lowest of a range of benches in the court. I had hardly established myself, and was desiring Pinker to give me out my Blackstone, when the usher came up and addressed me abruptly—indeed, I may say, coarsely:—

"What are you a doin' of there? They seats is for counsel!"

I smiled contemptuously at the man's wretched grammar; but without taking any further notice of him removed to a row higher up, which, he said, was the place for "joorymen." The court now filled rapidly; a great many persons in long black gowns and oddly-contrived wigs made their appearance, and sat down in the front rows; all of them had blue bags, like mine, and they leant across each other, whispering earnestly. Beyond where they sat was a space railed off, where several clerks and other officials were seated at a large table, and in the background was an elevated stage, like Richardson's, at Greenwich fair, only of a simpler construction, and fitted up with desks and arm-chairs. These I was informed were the seats of the judges. Presently a door flew open in the corner, and forth issued the judges themselves, in their venerable head-dresses and ermined robes. In spite of his disguise I had no difficulty in recognising my friend—if his lordship will permit me to call him so—the chief justice, who, after bowing to the court, a courtesy which I promptly returned, took his seat between his two companions, there being only three present; the fourth, as a person near me whispered in a mysterious tone, "sitting *in banco*," an allusion to the tragedy of *Macbeth*, which I could not quite comprehend, but probably referring to a trial for murder.

The clerk of the arraigns, as I imagine, then rose, and, after calling the case of "*Kimber against Baggs*," read out a list of special jurors. Several very common-place names were mentioned—the "Browns, Joneses and Robinsons" of society; but when he came to mine I could distinctly feel an audible thrill through the court. I observed also that the chief justice directed his eye-glass towards me, and then whispered to his learned colleagues on the bench, who, like himself, smiled approvingly. I answered to my name in a manly tone, and then strode loftily towards the jury-box, at the same time taking the two blue bags from Pinker, whom I desired to remain in attendance.

As soon as the number of jurymen was complete we were duly sworn, and I of course was chosen foreman. I felt that the time was now come for me to show myself in my true colours; and while the indictment was being read I stooped down, opened both the bags, put on my ermine cape, and drew forth my Blackstone, my Burn, and my Rochefoucauld, and then quietly resumed my seat. But I had hardly done so before a suppressed tittering was heard. The judges looked up sternly, and the clerk of the court shouted out "Silence!" with the voice of a Stentor. I looked round to ascertain the cause of this unseemly proceeding, so unbefitting a court of justice; and, rising as I did so, the previous tittering became a general laugh, and I found that I was myself the object of universal attraction.

"You'd better have that off before his lordship sees you," exclaimed a juror behind me, giving a tug as he spoke at the ermine cape.

"What for?" I demanded, resolutely; but before I could receive an answer, the voice of the clerk of the court was again audible.

"Something wrong in the jury-box, my lud," was his exclamation.

The three judges simultaneously turned their eyes in the direction indicated, and the learned person (I call him so by courtesy, not as a matter of conviction), who was nearest to where I sat, got quite purple in the face, and called out angrily—

"What is the meaning of this exhibition? Who is that individual in the box dressed up like a mountebank? Let him be turned out instantly! A most disgraceful proceeding!"

"If you please, my lud," said the clerk, "the jury have been sworn, and that's the foreman."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the chief justice, having brought his glass to bear upon me, "why, it's the very same person! Really, this is very awkward. Sworn! and the foreman too! Well, well! eccentricity, brother—I trust nothing more."

The more irritable of the judges seemed scarcely to be aware of what his chief was saying, so dangerous it is to allow passion to get the better of judgment, but thundered out—

"Take off that idiot costume, sir, or I will have you committed the moment you leave the box. Books, too! Whose books are those? Take 'em away. Why he's got a whole circulating library there, I believe."

I was very indignant, not only at the imputation cast upon my legal authorities, but at the terms in which I had been spoken of, and but for the suddenness of the attack and the confusion into which it naturally threw me, I think I should have answered rather warmly, at the risk even of being sent to the Tower for high treason; but for the reasons I have assigned I remained silent, my cape and books were removed, and I sat down in no very amiable mood for trying the prisoner at the bar. I am free to admit that a feeling of recklessness was uppermost in my mind, and it would have mattered little to me at that moment if I had been suddenly compelled to change places with the wretched culprit Baggs.

Under the circumstances which I have narrated, it can scarcely be wondered at if I paid but little attention to the nature of the indictment. I knew, of course, from Blackstone, that the prisoner would plead "the general issue," and, as I had already resolved upon the course I intended to pursue, I gave myself up to the consideration of what was the best course to adopt to vindicate myself in the eyes of the public against the judicial aspersions of one whom I cannot characterise by any other term than that of a modern Jeffreys. At last I determined upon writing a letter to the *Times*, that being, as the jurists say (of whom I was now one), the universal *refugium peccatorum*, and I mentally composed a very stinging and sarcastic philippic. In the mean time the trial had been going on; the counsel for the crown had been heard, the witnesses for the prosecution had given their evidence, and the defence had begun. I nudged the juryman who sat next me, and said to him in a whisper—

"Be so good as to point out the prisoner to me—I can't see where he is."

"The prisoner!" replied my brother "special," "what do you mean? This is a civil case."

"Civil or uncivil," I replied, tartly, being nettled at the fellow's folly; "there must be a prisoner on every trial I suppose!"

"The deuce there must!" he exclaimed; "why this is an action for trespass."

"Then the trespasser is the prisoner," returned I, triumphantly.

"If he's in court at all," said the juryman, doggedly, "he's in this box."

"I don't understand you," I answered.

"Likely enough," was the reply; "but you will when I tell you, that

the defendant's jackass got in the plaintiff's cornfield and committed the trespass now being tried. Now do you know what I mean?"

"You're a low fellow," said I, reddening, as I perceived his drift; "I shall ask you no more questions. You're not fit to sit beside me!"

"I should think not," he sullenly admitted.

The insolence of this man, combined with the previous untoward events of the morning, prevented me, I must confess, from closely following the charge of the learned chief justice, though I could not but be aware that it was marked by much eloquence and feeling, and the manner of it was highly dignified and solemn. Slightly as I comprehended its purport, it moved me almost to tears, and I was obliged to have recourse to my handkerchief to conceal my emotions. When he had ended, by recommending us to consider our verdict, I turned round to collect the suffrages of my brother jurymen. They seemed to be quite unanimous on the subject, for each in turn nodded his head and said, "Plaintiff, of course. One farthing."

I took my cue accordingly, and rising from my seat, thrust one hand into the bosom of my waistcoat (after the manner of the late M. de Chateaubriand, whose portrait in that attitude I had often admired), and leaning gently on the other, addressed the court.

"My luds," I said, impressively, "the jury, after calmly and dispassionately weighing the whole of the evidence, are of opinion that the prisoner is GUILTY."

"Guilty!" exclaimed the chief justice, raising his eyebrows, "is that your verdict, gentlemen?"

"We find for the plaintiff, my lord," said the obnoxious juror, bluntly; "damages one farthing."

"I thought so," said his lordship, with a smile. "Enter the verdict—'without costs.' Next case."

As we were leaving the box I observed that there was a slight stoppage. I leant forward to ascertain the cause, and could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw a person near the door, who was actually slipping money into every jurymen's hand as he went by, and before I could recover from my surprise I felt the pressure of coin on my own palm. This outrage, this attempt at bribery in open day, was too much for me to bear, and I determined, before I quitted the spot, to expose the nefarious transaction.

"My lud," I said, turning towards the bench, and addressing the friendly chief justice; "permit me to make known a fact which has only this instant come to my knowledge."

"It is too late, sir," returned that dignitary, "to say anything now. You should have made your observations before delivering the verdict."

"It is never too late, my lud," I replied, indignantly, "to denounce iniquity. Bribery and corruption are at work, my lud! I hold the proofs in my hand. A guinea, my lud (a sovereign and a shilling are the coins), has been offered me as the price of my vote; and the same sum I have reason to believe has been tendered and accepted by each of—I am ashamed to say—my brother jurymen. A celebrated character in one of the Shakspearian dramas has observed, my lud, 'Base is the slave who pays,'—but baser, my lud, I assert, is the slave who receives, when his conscience is the subject of traffic. It is currently believed, my lud, that Sir Robert Walpole, who was once the prime minister of

this country, laid it down as a *dictum* which few were bold enough to show cause against—that every man has his price. This may be true of the mass, my lud; but if any learned gentleman in this arena supposes that for the sake of a wretched guinea, obsolete in its nomenclature and paltry in its value, the upright mind of a special jurymen is to be bought, and that jurymen Jolly Green, he labours under a weight of error compared to which the mountains that overwhelmed the Titans were eider-down coverlets. Blackstone, my lud——”

What that learned civilian has laid down on the subject of bribery I was not permitted to state, for the chief justice, who seemed for a time to be carried away by the eloquence of my patriotic appeal, here interrupted me.

“Sir,” he said,—“Mr. Green,—Mr. Jolly Green, I think you call yourself,—you came here as a special juror, and one more deserving of the appellation it has never been my lot to encounter,—before you absolutely reduce us to the condition of the pagan giants whom you have alluded to,—before you quite take away the character of the usher of this court, I wish you to be made aware that, by Act of Parliament, every special jurymen is allowed one guinea in compensation for the time he devotes to the public service. It is, I admit, in many cases—in yours, for instance—by no means an equivalent for that service, but the wisdom of the Legislature has made the rule general. Shakspeare and Sir Robert Walpole were no doubt excellent judges of mankind; but we, Mr. Green, are judges in the cases before us. My particular recommendation to you, Mr. Green, is, that you should immediately return home; and if you have any friends present I earnestly advise them to take as much care of you as possible.”

It was impossible for any man, having the common failings of humanity, not to feel touched by this kind regard for another's welfare expressed in the chief justice's spirit. With a low bow, therefore, I pressed my hand on my heart, beckoned to Pinker, who had witnessed the scene in mute astonishment, and, returning to Palace-yard, got into my Brougham, and drove home to Ventrebleu Villa.

THE PASHA OF EGYPT'S CHALLENGE.

It is well known, not only to the sporting world, but to the majority of the British public, that the Pasha of Egypt has sent a challenge to the Jockey Club, offering, for a very considerable wager, to back his own stable against any English horses that can be produced.

I am not a member of the distinguished club just mentioned, but I flatter myself that the name of “Green” is pretty well known on the turf; and this fact, coupled with some slight knowledge of horseflesh, will, I trust, be my sufficient warrant in tendering my advice and opinions on an occasion of so much national interest and importance as the proposed race. I may add that, having given my best consideration to the subject, I am not very likely to mislead those who honour me with their attention.

Considerable doubt appears to prevail on a great many points connected with the challenge. These doubts are, for the greater part, expressed in a letter addressed by Mr. C. Gr—v—lle to the Hon. C. A. M—rr—y, the British C—ns—l G—n—r—l in Egypt; and although

the last-named gentleman has replied to them "*seriatim*" (as *Bell's Life in London* says), I cannot think that he has been quite "serious" enough, or, as I would rather phrase it, gone quite deep enough into the question. To supply his omission is, therefore, what I now propose to do, taking Mr. Gr—v—lle's letter as my text, and giving the British public the opportunity of judging between my notions on the subject and those of Mr. M—rr—y, towards which gallant officer, however, I beg to state, I entertain a most profound respect.

The first query made by Mr. Gr—v—lle is the following:—

"In the first place, is his Highness the Pasha of Egypt to be depended on? Is he certain to hold to the match if it be made, and not back out, and leave the English in the lurch, with all their trouble, risk, and expense?"

To this Mr. M—rr—y replies, that "His Highness is fully to be depended upon *quoad* the *bonâ fide* determination to hold the match."

Here I venture at once to disagree with the C—ns—l G—n—r—l. It is my firm conviction that no Egyptian, and least of all a ruler in Egypt, is to be trusted. I need scarcely recall to the reader's recollection how many times Moses was taken in by Pharaoh, after his repeated promises to suffer the Israelites to leave his kingdom. This is a patent fact, and my only surprise is how Moses could permit himself to be so frequently *done*. If Pharaoh, therefore, was in the daily habit of breaking his word, does it not necessarily follow—since it is the invariable policy of the East to adhere rigidly to precedent—that his descendant, the present pasha, would do precisely with regard to the Jockey Club what Pharaoh did in relation to the Jewish Exodus? "Backing out" is, moreover, a practice so universal in all courts, and particularly in Oriental ones, that it almost follows as a matter of course that his highness would "back out" as infallibly as a Hansom's cab is obliged to do when it gets half way up New-street, Covent-garden, and encounters an opposing vehicle that has got "the call." If another notable instance of want of faith be required, the English reader need not go further back than the time of Shakspeare, who, in his play of "Antony and Cleopatra," expressly makes his hero call the Queen of Egypt his "Serpent of Old Nile;" and it will not, I think, be denied, that the man who relies upon a serpent has a very slippery companion to trust to. Is not Egypt also the land of crocodiles—creatures that come out of the river and pretend to be in great affliction, for the sole purpose of devouring any one who may be idiot enough to trust himself to their embraces? Onions too, and cats, are worshipped by the Egyptians. What vegetable, I ask, is more deceitful than an onion? What animal more treacherous than a cat? There are the gipsies too, who constitute the majority of the people of that country. Are they exactly the sort of persons whom one would prefer as the guardians of one's children, the executors of one's will, the trustees for the administration of one's estate? I should rather imagine not! If, therefore—to say nothing of the "*Punica fides*," which clings to the soil as tenaciously now as it did in the days when Aaron received that remarkably useful piece of advice from his sagacious brother-in-law, touching the wisdom of wearing his nose instead of cutting it off to spite the Egyptians—if, therefore, it has been shown, that from the highest to the lowest in Egypt, from the most ancient time to the present—whether we consider the policy of her rulers, the religion of the

country, or the personal habits of the people—a complete absence of trustworthiness pervades the whole race, it strikes me that the Jockey Club would be singularly deficient in that acumen for the possession of which they have the reputation, if they allowed themselves to be made mummies of by his highness the pasha. I, for one, could never say, as Charles Lamb said on a memorable occasion—"Them's the jockeys for me!"

Mr. Gr—v—lle's next question is, "In whose hands would the stakes be deposited?"

Mr. M—rr—y replies, that "The pasha would make no objection to their being deposited, on both sides, in any European consulate selected by the English."

This may seem all very fair and aboveboard to those who are not—like myself—familiar with the bowstring and the sack; but it requires only a little experience in the harems of the East to discover a concealed snare in this apparently liberal offer. The confiding nature of my countrymen, as well as his own high reputation, would of course lead the Jockey Club to name Mr. M—rr—y himself; and what, I should like to know, is there to prevent a person of the pasha's character, who made no scruple of murdering the Mamelukes and Janissaries, and of poisoning the sick prisoners at Jaffa, from forcibly taking possession of "any sum, from 10,000*l.* to 50,000*l.*" (and the larger the amount the more likely), in the event of his horses being beaten by our own? If he had really meant honestly, why did he not name one of our own savings-banks, which are the safest things going; or invest the amount in railway shares, with the certainty of interest upon the capital whenever called upon; or—as it was a sporting transaction altogether—pay his stake in to the credit of any of the well-known stags in Capel-court or the Stock Exchange? In any case the money would always have been forthcoming, both principal and interest; for when was there ever a deficiency in an actuary's or an auditor's accounts? when did railway shares go down in the market? and when was the probity of either of the classes I have mentioned known to fail? All I can say is, if I had been selected as the stakeholder, I should, for security's sake, have proceeded to that course of investment.

The third question is: "Would the course be a tract of ground ten miles long, or a round course, to be gone over repeatedly, making the whole distance ten miles?" It would, in fact, be necessary we should know exactly what sort of course we should have to run over, and whether it would be a *race-course* or a tract of country. If the latter, whether it would be such as the English jockeys could find their way over.

Mr. M—rr—y, in his answer, says the course would be "a straight run over a tract of country;" the ground "undulating, not hilly," "all sand; in some places nearly fetlock deep, in others rather stony," but, altogether, "what may be considered fair galloping ground."

I shall consider the last part of Mr. M—rr—y's reply first, and, without insisting upon the recorded statement of Herodotus (no mean authority, by the way), who, in his "Euterpe," distinctly asserts that "in the time of Menes, the whole of Egypt, with the exception of the Thebaid, was a great marsh," and this is borne out by the number of frogs which *we know* abound there, I will merely ask him how that can

be called "fair galloping ground" which is fetlock-deep in sand?" Every Englishman who has crossed the Channel is familiar with the treacherous nature of the Goodwin Sands; and it is not to be supposed that, in a country like Egypt, the sand is of a much more moral character than that of the coast of Kent. Lord Byron, in speaking of Africa, has observed:—

And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

The converse of this proposition is equally true; and such being the case, what chance would a horse have who, by Mr. M—rr—y's own showing, was up to his belly in sand at starting? And then, the ground is said to be "rather stony,"—a figure of speech, I take it, for something like the shingles at Brighton, where, as most of us are aware, the sand and stones run very close to each other. The merest geologist, however, could have settled this point. I have had some experience, in my time, of what is considered "fair galloping ground;" for few people have galloped faster than I did when my horse ran away with me at the grand review on the *Plaine de Grenelle*, when the famous battle of Austerlitz was fought; and I must confess that I would not willingly choose a tract of country interspersed with boulders and sand-pits for the purpose of riding a race over. If the pasha had proposed a steeple-chase, that would have been another affair; for in matches of that nature the great object appears to be, to prevent the horses from getting over the ground. But a steeple-chase cannot take place in Egypt, there being no churches in the country, and consequently no steeples. The same reason which causes me to object to the nature of the ground is equally cogent against the possibility of "a straight run," or, it strikes me, any run at all. There is one point on which Mr. M—rr—y is silent. He is asked if an English jockey "*could find his way*" over this pleasant kind of race-course? My reply to this is brief, but emphatic. He certainly could not. A jockey would be somewhat put to it to gallop along the Strand in a November fog (I question if even the Post-office goblins would make the attempt); but, from what I have read and should imagine, that "Egyptian darkness" must be something worse than the gloom of our London atmosphere. Mr. Gr—v—lle seems to have had some idea of this when he put the question; and I am happy to have been able to throw some light upon it.

"Query No. 4 inquires if we should be "quite certain of fair play, and of no interruptions or molestations, if we had the best of it?"

Mr. M—rr—y answers in the affirmative; but adds that "his highness will not smooth or level the ground, but he will post soldiers the whole length of the course to keep it free from all interruption."

Observe how "this tyrant can tickle where he wounds!" He promises fair play in a stone-quarry. One would be as likely to get it as with "slugs in a saw-pit," especially when the ground is kept by two rows of soldiers twelve miles long, with, of course, naked sabres and fixed bayonets, besides sixty rounds of ball cartridge in their pouches. The very circumstance of armed soldiers being there at all, is a convincing proof to my mind that the pasha intends to put every Englishman to death who may be insane enough to make his appearance on the Egyptian turf on this occasion.

Mr. Gr—v—lle next inquires whether "there are any races at Cairo, and have the horses the pasha would enter ever run races?"

Mr. M—rr—y replies to this question at great length; but not, as I conceive, very satisfactorily. He admits that there *have been* races before at Cairo—but this a mere acquaintance with his Quintus Curtius might have told him; for it is positively laid down by that historian that the Macedonian conqueror, who founded and gave his name to the city of Alexandria, ran a race with himself round the tomb of Achilles,—that tomb being, in all probability, the great pyramid near Cairo, which, it is well known, was constructed as a place of sepulture, and is, indeed, the Kensal Green Cemetery of the Egyptian metropolis. As to the pasha's real racing stud, Mr. M—rr—y cannot positively speak. "The truth is," he says, "that neither I nor any European here has ever been allowed to *see* his best horses, which he has studiously concealed from the eyes of the *profanum vulgus*, as his harem." There can be no doubt about this fact; and the Englishman who should attempt to force his way into an eastern pasha's *harem*, to see anything, would lose his head on the spot, without benefit of clergy. Mr. M—rr—y says, notwithstanding, that "it is *certain*" the pasha's horses are "pure Arabs" (I should rather have called them "pure Egyptians,"—Cairo not being, in the opinion of Pinkerton or "Arrowsmith's Atlas," in Arabia), and then makes the following singular remark: "In *bottom* they are wonderful; and if you are to make this match, it is *bottom* you must look out for." If his highness were the sovereign of the opposite extremity of the African continent, I should have thought Mr. M—rr—y's allusion had not been intended for the equine portion of his harem; but this view of the case is of too delicate a nature for me to dwell upon it further.

The sixth question put by Mr. Gr—v—lle refers to the best manner of getting the English horses out to Egypt. He supposes they ought to be sent by sea; but Mr. M—rr—y, in quietly deriding that idea, naturally says, "This question *many persons in England* are better qualified to answer than myself." I do not know if there are "*many persons in England*" equal to the task; but there can be no doubt, at all events, of there being *ONE* whose opinion may be safely taken in this matter. It has fallen to my lot, and few perhaps can say as much, to cross over from Folkstone to Boulogne with horses actually on board the steamer! I am therefore in a position to say that the sea is not their element, unless, indeed, they belong to that description of cavalry on which the j—lly m—r—nes are mounted when they ride the great guns to water. Mr. M—rr—y recommends that, instead of shipping the horses direct, they should be sent through France to Marseilles, but as in this case they would still have a long sea voyage before them, the better plan would be to get them by land to Constantinople, then swim them, like the celebrated hero Leander, across the Hellespont, and trot them gently round the coast of Asia Minor until they arrived at Cairo. I cannot exactly say how much time would be consumed in the journey, but it is quite evident the animals would reach their destination in excellent condition, admirably trained to run over the broken ground of Egypt, and thoroughly accustomed to the climate.

The last question put by Mr. Gr—v—lle asks if any English horses have ever run races over the sands described, and seeks to know if their action and speed are affected by ground so different to what they have been accustomed to. Mr. M—rr—y replies in the negative to the first part of the query; and says of the latter part, "it stands to reason that

horses accustomed to run over two or three miles of smooth turf, *must* have both their speed and action affected by being called upon to run over twelve miles of uneven ground." I agree with him in this conclusion, knowing how difficult it is for the best of horsemen to keep their seats unless the road is perfectly level, nor is it every one who can manage to stick on even then. It is on this account that Mr. M—rr—y suggests "a first-rate, thorough-bred steeple-chase horse" as the best kind for winning, a suggestion which does not meet with my concurrence, partly on account of the absence (as I have already remarked) of steeples in Egypt, but chiefly because I believe I know the sort of animal exactly fitted to contend with the pasha's Arabs.

On the score of speed Mr. M—rr—y says we have nothing to fear, the English horses being so superior in stride. What we want, therefore, is that power of endurance which is technically called "bottom." For getting over every description of ground, from the softest road to the worst-paved street (and these two categories embrace all the characteristics of the desert), for standing any amount of weather (and for that matter any amount of abuse), for going "the pace" in spite of all obstacles, (provided "a handsome tip" be the order of the day), for lofty action, strength of wind, and a perseverance which I should call "dogged," if what I speak of did not relate to a very different species of quadruped; for these qualities and many more that I could name, having had much and dearly-bought experience, I unhesitatingly affirm, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that search England through, nothing can be found to equal THE LONDON CAB-HORSE! And by this I mean not the pampered animal that we see at the doors of the mansions in Belgravia and Tyburnia, but the genuine, honest, straightforward, unmistakable adjunct of the licensed and ticketed street-cab, always ready when called upon, always in motion, neither dainty in his food nor choice in his lodging, utterly indifferent to wind and rain, and equally lively beneath the scorching rays of the sun or the pallid beams of moonshine.

Mr. M—rr—y seems to be particular about the mode of shoeing, and says that the Arab horses are shod with "a plate," a most ridiculous practice, "for it stands to reason" that they can hardly gallop twenty yards before these earthenware shoes are smashed to pieces. An Arab horse with his feet in soup-plates would be about as formidable an antagonist as a cat in walnut-shells, and, I should say, not very much unlike one. Mr. M—rr—y recommends leather soles to the shoes (a custom which I thought prevailed everywhere but in France, where they are made of wood); but if protection must be resorted to, why not at once do away with shoes altogether, and fit each horse with a couple of pair of boots! It would be of little consequence then whether the sand came up to his fetlocks or not.

In conclusion, Mr. M—rr—y says "the *weights* are to be at the option of the respective parties." The more weight the better, I say. Let any one call to mind how much luggage he has seen going to the Dover railway on the roof of a street-cab—not to speak of four or five "insides"—and that point is settled at once.

There remains only one thing more to be noticed, and this arises out of a suggestion offered, amongst others, by a writer in *Bell's Life* who signs himself "Argus." Speaking of the jockeys, he says, "The pasha will probably mount his horses with Wahabee riders from Mecca, wiry,

light men of eight stone—good riders, but no judgment ;” and he adds, “Some experienced persons must come out to arrange the preliminaries.” If, therefore, it be desired that the match, in spite of my warnings, shall take place, I have only to remark that I should be sorry to avoid a danger because I know it exists, and shall be very happy to support the honour of England by volunteering to ride in the race. I fancy I come pretty near the mark of the Wababees in physical qualifications, and I leave it to my enlightened countrymen to decide with respect to my “judgment.”

Editor's Note.—The space which we have allotted to Mr. Green's opinions on the preceding question having somewhat exceeded our proposed limits, we find ourselves compelled to abbreviate the remainder of his communications for the present month, in spite of his having entered upon them, as he says, “with the characteristic avidity of a Briton.” Our readers must therefore be contented rather with a *resumé* than a lengthened exposition of his notions on what he calls

A HOME SUBJECT.

The Removal of Smithfield Cattle Market.—“Hurry no man's cattle” was a wise aphorism of the ancients, who applied it in a twofold sense—as a moral suggestion to do nothing in a hurry, and as one of practical utility with respect to the flavour of beef and mutton. What Shakspeare (as some of his commentators have observed) says of dressing a chop or steak, that the best plan is to do it quickly, by no means applies to the manner of preparing the whole animal ; though some celebrated cattle-dealers, both of antiquity and of modern times—Cacus, for instance, and the Highland caterans—have adopted a different method. It is true that those gentlemen acquired their flocks and herds in the manner familiarly described as “by hook or by crook ;” and it was a matter of expediency, or rather of necessity with them, to house their prey as speedily as possible. But the course which was pursued by the son of Vulcan (*vide* “Lempriere's Dictionary,” where he is described as little less than a common r—bb—r), and that celebrated chieftain Rob Roy (whose reputation for honesty was rather equivocal), is not exactly a precedent to be followed by the Smithfield salesmen of the present day, if they wish to preserve their well-known character for affability and gentleness, and for the fair dealing which should subsist between the purveyor and the consumer.

I defy any man to enjoy a tender, gravy-giving steak or chop with greater relish than I do ; but to reap these succulent advantages it is not, in my opinion, desirable that beef should be made tender by beating, during the animal's lifetime, or that gravy should be excited beneath the fangs of the drover's dog. Yet this would seem to be the primary object with those who stand up for the Smithfield monopoly, for I cannot suspect men of their refined nature and enlarged views of being wanting on the score of humanity or of decency, or of having the slightest regard to pecuniary profit, in turning herds of wild cattle loose on the people of London twice in every week.

Cuit à point is an expressive French phrase for a *gigot* done to a turn, and the gastronomic purveyors of Smithfield, keeping this object steadily before them, merely anticipate the hour of projection by dressing their mutton with the wool on, at the *point* of the goad.

Many people say that a hunted hare is finer eating than one that has been simply wired or shot; and perhaps it is on this principle that over-driven oxen and scared sheep are supposed to turn out better under the poll-axe and the knife, than those who have been decorously conducted to their fate. What the result of this practice may really be, as far as those "unprotected females," beef and mutton, are concerned, I cannot pretend to say; but the effect upon countless thousands of "unprotected females" of another description—including all the ladies' boarding-schools in the suburbs—to say nothing of elderly multitudes of the other sex—is a matter of every-day observation. It is not given to every man—as to myself, for instance—to take a mad-bull by the horns with the *sang froid* of a Spanish *pica-roon*; but he who walks the streets of London on a Monday or a Friday had need of some of our tremendous nerve to face the infuriated animals as they come dashing up Holborn, tearing down Oxford-street, goring their way through Regent-street and Piccadilly, and seldom closing their insane career without the shivering of shop-fronts and the crash of crockery, amid the wild execration of timorous linen-draper and exasperated glass-dealers. But let men take their chance. The valiant care little how they encounter their fate, whether it comes in the shape of a bullock or a brickbat (see Lemprière again, *Art. "Pyrrhus"*). The opponents of old Smithfield take up various points of attack, but none, I venture to think, have come forward on stronger grounds than myself. My *point d'appui*—the reader, knowing my character, will have guessed it—is consideration for the fair sex.

What! are the future mothers of England, on whose bosoms we fondly hope one day to cling, imbibing that nourishment which is a Briton's pride as well as his solace,—are they to be rendered frantic every moment of their amiable existences when they happen to go forth to take the air, or do a little shopping, their husbands and brothers absent the while! Forbid it gallantry, forbid it filial affection, forbid it paternal feeling! Who can say what may be in store for him on any Monday or Friday when returning to his cherished home from parliamentary or patriotic labours,—or it may be from toils that belong to neither of those categories,—he finds that the partner of his joys, at that time in "an interesting condition," has been placed—if I may so phrase it—on the horns of a Smithfield dilemma, and at the expiration of a given period wakes to the agony of knowing that the heir to his house, the successor to his fame and fortunes, has entered the world with "the mark of the beast" upon him; born, probably, with that description of hoof which the illiterate are figuratively said to be unable to distinguish from the letter B; in plainer terms, with a BULL'S-FOOT! The idea is almost too terrible to contemplate.

Away then with Smithfield Market where it now stands, and let us emulate our friends the Parisians, who only once a year admit a live ox within their walls, and then in the shape of the *Bœuf gras* (*Anglicè*, "*Buff grah*") garlanded with flowers, golden horned, and ridden in all safety by one of those darling types of the God of Love, an infant *gamin de Paris*! That animal, the French *minotaur*, is, as may be gathered from the above, the mildest, the most docile, and, owing to his fat, perhaps the most stupid of his kind; on account of which latter quality French statesmen (I am credibly informed) have always encouraged the exhibition of the *Bœuf gras*, as a means of keeping down the

pugnacious and revolutionary tendencies of the citizens of their metropolis. This fact was conveyed to me by a distinguished politician (I beg to be excused from giving his name) in the following diplomatic language :—

“On fait promener le bœuf gras, monsieur, afin qu’il soit vu des femmes enceintes. Voilà pourquoi leurs enfants sont si bêtes !”

Having alluded to this agreeable French custom, the system of *abattoirs* naturally suggests itself; but as London is not, like Paris, a walled city, there does not perhaps exist the same security for keeping the cattle out of our streets; and, it must be borne in mind, that by no means the least interesting of the female part of our population (I mean, of course, the “ladies’ seminaries”) is established in the very localities which would be selected as the sites of those edifices.

In their early promenades, two and two, with their neat *chaussures*, trim *chapeaux*, and pretty *polkas*—(how charming is the sight!)—what consternation would be excited in their innocent bosoms by the sight even of the shortest of “short horns,” as they were driven to their several abattoirs. The whole of my precautionary scheme might be knocked on the head by a single accident of this description. It would be impossible, I fear, to remedy this, by slaughtering the animals at the railway stations, either in the third-class waiting-rooms (as the directors would doubtless prefer), or in the lost-luggage department. My advice, therefore, is simply this. As I see no reason why there should be a live market in London at all, let the operation be performed at a distance, and that there might be plenty of room for the purpose, and nobody to frighten by the act, let Smithfield be removed to SALISBURY PLAIN !

THE ARCTIC VOYAGES.

WITHOUT doubt the most wondrous of all voyages made for geographical purposes, since the discovery of the New World, have been the expeditions in search of a north-west passage. They are wondrous for the zeal, the endurance, and the perseverance with which they have been carried out. They are still more wondrous for the misplaced and perverted direction in which such qualities, and the material necessary to give them effect, have been brought to bear. It is like a boy who first climbs a hillock, and then a tree, and then a cliff. His ardent spirit is never satisfied but with new triumphs. The youth climbs the same tree for a nest, or a cliff for some cave, or other object in view. Maturer age is supposed to weigh still more astutely the *quid pro quo*, and the probable return for sacrifice of time, money, material, and life. It is easy to understand the spirit of adventure and love of enterprise that carries one or more individuals across pathless forests, or over arid deserts, into mountain fastnesses or savage lands; but it is difficult to imagine a government or a nation seized with the same impulse, or communicating it to the crews of so many doomed ships. It is impossible not to feel a service ennobled by first opening to navigation and commerce the great rivers and olden thoroughfares of the earth; penetrating into unknown lands by the fevered delta of unexplored streams, surveying and mapping coasts torn and rift into islands like those of Southern America, so dangerous to seamen; or circumnavigating the

globe; discovering new lands; bringing civilisation into contact with remote populations; and bearing "glad tidings" on wings of canvas—for all these things there is a feeling and sympathy; but who has ever entertained a serious hope of working a passage through the ices of the Arctic region, or of opening even a summer way to China by the Polar Seas?

The efforts made, not to grapple with the difficulties of the case, but to beat Nature in her sternest aspect,—to sweep away the ice-floe, and to shoulder out the berg from their own realms,—will, indeed, ever be narrated as a miracle of misdirected energy and enterprise. It seems as if the most adventurous nation in the world had grown tired of all commonplace explorations, or had deemed that nothing remained to be done on this small planet of ours—that large populations did not remain to be detected on the Nile—that an interior highland country, with the resources of a territory so favoured, did not actually lie within the grasp almost of an outstretched hand upon the tropical coasts of Africa—that the interior of the great continent of Australasia was not still a blank—that the Isthmus of Panama did not still remain to be cut through—and that, in disgust at nothing more remaining to be done, it betook itself to the hopeless task of battling with the perpetual frost of the Arctic regions, and opening a passage through its ice-locked seas.

From the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the idea of a north-west passage first found favour in this country, to the present day, there have been upwards of thirty attempts made by British ships to effect this difficult object. This alone ought to satisfy all reasonable minds—such as have faith in the skill and courage of English navigators—of the inutility of renewed struggles. One of the very first attempts made was of most ominous import. The gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby took his departure from Radcliffe, on his fatal voyage to discover a north-east passage, on the 20th of May, 1553. He sailed with great pomp by Greenwich, where the court then resided. Mutual honours were paid on both sides. The council and courtiers appeared at the windows, and the people covered the shores. The young king, Edward VI., alone lost the noble and novel sight; for he then lay on his deathbed: so that the principal object of the parade was disappointed.

Sir Hugh led the expedition, in the *Bona Esperanza*, of 120 tons. There was also a second ship, called the *Edward Bonaventura*; and a third smaller vessel, called the *Bona Confidentia*, of ninety tons, commanded by Captain Durfoorth. The *Bonaventura* parted company, during a storm, on their way out; the two other vessels with their unfortunate crews were found frozen to death in the harbour of Arzina Reca, in Lapland. As no one survived to tell the history of their sufferings, it is impossible to say whether they wanted fuel or whether scurvy was the cause of their melancholy end. It is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that they had an abundance of provisions. The tradition of their fate informs us that they were frozen to death, and that in this state they were found the following year by some Russians. It is impossible to conceive a more melancholy doom. They were well provided with everything which the science of the time could suggest to guard them against the accidents of the sea; and their ships were entire, and in harbour. Under all these circumstances the deplorable end of Sir Hugh Willoughby has been handed down to posterity among the most lamentable and melancholy which the nautical annals of the world record

Gaspard Cortesius, or Cortereal, and his brother Michael, had before perished in the same research. So the Venetian, Sebastian Cabot, employed by Henry VII., had been cast back by an impenetrable barrier of ice, in 1506. John Varascenus sailed in 1524, under the auspices of Francis I., King of France, and he and his crew are reported to have been devoured by the savages. Sebastian Gomesius, a Spaniard, took the same route in 1525, and all the honour he acquired was to bring away some Esquimaux. In 1576, the bold navigator, Sir Martin Fro-bisher, discovered, as has been only lately shown, Hudson's Strait; and between Warwick Island and that great land, which, strange to say, has not yet received a name, a strait which still bears his name. In 1585, John Davis made the equally important discovery of the opening into Baffin's Bay, which likewise bears his name. Davis sailed again in 1586, and again reached what he graphically calls "The Land of Desolation," but was driven back by stress of weather. Notwithstanding that the west country and London merchants grew tired of the expense of these frequent expeditions, Davis was so sanguine of success that he got up a third, in which, as in the preceding, he discovered more coasts and islands, but failed in the main object. The veteran navigator appears to have been somewhat of a controversialist in political theology, as well as a bold explorer, for in a letter addressed to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, on his return from his third voyage, he tells him that he found that many ignorant and malicious people had a very mean opinion of what he had done, because his voyages had not answered the expense; but he persuaded himself that so wise and honourable a statesmen would think in a manner different from the vulgar, and esteem his services capable of producing great advantages to the nation, even supposing that no such passage as he expected should be found, in support of which he laid down five points, the first of which was to the following effect:—

"That it would redound very much to the honour of the queen and her subjects if the people in these northern regions were converted to the Christian faith, in which pious work many of those busy and fiery spirits might be profitably employed, that by their factious stirrings at home served only to create confusion in church and state." It is impossible not to admit that this is a very wise suggestion; nothing could be more appropriate for "fiery spirits" than regions of icy coldness, or for those employed in "factious stirrings" than a "land of desolation."

Notwithstanding the failure of all who had attempted to reach 77 deg. 45 min. north latitude, or to push through the icy barrier which obstructed a further progress, the Dutch, who in the sixteenth century were the most enterprising maritime people in Europe, sent out several expeditions in the vain hope of trading by the north-east with China. They, however, like their predecessors, found the ice too pertinacious even for Dutch perseverance. Although these expeditions took a direction opposite to the one generally attempted by the English, that of 1596, which was piloted by William Barentz, derives great interest at the present moment, from the trials and sufferings of the crew when frozen in at Nova Zembla, and the possible similar position of our brave countrymen. The supply of bears and foxes appeared to be sufficient to support a crew that had even little else to depend upon. The bears, it is true, disappeared when the sun went below the horizon, but the foxes fortunately remained in plenty. A single bear furnished a hundred weight of grease for their lamp. It is needless, however, to say that their sufferings were

great. On the 6th of December they found the cold so intense, they had no expectation of surviving it. They could scarcely keep up the circulation by any resources at their command. It pleased the Almighty, however, to relieve them from this forlorn state, and the greater number returned in safety to their country.

A first expedition, fitted out in 1606, by what was then called the "Muscovy Company," was brought to an abrupt termination by the murder of Captain Knight, his brother, and one of the crew, by the natives of Labrador. A second expedition was fitted out by the same company the ensuing year, and the command was given to the distinguished navigator Hudson, who subsequently discovered that immense bay which will carry his name and unfortunate end to the latest times. Hudson succeeded in his first expedition in pushing north as far as latitude $81\frac{1}{2}$ deg., and he returned home, after coasting Spitzbergen, with the conviction, which modern experience has not impugned, that a further navigation was completely barred out by the ice in that direction. In 1608 the same bold navigator sailed in search of a north-east passage, at that time as favourite a chimera with the maritime countries of Europe as the north-west passage has since been. Hudson pushed on in the parallels of 74 deg. and 75 deg., till he made the coast of Nova Zembla, which he did in a more southerly latitude (72 deg. 25 min.); but finding a farther course impracticable, he returned with the conviction that there was no hope of a north-east passage—a decision which has not as yet been proved to be incorrect. Yet that which appertains to a north-east obtains equally with regard to a north-west passage. There is no passage to the westward, that is, south of North Cape, except the straits of the Fury and Hecla, and that only leads into an inlet trending further to the north. The perpetuation of ice is not, however, it may be observed here a mere question of latitude. Nova Zembla, for example, which lies between the parallels of 68 deg. and 77 deg. N., is far more desert and inclement than Spitzbergen, which is so much farther to the north. It is a land of frost and ice, a howling waste, a region of utter desolation, where intense cold holds the sceptre over a lifeless domain.

In 1610, Hudson set sail in the *Discovery* on his last voyage. He perished in the very heart of his noblest discovery, neither by storm nor by iceberg, but the victim of treachery; and the mystery of his fate causes his name to be pronounced, even now, with pity, while his skill and courage make the man an object of our admiration, even in these times, when a northern navigation and wintering are not considered such extraordinary perils by the navigator.

Notwithstanding the calamitous issue of this voyage, the discovery thereby made of a great sea in the west excited new hopes of a passage being accomplished. To determine this fact Captain, afterwards Sir, Thomas Button was despatched the ensuing year (1612); and this officer, who seems to have been active as well as resolute, soon made his way through the straits, and, pushing directly across the sea that opened to the westward, came in view of the southern point of Southampton Island, and nothing else breaking the apparent continuity of the ocean, he was cherishing the most sanguine hopes of success when land was announced, and there appeared before him an immense range of coast stretching north and south, and barring all further progress. After wintering in Hudson's Bay, Sir Thomas steered the next summer through the broad bay which separates Southampton Island from the continent, since called

Roe's Welcome, but finding that the channel became narrower and narrower, he gave up the attempt. Thus it was, that gradually after the discovery of Davis's Straits, Baffin's Bay, and Hudson's Bay, the coast of America was found to keep trending to the northward; and to the main continent was found to succeed a vast archipelago of ice-clad islands. Whenever a new bay was discovered, it turned out to be an inlet, or a land and ice-locked gulf: when a new channel was explored it led only to new lands interminable in their succession, and whose intricacy is a thousandfold increased by the difficulty in determining where land ended and ice and snow succeeded. Thus it has been that, by undaunted courage and wondrous perseverance, a great icy archipelago has been eliminated from out of what was supposed to be the Polar Seas; and the narrowness of the channels by which this archipelago, which is closed in by Greenland and its ices on the one hand, and the continent of America on the other, can alone be reached, constitutes the truly great and formidable obstacle that presents itself to the permanent opening of a north-west passage. A narrow sea, however strong the current, must be always more exposed to an accumulation of ice than an open sea, still more so when that channel is one of a few outlets to perpetually frozen coasts and seas; and hence it is that passages, circumstanced as Barrow's Straits and those of the Fury and Hecla are, can never be available for anything beyond a brief summer's navigation.

The fate that awaited the next expedition sent out to discover a north-west passage, without being in any way disastrous, was fully as instructive as any that preceded or followed it. A Captain Gibbons, said to be an officer of reputation, set forth boldly with two vessels, in 1614, to effect that which so many had already failed in accomplishing. No sooner, however, was he off the coast of Labrador than he allowed himself to get entangled in the ice and frozen into a bay, where he remained all summer, and from which he was no sooner extricated than he very wisely took his way back as fast as he could. The spot where this Polar expedition met with so ignoble a termination was designated at the time as "Gibbons his Hole."

The Merchant Adventurers, undismayed by this signal failure, sent out another expedition the ensuing summer. Entering Hudson's Bay at a higher latitude, this expedition sailed up the broad expanse, afterwards called Fox's Channel; but foiled by the coast of Southampton Island, which seemed to preclude any prospect of an opening to the westward, the commander, Bylot, returned home, to be sent out again the following year in the company of Baffin, with orders to push northwards by Davis's Straits. This new direction given to the exploration was so far successful, in a geographical point of view, as to have led to the discovery of Baffin's Bay, and the exploration of a considerable portion of the coast of Western Greenland, as well as of the opposite shores.

In 1619, Jans Munk, sent out on a voyage of discovery by Christian IV. of Denmark, reached Hudson's Bay, and was frozen with his crew in Chesterfield Inlet, and which might, with more propriety, be denominated Munk's. Although the expedition fell in at this point with abundance of game, bears, foxes, hares, partridges, ducks, and other wild fowl, famine and disease carried off numbers before the winter was over. By the next spring, indeed, only Munk and two of his crew remained alive among the dead bodies of forty-nine comrades, who lay unburied around! The three survivors succeeded in reaching home after dreadful

hardships and sufferings ; but the fate of that expedition, and the horrible scene enacted in that fatal inlet, has never been equalled in even the fearful catalogue of calamity which the annals of the early northern navigation present to the pitying reader. In 1630, eight British seamen wrecked on the coasts of Spitzbergen, and left without any resources but those which were supplied by their own ingenuity, survived to be restored to their friends and country the ensuing summer ; while in 1633, seven Dutch sailors left in Mayen's Island, provided with a hut and most things they required, perished of cold. The history of the first case—one of the most extraordinary instances of preservation on record—is highly instructive, and especially interesting in its bearing upon the possible fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

In the year 1631 another expedition was fitted out under Captains Fox and James. Captain Fox explored the seas that bathe Southampton Island to the east and west ; and he called the eastern channel after himself, whereas it ought more properly be called Bylot's, having, as before seen, been first navigated by that officer. As to James, entangled in the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay, he spent a winter under the most extreme suffering from cold, and returned next summer to England.

The Hudson's Bay Company having obtained chartered possessions in the territories adjacent to that bay in 1668, they were bound by that charter to make strenuous exertions for the discovery of a north-western passage ; but it was not till 1719 that they fitted out an expedition under Knight and Barlow. These officers not returning, a vessel was sent out next season under Captain Scroggs, but without being able to learn any tidings of them ; and it was not till FIFTY YEARS afterwards that the wrecks of their armament were found on Marble Island.

In 1741, an expedition under Captain Middleton explored the coast westward of Roe's Welcome, and after being disappointed at Repulse Bay of a passage westward, he was finally repelled at Frozen Straits. Captains Moor and Smith followed in 1746 upon the same tract, without adding to the discoveries of their predecessor. In 1776 the armed brig *Lion* was sent under Lieutenant Pickersgill, with the view of co-operating with Captain Cook, who, it was hoped, might make his way from Behring's Straits into the Atlantic, but it only reached a latitude of 68 deg. The same vessel was sent out again the next year under Lieutenant Young, but with little better success, having reached a latitude of 72 deg.

The land journeys of Hearne and Mackenzie to the northern extremity of America assisted in keeping alive curiosity. The former succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Coppermine River and the shores of the Northern Sea, and the latter also reached the same sea in nearly the same latitude, and about 20 deg. to the westward of the mouth of Hearne's River. It appeared almost certain from these discoveries, as has since been determined by Franklin, Richardson, Simpson, and others, that an ocean extended from beyond the icy archipelago along the whole of the north coast of America.

The appointment of Sir John Barrow, personally distinguished by his geographical researches, to a high official situation in the Admiralty, opened a new era in the researches for a north-west passage. Sir John applied to this important question the whole powers of an undoubtedly vigorous and penetrating judgment ; and although often, nay, always baffled, he still returned to the charge with an indomitable perseverance,

which, even if ill-directed, still claims our respect. It was well known that the great sea which bore Baffin's name had been very superficially explored, and there was every reason to believe that there were communications between that sea and the Greenland Sea on the one side, and the Northern Sea on the other. A first expedition was accordingly fitted out in 1818 by the Admiralty, to solve this interesting problem. Captain, now Sir John Ross, and Lieutenant, now Sir Edward Parry, were employed on this arduous service, nor was this first of the recent expeditions void of peril or interest. Already at Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, the expedition came in view of those numerous and lofty icebergs which appear to be ever floating round that formidable headland. Proceeding up the bay they were first stopped near Waygat Island by a great barrier of ice; but making themselves fast to a berg, they waited till the barrier broke up, which it did to the eastward, and they were thus enabled to move forward slowly along the coast, labouring through narrow and intricate channels, every now and then a gale of wind springing up and driving the ice against the vessels, threatening them with instant destruction.

We have been so far particular in this first instance of more recent Polar voyages in order that we might give at the onset a clear idea of what the difficulties of navigation are in the higher parts of Baffin's Bay at the best season of the year, and how far such a sea can be considered as available for the purposes of a north-west passage. Yet all discovery tends to establish that it is only by Lancaster Sound, at nearly the north-western extremity of this bay or sea, that a passage can be effected. After a superficial examination of the more spacious sounds that are to be met with at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, and more especially of that designated as Sir Thomas Smith's, the most promising of all, but which Sir John Ross satisfied himself to be completely enclosed by land, the expedition came, on the 30th of August, to a most magnificent inlet, bordered by lofty mountains of peculiar grandeur, while the water, being clear and free from ice, presented a most tempting appearance. This proved to be Lancaster Sound, the inlet to Barrow's Straits; but by some strange mischance Sir John Ross fancied that he saw stretching across the inlet a chain of mountains, and after penetrating a distance of thirty miles he steered out of the channel, and returned home early in October.

Sir Edward Parry and several other of the officers having differed (at least on their return to England) in opinion with Sir John Ross, as to the real character of Lancaster Sound, a second expedition was sent out in 1819, under the first mentioned distinguished navigator. This expedition was composed of the *Hecla* and *Griper*, and these two vessels were like their predecessors, obliged to sail up the eastern side of Baffin's Bay, along the border of the great icy field, till they could turn westward to Lancaster Sound, which they reached on the 30th of July. The expedition entered the sound with an adverse wind, but open waters and a heavy sea filled the minds of all with hope and suspense. On the 3rd of August a change of wind enabled them to push forward, and raised these feelings to the highest. The mast-heads were crowded with officers and men, and the successive reports brought down from the crow's nest were eagerly listened to on deck. The wind, freshening more and more, carried them rapidly forward, till at midnight they found themselves in longitude

83 deg. 12 min., nearly 150 miles from the mouth of the sound, and having sailed over captain Sir John Ross's chain of high mountains.

The lengthened swell which still rolled in from the north and west combined, with the oceanic colour of the waters, to inspire the flattering persuasion that they had passed the region of straits and inlets, and that they had entered into the wide expanse of the Northern Sea. A compact and impenetrable body of floe ice, however, soon drove them to the southward, where they discovered that great sea called Prince Regent's Inlet, which subsequent discovery has shown to connect Baffin's Bay with Hudson's Bay by the Hecla and Fury Straits, as also to have its own opening to the Northern Sea. Returning hence, a happy change of weather enabled the ships to proceed westward by the channel, to which Sir Edward Parry gave the well-merited name of Barrow's Straits, discovering and naming on their way Wellington Inlet, Cornwallis Island, Bathurst Island, and other fragments of the great icy archipelago, which, with Melville and Sabine Islands and Banks's Land, the distinguished discoverer grouped together under the name of North Georgian Islands. On the 4th of September Sir Edward Parry was enabled to announce to his joyful crew, that, having reached the longitude of 110 deg. west, they were become entitled to the reward of 5000*l.*, promised by parliament to the first ship's company who should attain that meridian. Unfortunately, in regions where summer is of such brief duration, on the 20th of September, being arrested by an impenetrable barrier of ice, young ice began to form with such rapidity as to oblige them to retrace their steps to Melville Island, where they had to cut their way through the ice into a winter station.

Not only may this expedition be considered as by far the most effective ever undertaken as far as yet known in search of a north-west passage; but the circumstances and the position of the ships' crews wintering in such a parallel has few cases that will compare with it. In these high latitudes and remote icy lands, the dreariness and desolation of winter exceeded any thing ever before beheld even in the Arctic world. All animal life, with the exception of a pack of wolves and one white fox that was captured, appear to have taken themselves off to the neighbouring continent early in the winter. The manner in which the crews sought amusement and exercise during this long frosty night of six months' duration, the running to the tune of a barrel organ, the gazette edited by Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine, and the theatrical performances carried on when man's breath was frozen at a few yards' distance from a fire, are too well known to require being referred to here. It was not till the 2nd of August, that is to say till summer was nearly gone by (and this is a most important fact to notice, for it would intimate that the North Georgian Seas are only open to navigation for about six weeks of the year), that the ice broke up, and the ships were enabled to resume their way to the westward. On arriving, however, a little beyond the same point where their progress had been arrested the previous year, they found the frozen surface of the ocean presenting a more compact and impenetrable aspect than had ever before been witnessed. They had now, on the one hand, the western extremity of Melville Island, on the other, the bold coast of what was called Banks's Land, and as even a brisk gale from the east did not produce the slightest movement on the glassy face of the deep, they were led to believe, that, on the other side, there must be a large body of land, by which it was held in a fixed state. The

further progress of this most remarkable expedition ceased therefore at this point, leaving one fact tolerably evident that, after passing Barrow's Straits, it must be by a more southerly parallel than Banks's Land that a north-west passage remained to be sought for.

Notwithstanding this important fact, the next expedition, that of the *Fury* and *Hecla* under Sir Edward Parry and Captain Lyon, was unfortunately sent to Hudson's Bay. At the onset of this expedition Chesterfield Inlet and Repulse Bay were explored in vain for a passage westward. Several other inlets, among which Gore Inlet, Lyon's Inlet, and Hoppner's Inlet, were discovered and explored with similar results, till, winter coming on, the expedition was obliged to take up quarters for the season on what has ever since been called Winter Island. On the 2nd of July the ships were enabled to resume their voyage, and proceeding up the coast of Melville Peninsula, they discovered the straits called the Fury and Hecla, but they were so blocked up with ice, that, notwithstanding the most persevering endeavours, they were unable to effect their way, and had to return to pass a second winter in the Polar regions at the Island of Igloodik. The summer that followed was unusually late, and still more adverse to exploration, and scurvy having broken out, the commander of the expedition was, much against his will, obliged to wend his way back to his native shores.

The failure of this expedition brought back attention to Barrow's Straits, but unluckily Prince Regent's Inlet was considered to hold out hopes which even the discovery of Dease and Simpson's Strait scarcely warrant. The *Hecla* under Sir Edward Parry, and the *Fury* under Captain Hoppner, were sent out in this direction in 1824, and they passed their first winter at Port Bowen in Lancaster Sound. The next summer an entrance into Prince Regent's Inlet was effected, but in latitude 72 deg. 42 min., longitude 91 deg. 50 min., the *Fury* received such severe damage from the ice, as to be obliged to be abandoned, and the expedition was glad to make the best of its way home in the remaining vessel.

It having appeared to Sir John Ross that steam-power might be used with great chances of success in this peculiar field of discovery, he was fortunate enough to find a generous individual, Sir Felix Booth, to undertake the expense of the adventure. The *Victory* steam-vessel was purchased for the purpose, but unfortunately fitted with a bad engine. This vessel sailed from the Thames the 23rd of May, 1829; after some disasters, reached Cape Farewell on the 3rd of July, and a little more than a month after sailed into Lancaster Sound. The strait was luckily clear of ice, and, arriving at Prince Regent's Inlet, Sir John Ross, carried away by the same untoward notions as prevailed with the previous expedition, sailed down that channel, keeping to the mainland. On the 12th, the party descried the place of the *Fury's* wreck, but to their mortification a strong current carried them from the spot. Beyond this they found an extensive bay, which was named Adelaide, but the commander, considering that he was already beyond the point where a passage westward could be expected, retraced his course to the *Fury's* station, where an abundance of provisions were obtained from the wreck. Thus provided, they again set out on their career of discovery; but in a south-south-west direction, exploring many bays and inlets, landing on the mainland, and naming it Boothia, and finally wintering in Felix Harbour. The ensuing spring, Commander (now Sir James) Ross was despatched on

various land excursions; in one of which he not only crossed the peninsula and reached the Northern Sea, but he explored its shores to Cape Felix, within a few days' journey to the point reached by Sir John Franklin in his journey eastwards along the same shores.

The steamer did not get free from the ice until the 17th of December, but a northerly wind setting in, and bringing all the ice down this peculiarly dangerous bay, the steamer was unable to fight its way against the drift; and by the 23rd of the same month, they were to their infinite mortification frozen in for another winter. The next spring Sir James Ross carried on further explorations by land, during one of which he determined the position of the North Magnetic Pole in latitude 70 deg. 5 min. 17 sec. N., and longitude 96 deg. 46 min. 45 sec. on the western coast of Boothia, and not far from the cape called by him "Cape Nicholai I."

The discoverers having abandoned all hopes of returning home in the *Victory*, an expedition was made the same spring to the station of the *Fury*, where they fitted out the boats and sailed in them to Barrow's Straits, which they found closed up by an impenetrable mass of ice, so that they were obliged to retrace their steps, and search once more for winter-quarters in this desolate gulf. The next summer happily a lane of water showed itself as early as the 14th of August, when they at once embarked their provisions and stores, and sailed with a favourable wind. Barrow's Straits were found tolerably clear, and the sea beyond North Somerset quite navigable, though encumbered with ice. What an opportunity was thus lost of effecting the north-west passage! Turning, however, the other way, and passing from Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound, the discoverers happily overtook the *Isabella* of Hull, once commanded by Sir John Ross, and the scene on the arrival of a party so long lost, and supposed to have been dead two or three years back, was one of the most affecting scenes on record.*

In the year 1839 Messrs. Dease and Simpson descended the Coppermine River, and, doubling Cape Alexander, passed Point Turnagain—Franklin's farthest, as also Simpson's farthest in 1838—and then entered a deep bay crowded with islands. When the coast began to trend northwards they expected to be carried round to Sir James Ross's Cape Felix, but they met on the way with a strait running in to the southward of at least ten miles wide at either extremity, but contracting to three miles in the centre. This strait separates Cape Felix from the mainland, and opens upon Captain Sir George Back's Point Ogle, at the mouth of the Great Fish River, previously discovered by that distinguished traveller. Messrs. Dease and Simpson had settled, the previous year, the separation of Boothia from the American continent on the western side of the same river: so they proceeded by Cape Hay, the extreme eastern point seen by Sir George Back, to a further bold promontory, which they named Cape Britannia. Their view hence of the low main shore was confined to five miles, in an easterly direction, after which it appeared to turn off greatly to the right. They therefore entertained

* The circumstance of Sir James Ross having thus crossed Boothia on two different occasions, and communications having been held with the Esquimaux, without the straits of Dease and Simpson having been seen or heard of, the probably islanded character of Cape Felix discovered, or the separation of Boothia from the mainland determined, attest in a remarkable manner the immense difficulties under which Arctic explorers labour.

no doubt of their having arrived at that large gulf called by Sir John Ross Gulf of Boothia, and which is uniformly described by the Esquimaux as stretching downwards, till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays—the latter the scene of the *Terror's* ill-starred voyage.

The existence of this strait is considered by the discoverers as determining the existence of a north-west passage; for as the Gulf of Boothia may be reached either by the straits of the Fury and Hecla, or by Prince Regent's Inlet, so the strait of Dease and Simpson leads at once into the Northern Sea, bounded in these latitudes to the north by Victoria and Wollaston Lands. But it is extremely doubtful if a passage so narrow, and so much blocked up with ice, as that between Boothia and the mainland, can ever be made available to purposes of navigation.

In the year 1843 or 1844, Sir John Barrow submitted a plan to the First Lord of the Admiralty for carrying on research in the same seas, with a request that it might be laid before the president and council of the Royal Society, by whom a resolution was passed in favour of the measure. It was then further referred to those best acquainted with the subject—Sir John Franklin, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine. All of whom approved of the plan.

With these separate opinions, the project was sent to the head of her Majesty's government, and being approved by him, measures were forthwith taken to carry it into execution. Two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*—the same which had been so successfully employed for three years in the southern Arctic regions under Sir James Ross—were immediately placed under the command of Sir John Franklin, and the expedition sailed in the spring of 1845. To obviate delay from calms or contrary winds, or where narrow channels between floes or masses of ice might have to be passed, each ship was supplied with a small steam-engine to work a screw, so as to insure a progress of from four to five knots an hour; and this screw was so contrived that it could be let down or drawn up as occasion might require. Each ship was commanded by a captain thoroughly experienced in seas encumbered with ice: Captain Sir John Franklin in the *Erebus*, and Captain Crozier in the *Terror*, with able and intelligent officers under them; among whom, Lieutenant, now Captain Fitzjames, who served in the Euphrates Expedition, and afterwards in the war in China.

Considering the route by Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits as the proper, and, as far as our knowledge extends, the only open maritime route to be pursued in endeavouring to effect a passage to Behring's Straits, the expedition was directed to make this the first point to be attained. The opening which we have previously noticed, as issuing from the northern side of Barrow's Strait, called Wellington Inlet, and which in appearance is said to be little inferior to Lancaster Sound, was, we think, very properly objected to; as the only chance of its becoming available would be that it leads into an open sea, and which, as it opens to the northward, is not very likely. The expedition was, therefore, directed more judiciously to the southern part of the strait; and, if we are to follow the statement made by Sir Roderick Impey Murchison to the Royal Geographical Society, not to turn off after passing the north-western extremity of North Somerset, but to continue onwards to beyond Cape Walker, between which and Melville Island the ships were to take a middle course by the first opening that might present

itself after passing the latter cape; and thence to steer to the southward, half way between Banks's Land and the northern coast of America, proceeding more or less directly, or as far as the ice would admit, for the centre of Behring's Straits.

The distance to this latter point from the centre point between Cape Walker and Melville Island is about 900 miles. The results of Sir Edward Parry's great journey, previously described, as well as the results of the examination of the northern coast of America by Sir John Franklin, Sir George Back, Sir John Richardson, Messrs. Simpson, Dease, and others also previously alluded to, and the favourable appearance of the Polar Sea for navigation close along the shore as far as the power of vision extended, together with the absence of islands, except small rocky patches, close in shore, from the 105th meridian W. to Behring's Straits; the whole of these ascertained state of things—added more particularly to the additional means placed at the disposal of the experienced commander by means of screw propulsion—afforded to geographers and to men of science alike what appeared to be well-grounded hopes of a successful issue to this last great Arctic expedition.

Unfortunately these hopes have been doomed to a prolonged disappointment. The last information received from the expedition stated them to be at White Fish Island, on the east coast of Greenland, in 69 deg. 9 min. north, and 53 deg. 10 min. west, all well. Since that period three winters have elapsed, and a fourth is now going by, and notwithstanding that the ships were fully stored and provisioned for three years, and the confidence that was felt and is still felt in the united efforts of skill, science, and daring, guided by experience, great anxiety and alarm began to be felt in many quarters for the safety of our brave countrymen. This was so far also sympathised with, both by Government and by others who had distinguished themselves in Arctic travels, that expeditions of succour were resolved upon, and her majesty's ships, *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, were sent out in the spring of 1848 upon the track of the missing vessels. Sir John Richardson volunteered his services at the same time to carry succour to the shores of the Polar Seas by land, and another vessel, the *Plover*, employed in surveying duties in the Pacific, was ordered to proceed by Behring's Straits, possibly to meet the expedition in that direction. No other possible means of aid and succour were neglected. The interest of the ships frequenting the Polar Seas in the prosecution of the whale-fishery was gained over by large promises of rewards, more especially on the part of Lady Franklin, a wife worthy of a gallant husband. It was attempted, and for a time with promises of success, to move even the Russian and American governments in the cause of the missing adventurers.

Nothing proves more the uncertainty of the climate and seasons in the Polar regions, than that in 1848 the whaling ships having run to the southward of Baffin's Bay, and having carefully examined the pack edge for any opening that might lead them to the westward, they came to the conclusion that there was not the smallest chance, from the close, compact, and heavy nature of the ice, for any ship crossing to the west coast of Baffin's Bay that season.

This was at the very moment that Sir James Ross was slowly making his way northwards by Davis's Straits. On the 20th of August, the expedition visited Pond's Bay, with the view chiefly of communicating with the Esquimaux, but without success. From Pond's Bay they commenced

a rigid examination of the coast to the northward, keeping the ships close in along land, so that neither people nor boats could have passed without their seeing them.

On the 26th, the expedition arrived off Possession Bay, and a party was sent on shore to search for any traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition having touched at this general point of rendezvous. Nothing was found but the paper left there recording the visit of Sir Edward Parry in 1819. From this point the examination of the coast was continued with equal care, for they were in full expectation of seeing those of whom they were in search. At Cape York, a party was sent on shore with the same object, and no better success. The numerous inlets on the northern shore of Barrow's Straits were also examined, but the entrance of Wellington Channel was obstructed by an impenetrable barrier of ice. A heavy body of ice was also found stretching from the west of Cornwallis Island in a compact mass to Leopold Island. After some days of anxious and arduous work, they succeeded in getting through the pack, and entered the harbour of Port Leopold on the 11th of September. It is remarkable that Sir James Ross says, that had they not got into port on that day it would have been impossible to have done so any day afterwards, the main pack, during the night, having closed the land, and completely sealed the mouth of the harbour. Imagine a port which is accessible for only one day in the year, and that amid great difficulties!

The steam launch now proved of infinite value, conveying a large cargo herself and towing two deeply-laden cutters through the sheet of ice, which now covered the harbour, and through which no boat unaided by steam could have penetrated beyond her own length. It was with great difficulty that the ships were prevented, as winter set in, being carried ashore by the pressure of the pack without on the harbour ice. Although Sir James Ross was disappointed at the small progress made the first season, it is impossible not to feel with him, that Port Leopold, at the junction of the four great channels of Barrow's Straits, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, was a position of all others the most desirable, as it was scarcely possible for any party, after abandoning their ships, to pass along the shores of any of those inlets without finding indications of the proximity of succour. If, which is very unlikely, the north-west passage should ever be opened to steam, Port Leopold would evidently be a chief coal station, unless the Dease and Simpson Channel should be opened to navigation.

During the winter many white foxes were captured, and copper collars, upon which a notice of the position of the ships and depôts of provisions was engraved, being clinched round their necks, they were set at liberty again, with the hope that some of these far-roving messengers might be the means of conveying the glad intelligence to the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

On the 15th of May Sir James Ross, accompanied by Lieutenant M'Clintock and twelve men, left the ships to explore the north shore of North Somerset, which they did to Cape Bunny, where the shore turns southward. They proceeded accordingly in the same direction, exploring all the indentations of the coast, progress being much delayed by many of the party becoming useless from lameness and debility, till they attained a parallel of 72 deg. 38 min. north latitude, and 95 deg. 40 min. west longitude; and had not so many of the party broken down Sir

James would have reached Cape Nicolai I.; the northernmost point which he had reached, as we have before seen, during his journey from the *Victory* in 1832, and he would thus have revisited the magnetic pole.

Under any circumstances this journey, it must be observed, establishes the existence of a second north-west passage north of Dease and Simpson's Strait, and between Capes Bunny and Walker; and it is probable that there are others to the westward, between Cape Walker and Banks's Land.

During Sir James Ross's absence, minor excursions were made by Lieutenant Barnard and a party to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, by Lieutenant Brown to the east shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, and by Lieutenant Robinson along the western shore of the same inlet. All these various parties suffered much from snow-blindness, sprained ankles and debility, and all returned with the same want of success; and it was evident, from the absence of all traces of Sir John's Franklin's expedition, that the ships had not been detained anywhere in this part of the Arctic regions. Sir James Ross, indeed, says he felt persuaded that Sir John Franklin had penetrated so far beyond Melville Island as to induce him to prefer making for the continent of America, rather than seeking assistance from the whale ships in Baffin's Bay.

On the 28th of August, after severe labour in cutting the ice, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were liberated from their winter quarters and stood out to sea. It was now that occurred one of the most extraordinary events that have hitherto been recorded in the annals of Polar navigation—a navigation so celebrated for its strange perils and dangers. The expedition having made the north shore of Barrow's Straits for the purpose of following up the examination of Wellington Channel, and, if possible, extending their researches as far as Melville Island, the ships were, by the sudden setting in of a strong wind, surrounded by the ice and fairly frozen in. They remained for some time in this helpless condition, till one day the ice began to move, carrying the ships to the eastward till it had deposited them in Baffin's Bay, when the ice opened, and set them at liberty in the open sea!

Carried, in this extraordinary manner, out of the north-west passage (for Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits appear to be best entitled to such a distinctive appellation) without the possibility of making even an effort against the all-powerful arm of nature, which appeared in this case as if held out to forbid the accomplishment of a long-ambitioned project, the expedition of succour, with all the harbours as well as the straits closed against it by the advance of winter, had nothing left but to make the best of its way home.

In the mean time Sir John Richardson, who had sailed from Liverpool to New York on the 25th of March, 1848, had proceeded by the great lakes, the Saskatchewan, the lesser lakes, and Churchill River, to the Slave River and Mackenzie, by the latter of which he had reached the Polar Seas, establishing on the way a fishery and winter station near Fort Franklin, on the Great Bear Lake. Sir John and his party reached the sea on the 4th of August, and they had an interview at once with 300 Esquimaux, who were collected to meet them, having been apprised of their coming by signal fires, lighted by their hunting-parties on the hills skirting the river. The distance from Point Encounter, where they met this party, to the mouth of the Coppermine River, to which they next directed their course, rowing along shore, is upwards of

800 miles, and the communication held with the natives assembled on the headlands to hunt whales, or scattered in parties of two or three along the coast in pursuit of reindeer and water-fowl, were frequent. They invariably said that no ships had passed. An Esquimaux family was actually encamped on the extremity of Cape Bathurst, so that if a look-out had been kept at a great expense at the most favourable point on the northern coast of America, it could not have answered better.

Beyond this cape the expedition met with floes of drift-ice, which became more numerous as they approached Dolphin and Union Straits; the weather also became cold, frosts set in, the Esquimaux disappeared, the boats were cut up by the ice, and Sir John Richardson was ultimately compelled to abandon them in a bay between Capes Hearne and Kendall, and to prosecute the journey to the winter-station on Great Bear Lake by land, and from thence he returned to this country.

The results of these combined expeditions of success would appear to indicate, on the one hand, that Sir John Franklin's expedition got beyond Cape Walker, the point indicated in his instructions as that to which he was to sail to the southward or south-westward. They would also indicate that as late as in the summer of 1848, the expedition had not reached the open Polar Seas within sight of the northern coast of America.

Several categories present themselves as resulting from these negative facts. The *Erebus* and *Terror* may have remained frozen in from the very onset in the channels or straits between Walker's Land and Banks's Land; they may after being repulsed from those straits have made their way further westward, and have got shut up between Melville Island and Banks's Land, or among the North Georgian Islands. They may have got beyond either of those points, and remained shut up in some of the passages between Walker's Land and Victoria and Wollaston's Lands, or they may have remained amid unknown lands westward of Banks's Land and Melville Island. A last and more melancholy category presents itself that both ships may have been nipped by the ice, and have been lost with their gallant crews. But almost all precedents, and all the facts of the case, preclude this more disheartening view of the matter. If a fatal accident had happened to one ship, it is very unlikely that it should have also occurred to the other. Again, if both ships had been lost in seas so crowded with land and ice, it is very unlikely that some of the crews did not escape; and had they done so they would have made their way to the eastward, so as to have been seen by Sir James Ross's party, or to the southward, so as to have been heard of by Sir John Richardson's. It is now well ascertained that the Esquimaux keep up intelligence of any interesting event along the whole coast of North America; and a fragment of a wreck, or a trace of a party in distress, would assuredly have been heard of.

With respect to the necessities of the missing expedition, it is true that the ships were only provisioned for three years, but deer migrate over the ice in the spring from the mainshore to Victoria and Wollaston Lands in large herds. The same lands are also the breeding places of vast flocks of snow geese; so that, with ordinary skill in hunting, a large supply of food might be procured on their shores, in the months of June, July, and August. Seals are also numerous in those seas, and are easily shot, their curiosity rendering them an easy prey to a boat-party. In these ways, and by fishing, the stock of provisions might be greatly

augmented. We have the recent example of Mr. Rae, who passed a severe winter on the very barren shores of Repulse Bay, with no other fuel than the withered tufts of an herbaceous *Andromeda*, and maintained a numerous party on the spoils of the chase alone for a whole year.

Sir John Richardson considering the instructions given to Sir John Franklin to steer southward from Cape Walker, and the interest which he says he (Sir John Richardson) has always felt in the opening between Wollaston and Victoria Lands, the flood tide setting through that opening into Coronation Gulf, diverging to the westward by the Dolphin and Union Strait, and to the eastward round Cape Alexander, is inclined to think that the missing expedition would have made for this opening, and is now shut up in some of the passages between Cape Walker and the said opening.

It is most gratifying to know that supposing this to be the case, Sir John Richardson left behind that most intrepid and enduring Arctic traveller Mr. Rae, with a party, with instructions to descend the Coppermine River about the middle of July; to cross as soon as possible from Cape Krusenstern to Wollaston Land, and endeavour to penetrate to the northward, erecting signal columns, and making deposits on conspicuous headlands, and especially on the north shore of Banks's Land, should he be fortunate enough to attain that coast. Mr. Rae was, moreover, directed to report his proceedings to the Lords of the Admiralty directly on his return; and should his dispatches experience no delay on the route, they may be expected in England in April or May next. It is to be observed that Mr. Rae also received instructions, in case of failure in these well-intentioned excursions of relief, to engage one or more families of Indian hunters to pass the summer of 1850 on the banks of the Coppermine River, to be ready to assist any party that may direct their course that way.

It has been further remarked, that admitting, as all competent persons do, that Sir John Franklin would, in case of his provisions becoming so far reduced as to be inadequate to a winter's consumption, leave his ships with officers and crews in one body, or several, and with boats cut down so as to be light enough to drag over the ice, or built expressly for that purpose, he would make his way to the continent, or to the eastward to Lancaster Sound, and that Esquimaux and Indians might in the latter case be offered rewards to relieve them. But considering Sir John Franklin's intimate acquaintance with the coast, and resources of the North American continent, it is most likely that once south of Cape Walker, he would, if obliged to abandon his ship, make his way to that coast.

The last category that remains to be considered, that of the missing expedition being to the westward of Banks's Land, or Melville Island, such a category might be met any day by the liberation of the vessels and their arrival in the Pacific. In the mean time it is highly satisfactory to know that a further expedition of relief has been resolved upon, and that the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* are to proceed at once on their way to Behring's Straits, from which point it will in all probability be most readily put in the way of affording whatever succour or relief may by that time be most seriously in request.

It is, as we have before observed, also, Sir James Ross's opinion, that Sir John Franklin and his party had pushed on so far beyond Melville Island that they had preferred making for the continent of America to

returning in an easterly direction, and seeking assistance from the Baffin's Bay whalers; nor must we, in justice, pass over the efforts of several commanders of ships employed in the latter fishery to carry succour to the missing expedition. Several of them visited Lancaster Sound with this object in view. Among others, Captain Penny, of the *Advice*, who penetrated in 1848 as far as Navy Board Inlet.

Laying aside, then, the question of expeditions of relief and succour, which it is our bounden duty to send out, the result of late as of olden expeditions attest still further the total inutility of exploratory voyages in those distant and desolate regions of eternal ice, from which man and his interests seem for ever banished.

Even the expedition after expedition that have been sent out, always with the same total want of success, have been effected, not only with the sacrifice of valuable lives, of ships, and at a great expenditure, but other reasonable and feasible projects have been neglected for their sake. How long is it since, and how often have men of science called attention to the practicability of opening a passage to the Pacific through the Isthmus of Panama? This is the road which the discovery of the gold regions of California has suddenly brought into full operation. While science was balancing the question between the Huasacula and Darien, while British diplomatists were raising into power an obscure sovereign of the Mosquito coast, in order to have some hold upon the promises held out by the neighbouring Lake of Nicaragua, and while Sir John Franklin and his gallant associates were uselessly struggling against rocks of ice and snow, crowds of people of all nations were hurrying, as is generally the case, to the line of shortest transit; native boats carried the gold-seeking host up the Chagres, American steamers awaited their arrival at Panama, and the real passage to the Pacific was established and opened without the interference of any one government, or the guidance of any one man of science. It sprang from the necessities of the case, as, sooner or later, so many changes of importance are brought about.

At the same moment that a Panama railway is in contemplation, a contract is said to have been entered into by an American company with the Nicaraguan government, and to be firmly supported by the cabinet at Washington, for the speedy completion of the route by the lakes of Nicaragua. The Mosquito claims present the only immediate obstacle; but the Americans expect that these will be soon adjusted, in as far as the canal is concerned, since it is alleged that nothing is sought but the neutrality of the line and its complete freedom to all nations.

To attempt to rival a thoroughfare for nations cut through the Isthmus of Panama, by establishing a line of steamers by way of Lancaster Sound and Behring's Straits, would be an act so very foreign to the character for sound practical sense hitherto enjoyed by the people of Great Britain, that however much we may admire the skill and courage of our seamen, and the advantages that have accrued to science by the Arctic expeditions, we must still hope that, for the future, those very talents and energies which have been so manifestly misdirected, may be employed in a more useful and profitable manner; and we rejoice to see an instalment promised in a right direction in the proposed construction of large steamers, which shall be of even superior qualities to the best vessels in the Cunard line, and which are to ply directly between Southampton and Chagres, touching only at St. Thomas to receive the West Indian and Mexican mails.

BOYHOOD'S EARLY LAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Boyhood's early lay! Boyhood's early lay!
Ever methinks I hear the tone—
Oh! 'tis far away—Oh! 'tis far away,
Once all my own!

What the swallow sang—what the swallow sang—
She who autumn and spring brings round,
Till the village rang—till the village rang—
Still does it sound?

“ When I bade adieu—when I bade adieu—
Scrip and wallet had ample store,
When I came anew—when I came anew—
All was no more!”

Oh thou childhood's tone—oh thou childhood's tone—
In unconscious wisdom glad,
That like Solomon—that like Solomon—
The birds' lore had!

Oh thou field of home—flow'ry field of home—
Where thy space all holy seems,
Let me once more roam—let me once more roam—
Tho' but in dreams.

When I bade adieu—when I bade adieu—
Then the world with promise shone,
When I came anew—when I came anew—
All was gone!

Back the swallows fly—back the swallows fly—
And the scrip renews its store,
But the heart's lost joy—but the heart's lost joy—
Comes no more!

Never swallow brings—never swallow brings—
Those whose loss thou weep'st so sore,
Tho' the village rings—tho' the village rings—
As of yore!

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FINEST RUN THAT EVER WAS SEEN!

"HOO—RAY, Jack! Hoo—ray!" exclaimed Lord Scamperdale, bursting into his *sanctum*, where Mr. Spraggon sat in his hunting coat and slippers, spelling away at a secondhand copy of *Bell's Life* by the light of a melancholy mould candle. "Hoo—ray, Jack! hoo—ray!" repeated he, waving that proud trophy, a splendid fox's brush, over his grizzly head.

His lordship was the picture of delight. He had had a tremendous run—the finest run that ever was seen! His hounds had behaved to perfection; his horse—though he had downed him three times—had carried him well, and his lordship stood with his crownless flat hat in his hand, and one coat lap in the pocket of the other—a grinning, exulting, self-satisfied specimen of that rare creature, a happy Englishman.

"Lor! what a sight you are!" observed Jack, turning the light of the candle upon his lordship's dirty person. "Why, I declare you're an inch thick with mud," he added: "mud from head to foot," he continued, working the light up and down.

"Never mind the mud, you old badger!" roared his lordship, still waving the brush over his head: "never mind the mud, you old badger, the mud'll come off, or may stay on; but such a run as we've had does not come off every day."

"Well, I'm glad you have had a run," replied Jack. "I'm glad you have had a run," adding, "I was afraid at one time that your day's sport was spoiled."

"Well, do you know," replied his lordship, "when I saw that unrighteous snob I was near sick. If it were possible for a man to faint, I should have thought I was going to do so. At first I thought of going home, taking the hounds away too—then I thought of going myself and leaving the hounds—then I thought if I left the hounds it would only make the sinful, ~~astronomical~~ more outrageous, and I should be sitting on pins and needles till they came home, thinking how he was crashing among them. Next I thought of drawing all the unlikely places in the country, and making a blank day of it. Then I thought that would only be like cutting off my nose to spite my face. Then I didn't know what on earth to do. At last, when I saw the critter's great pecker steadily down in his plate, I thought I would try and steal a march upon him, and get away with my fox while he was feeding; and, oh! how thankful I was when I looked back from Bramblebrake Hill, and saw no signs of him in the distance."

"It wasn't likely you'd see him," interrupted Jack, "for he never got away from the front door. I twigged what you were after, and kept him up in talk about his horses and his riding till I saw you were fairly away."

"You did well," exclaimed Lord Scamperdale, patting Jack on the back; "you did well, my old buck o'wax; and, by Jove! we'll have a bottle of port—a bottle of port, *as I live*," repeated his lordship, as if he had made up his mind to do a most magnificent act.

"But what's happened you behind?—what's happened you behind?" asked Jack, as his lordship turned to the fire, and exhibited his docked tail.

"Oh, hang the coat!—it's neither here nor there," replied his lordship;—"hat neither," he added, exhibiting its crushed proportions. "Old Blossomnose did the coat; and as to the hat, I did it myself—at least, old Daddy Longlegs and I did it between us. We got into a grass-field, of which they had cut a few roods of fence, just enough to tempt a man out of a very deep lane, and away we sailed, in the enjoyment of fine sound sward, with the rest of the field plunging and floundering, and holding and grinning, and thinking what fools they were for not following my example,—when, lo and behold! I got to the bottom of the field, and found there was no way out;—no chance of a bore through the great thick, high hedge, except at a branchy willow, where there was just enough room to squeeze a horse through, provided he didn't rise at the ditch on the far side. At first I was for getting off; indeed, had my right foot out of the stirrup, when the hounds dashed forward with such energy,—looking like running,—and remembering the tremendous climb I should have to get on to old Daddy's back again, and seeing some of the nasty jealous devils in the lane eyeing me through the fence, thinking how I was floored, I determined to stay where I was; and, gathering the horse together, tried to squeeze through the hole. Well, he went shuffling and sliding down to it, as though he were conscious of the difficulty, and poked his head quietly past the tree, when, getting a sight of the ditch on the far side, he rose, and banged my head against the branch above, crushing my hat right over my eyes, and in that position he carried me through blindfold."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jack, turning his spectacles full upon his lordship, and adding "it's lucky he didn't crack your crown."

"Devilish lucky," assented his lordship, feeling his head to satisfy himself that he had not done so.

"And how did you lose your tail?" asked Jack, having got the information about the hat.

"The tail! ah, the tail!" replied his lordship, feeling behind, where it wasn't; "I'll tell you how that was: you see we went away like blazes from Springwheat's gorse—devilish nice gorse it is, and devilish nice woman he has for a wife—but, however, that's neither here nor there; what I was going to tell you about was the run, and how I lost my tail. Well, we got away like winking; no sooner were the hounds in on one side than away went the fox on the other. Not a soul shouted till he was clean gone; hats in the air was all that told his departure. The fox thus had time to run matters through his mind—think whether he should go to Ravenscar Craigs, or make for the main earths at Painscastle Grove. He chose the latter, doubtless feeling himself strong and full of running; and if we had chosen his ground for him he could not have taken us a finer line. He went as straight as an arrow through Bramblebrake Wood, and then away down the hill over those great enormous pastures to Haselbury Park, which he skirted, leaving Evercreech Green on the left, pointing as if for Dormston Dean. Here he was chased by a cur, and the hounds were brought to a momentary check. Frosty, however, was well up, and a hat being held up on Hothersell Hill, he clapped forward and laid the hounds on beyond. We then viewed the fox sailing

away over Eddlethorp Downs, still pointing for Painscastle Grove, with the Hamerton Brook lighting up here and there in the distance.

"The field, I should tell you, were fairly taken by surprise. There wasn't a man ready for a start; my horse had only just come down. Fossick was on foot, drawing his girths; Fyle was striking a light to smoke a cigar on his hack; Blossomnose and Capon's grooms were fistling and wisping their horses; Dribble, as usual, was all behind: and altogether there was such a scene of hurry and confusion as never was seen.

"As they came to the brook they got somewhat into line, and one saw who was there. Five or six of us charged it together, and two went under. One was Springwheat on his bay, who was somewhat pumped out; the other was said to be Hook. Old Daddy Longlegs skimmed it like a swallow, and, getting his hind-legs well under him, shot over the deep black pastures beyond, as if he was going upon turf. The hounds all this time had been running, or rather racing, nearly mute. They now, however, began to feel for the scent; and, as they got upon the cold, bleak grounds above Somerton Quarries, they were fairly brought to their noses. Uncommon glad I was to see them, for ten minutes more, at the pace they had been going would have shaken off every man Jack of us. As it was, it was bellows to mend with the whole of us; and Calcott's roarer roared as surely roarer never roared before. You could hear him half a mile off. We had barely time, however, to turn our horses to the wind, and ease them for a few moments, before the pace began to mend, and from a catching to a holding scent they again poured across Wallingburn pastures, and away to Roughacres Court. It was between these places that I got my head duntled into my hat," continued his lordship, knocking the crownless hat against his mud-stained knee. "However, I didn't care a button, though I'd not worn it above two years, and it might have lasted me a long time about home; but misfortunes seldom come singly, and I was soon to have another. The few of us that were left were all for the lanes, and very accommodating the one between Newton Bushell and the Forty-foot Bank was, the hounds running parallel within a hundred yards on the left for nearly a mile. When, however, we got to the old watermill in the fields below, the fox made a bend to the left, as if changing his mind, and making for Newtonbroome Woods, and we were obliged to try the fortunes of war in the fields. The first fence we came to looked like nothing, and there was a weak place right in my line that I rode at, expecting the horse would easily bore through a few twigs that crossed the upper part of it. These, however, happened to be twisted, to stop the gap, and not having put on enough steam they checked him as he rose, and brought him right down on his head in the broad ditch, on the far side. Old Blossomnose, who was following close behind, as usual, not making any allowance for falls, was in the air before I was well down, and his horse came with a fore foot into my pocket, and tore the lap clean off by the skirt," his lordship exhibiting the lap as he spoke.

"It's your new coat, too," observed Jack, examining it with concern as he spoke.

"'Deed, is it?" replied his lordship, with a shake of the head. "'Deed, is it? That's the consequence of having gone out to breakfast. If it

had been to-morrow, for instance, I should have had number two on, or maybe number three," his lordship having coats of all shades and grades, from stainless scarlet down to tattered mulberry colour.

"It'll mend, however," observed his lordship, taking it back from Jack; "it'll mend, however," he said, fitting it round to the skirt as he spoke.

"Oh, nicely!" replied Jack; "it's come off clean by the skirt. But what said Old Blossom?" inquired Jack.

"Oh, he was full of apologies and couldn't help it as usual," replied his lordship; "he was down, too, I should tell you, with his horse on his left leg, but there wasn't much time for apologies or explanation, for the hounds were running pretty sharp, considering how long they had been at work, and there was the chance of others jumping upon us if we didn't get out of the way, so we both scrambled up as quick as we could and got into our places again."

"Which way did you go, then?" asked Jack, who had listened with the attention of a man who knows every yard of the country.

"Well," continued his lordship, casting back to where he got his fall, "the fox crossed the Costenburn township, picking all the plough and had scenting ground as he went, but it was of no use, his fate was sealed; and though he began to run short, and dodge and thread the hedge-rows, they hunted him yard by yard till he again made an effort for his life, and took over Mossingburn Moor, pointing for Penrose Tower on the hill. Here Frosty's horse, Little Jumper, declined, and we left him standing in the middle of the moor with a stiff neck, kicking and staring and looking mournfully at his flanks. Daddy Longlegs, too, had begun to sob, and in vain I looked back in hopes of seeing Jack-a-Dandy coming up. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'I've got a pair of good strong boots on, and I'll finish the run on foot but I'll see it;' when, just at the moment, the pack broke from scent to view, and rolled the fox up like a hedge-hog amongst them."

"Well done!" exclaimed Jack, adding, "that was a run with a vengeance!"

"Wasn't it?" replied his lordship, rubbing his hands and stamping; "the finest run that ever was seen!—the finest run that ever was seen!"

"Why it couldn't be less than twelve miles from point to point," observed Jack, thinking it over.

"Not a yard," replied his lordship, "not a yard, and from fourteen to fifteen as the hounds ran."

"It would be all that," assented Jack. "How long were you in doing it?" he asked.

"An hour and forty minutes," replied his lordship; "an hour and forty minutes from the find to the finish;" adding, "I'll stick the brush and present it to Mrs. Springwheat."

"It's to be hoped Springy's out of the brook," observed Jack.

"To be hoped so," replied his lordship; thinking if he wasn't wether he should marry Mrs. Springwheat or not.

But we fancy we hear our fair friends exclaim, "Thank goodness, there's an end of Lord Scamperdale and his hunting; he has had a good run, and will rest quiet for a time; we shall now hear something of Amelia and Emily, and the doings at Jawleyford Court." Mistaken fair lady! If you marry an out-and-out foxhunter you will find that a good run is only adding fuel to the fire, only making him anxious for more. Lord

Scamperdale's sporting fire was in full blaze. His bumps and his thumps, his rolls and his scrambles, only brought out the beauties and perfections of the thing. He cared nothing for his hat crown, nor for his coat lap either. Nay, he wouldn't have cared if it had been made into a spencer.

"What's to-day? Monday," said his lordship, answering himself. "Monday," he repeated; "Monday—bubble-and-squeak, I guess—sooner it's ready the better, for I'm half famished—didn't do half justice to that nice breakfast at Springy's. That nasty brown soapman—what's his name, Soapey Brush?"

"Sponge," suggested Mr. Spraggon.

"Ay, Sponge," repeated his lordship, "Soapey Sponge;" adding, "I always forget the creature's name; that nasty Soapey Sponge completely threw me off my feed. By the way, what became of the animal?"

"Went home," replied Jack; "fittest place for him."

"Hope he'll stay there," rejoined his lordship. "No fear of his being at the roads to-morrow, is there?"

"None," replied Jack. "I told him it was quite an impossible distance; from here twenty miles, at least."

"That's grand!" exclaimed his lordship; "that's grand! Then we'll have a rare, ding-dong hey—away pop. There'll be no end of those nasty, jealous, Puffington dogs out; and if we have half such a scent as we had to-day, we'll sew some of them up. Now," he added, "if you'll go and get the bottle of port, I'll clean myself, and then we'll have dinner as quick as we can."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FAITHFUL GROOM.

WE left our friend Mr. Soapey Sponge wending his way home after having lost his day at Beggar-my-neighbour Hill. Some of our readers will, perhaps, say, why didn't he clap on, and try to catch up the hounds at a check, or at all events rejoin them, for an afternoon fox? Gentle reader! Mr. Sponge did not hunt on those terms; he was a front rank or "nowhere" gentleman, and independently of catching hounds up, being always a fatiguing and hazardous speculation, especially on a fine-scenting day like this one was, the exertion of doing so would have taken more out of his horse than would have been desirable for successful display in a second run. Mr. Sponge, therefore, determined to go home.

As he sauntered along, musing on the mishaps of the chase, wondering how Miss Jawleyford would look, and playing himself an occasional tune with his spur against his stirrup, who should come trotting behind him but Mr. Leather on the redoubtable chestnut. Mr. Sponge beckoned him alongside. The horse looked blooming and bright; his eye was clear and cheerful, and there was a sort of springy graceful action that looked like easy going.

One always fancies a horse most with another man on him. We see all his good points without feeling his imperfections—his trippings or startings, or snatchings, or borings, or roughness of action, and Mr. Sponge proceeded to make a silent estimate of Multum-in-Pavo's qua-

lities as he trotted gently along on the grassy side of the somewhat wide road.

"By Jove! it's a pity but his lordship had seen him," thought Soapey, as the emulation of companionship made the horse gradually increase his pace, and steal forward with the lightest, freest action imaginable. "If he was but all right," continued Sponge, with a shake of the head, "he would be worth three hundred guineas of any man's money, for he has the strength of a dray-horse, with the symmetry and action of a thoroughbred."

Then Soapey thought he shouldn't have an opportunity of showing the horse till Thursday, for Jack had satisfied him that the next day's meet was quite beyond distance from Jawleyford Court.

"It's a bore," said Soapey, rising in his stirrups, and tickling the piebald with his spurs, as if he were going to set-to for a race. He thought of having a trial of speed with the chestnut up a slip of turf they were now approaching; but a sudden thought struck him, and he desisted. "These horses have done nothing to day," he said; "why shouldn't I send the chestnut on a hunt to-morrow?"

As no lapse of time deprives crowned heads of their rights, so no distance deprives the hirer of a hack-hunter from the right of sending him on. Hack-hunters are, indeed, wonderful animals. There are no bounds to the exertions the jaded, leg-weary devils are capable of. Of course we are now speaking of the twenty, or five-and-twenty shillings a-day horses—animals that seldom carry the same rider twice, and when carrying are always on the "go." A hack-hunter may always be known by the anxiety the rider evinces to get as much out of him as possible.

But to our particular stud. A thought has just struck Mr. Sponge, and thus he proceeds to work it out:

"Do you know whereabouts the cross-roads are?" he asked, addressing his groom.

"Cross-roads, cross-roads—what cross-roads?" replied Leather.

"Where the hounds meet to-morrow," supplied Soapey.

"Oh, the cross-roads at Somethin' Burn," rejoined Leather, thoughtfully,— "no, 'deed, I don't," he added. "From all 'counts, they seem to be somewhere on the far side of the world."

That was not a very encouraging answer; and feeling it would require a good deal of persuasion to induce Mr. Leather to go in search of them without clothing and the necessary requirements for his horses, Mr. Sponge went trotting on, in hopes of seeing some place where he might get a sight of the map of the county. So they proceeded in silence, till a sudden turn of the road brought them to the spire and housetops of the little agricultural town of Barleyboll. It differed nothing from the ordinary run of small towns. It had a pond at one end, an inn in the middle, a church at one side, a fashionable milliner from London, a merchant tailor from the same place, and a hardware shop or two, where they also sold treacle, Dartford gunpowder, pocket-handkerchiefs, sheep-nets, patent medicines, cheeses, blacking, marbles, mole-traps, men's hats, and other miscellaneous articles. It was quite enough of a town to raise a presumption that there would be a map of the county at the inn.

"We'll just put the horses up for a few minutes, I think," said Soapey, turning into the stable-yard at the end of the Red Lion Hotel

and Posting House; adding, "I want to write a letter, and perhaps," said he, looking at his watch, "you may be wanting your dinner."

Having resigned his horse to his servant, in Mr. Sponge walked, receiving the marked attention usually paid to a red coat. Mine host left his bar, where he was engaged in the usual occupation of drinking with some customers, for the "good of the house." A map of the county, of such liberal dimensions, was speedily produced, as would have terrified any one unaccustomed to distances and scales on which maps are laid down. For instance, Jawleyford Court, as the crow flies, was the same distance from the cross-roads at Dallington Burn as York was from London, in a map of England hanging against the wall of the room.

"It's a goodish way," said Soapey, getting a lighter off the chimney-piece, and measuring the distances. "From Jawleyford Court to Billingsborough Rise, say seven miles; from Billingsborough Rise to Downington Wharf, other seven; from Downington Wharf to Shapcot, which seems the nearest point, will be—say five or six, perhaps—nineteen or twenty in all. Well, that's my work," he observed, scratching his head, "at least, my hack's; and from here home," he continued, measuring away as he spoke, "will be twelve or thirteen. Well, that's nothing," he said. "Now for the horse," he continued, again applying the lighter in a different direction. "From here to Hardington will be, say eight miles; from Hardington to Bewley, other five; eight and five are thirteen; and there, I should say, he might sleep. That would leave ten or twelve miles for the morning; nothing for a hack; 'specially such a horse as that, and one that's done nothing for I don't know how long."

Altogether, Mr. Sponge determined to try it, especially considering that if he didn't get Tuesday, there would be nothing till Thursday; and he was not the man to keep a hack hunter standing idle.

Accordingly he sought Mr. Leather, whom he found busily engaged in the servant's apartment, with a cold round of beef and a dish of mealy potatoes before him. A foaming flagon of ale stood by his side.

"Leather," he said, in a tone of authority, "I'll hunt to-morrow—ride the horse I should have ridden to-day."

"Where at?" asked Leather, diving his fork into a bottle of pickles, and fishing out an onion.

"The cross-roads," replied Sponge.

"The cross-roads be fifty mile from here," cried Leather.

"Nonsense!" rejoined Sponge; "I've just measured the distance. It's nothing of the sort."

"How far do you make it, then?" asked Leather, tucking in the beef.

"Why, from here to Hardington is about six, and from Hardington to Bewley four—ten in all," replied Sponge. "You can stay at Bewley all night, and then it is but a few miles on in the morning."

"And whativer am I to do for clothin'?" asked Leather, adding, "I've nothin' with me—nothin' nouter for oss nor man."

"Oh the ostler 'll lend you what you want," replied Sponge, in a tone of determination; adding, "you can make shift for one night, surely?"

"One night surely!" retorted Leather. "D'ye think an oss can't be ruined in one night?"

"I'll risk it," said Soapey.

"But I won't," replied Leather, blowing the foam from the tankard, and taking a long swig at the ale. "I think I know my duty to my governor better nor that," continued Leather, setting it down. "I'll not see his valuable 'unters stowed away in pigsties—not I, indeed."

The fact was, Leather had an invitation to sup with the servants at Jawleyford Court that night, and he was not going to be done out of his engagement, especially as Mr. Sponge only allowed him four shillings a day for expenses wherever he was.

"Well, you're a cool hand, anyhow," observed Mr. Sponge, quite taken by surprise.

"Cool 'and, or not cool 'and," replied Leather, munching away, "I'll do my duty to my master. I'm not one o' your coatless, characterless scamps what 'ang about livery-stables ready to do anything they're bid. No, sir, no," he continued, pronging another onion; "I have some regard for the hintrest o' my master. I'll do my duty in the station o' life in which I'm placed, and won't be 'fraid to face no man." So saying Mr. Leather cut himself what the French call a grand circumference of beef.

Mr. Sponge was taken aback, for he had never seen a conscientious livery-stable helper, and did not believe in the existence of such articles. However, here was Mr. Leather assuming a virtue, whether he had it or not; and Mr. Sponge being in the man's power, of course durst not quarrel with him. It was clear that Leather would not go; and the question was, what should Mr. Sponge do? "Why shouldn't I go myself?" he thought, shutting his eyes, as if to keep his faculties free from outward distraction. He ran the thing quickly over in his mind. "What Leather can do, I can do," he said, remembering that a groom never demeaned himself by working where there was an ostler. "These things I have on will do quite well for to-morrow, at least among such rough-and-ready dogs as the Flat Hat men, who seem as if they had their clothes pitched on with a fork."

His mind was quickly made up, and calling for pen, ink, and paper, he wrote a hasty note to Jawleyford, explaining why he would not cast up till the morrow; he then got the chestnut out of the stable, and desiring the ostler to give the note to Leather, and tell him to go home with his hack, he just rode out of the yard without giving Leather the chance of saying "nay." He then jogged on at a pace suitable to the accurate measurement of the distance.

The horse seemed to like having Soapey's red coat on better than Leather's brown, and champed his bit, and stepped away quite gaily.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Soapey, laying the rein on its neck, and leaning forward to pat him; "it's a pity but you were always in this humour—you'd be worth a mint of money if you were." He then resumed his seat in the saddle, and bethought him how he would show them the way on the morrow. "If he doesn't beat every horse in the field, it sha'n't be my fault," thought Soapey, and thereupon he gave him the slightest possible touch with the spur, and the horse shot away up a strip of grass like an arrow.

"By Jove, but you can go!" said Soapey, pulling up as the grass ran out upon the hard road.

Thus he reached the village of Hardington, which he quickly cleared,

and took the well-defined road to Bewley—a road adorned with mile-stones and set out with a liberal horse-track at one side.

Day had closed ere our friend reached Bewley, but the children returning from school, and the country folks leaving their work, kept assuring him that he was on the right line, till the lights of the town, bursting upon him as he rounded the hill above, showed him the end of his journey.

The best stalls at the head inn—the Bull's Head—were all full, several trusty grooms having arrived with the usual head-stalls and rolls of clothing on their horses, denoting the object of their mission. Most of the horses had been in some hours, and were now standing well littered up with straw, while the grooms were in the tap talking over their masters and discussing the merits of their horses, and arguing whether Lord Scamperdale was mad or not. They had just come to the conclusion that his lordship was mad, but was not incapable of taking care of his affairs, when the trampling of Soapey's horse's feet drew them out to see who was coming next. Soapey's red coat at once told his tale, and procured him the usual attention.

Mr. Leather's fear of the want of clothing for the valuable hunter proved wholly groundless, for each groom having come with a plentiful supply for his own horse, all the inn stock was at the service of the stranger. The stable, to be sure, was not quite so good as might be desired, but it was warm and water-tight, and the corn was far from bad. Altogether, Mr. Sponge thought he would do very well, and, having seen to his horse, proceeded to choose between beef steaks and mutton chops for his own entertainment, and with the aid of the old country paper and some very questionable port, he passed the evening in anticipation of the sports of the morrow.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CROSS-ROADS AT DALLINGTON BURN.

WHEN his lordship and Jack mounted their hacks in the morning to go to the cross-roads at Dallington Burn, it was so dark that they could not see whether they were on bays or browns. It was a dull, murky day, with heavy, spongy clouds overhead. There had been a great deal of rain in the night, and the horses poached and squashed as they went. Our sportsmen, however, were prepared as well for what had fallen as for what might come; for they were encased in enormously thick boots, with drab baggy overalls, and coats and waistcoats of the stoutest and most abundant order. They had each a sack of a macintosh strapped on to their saddle-fronts. Thus they went blobbing and groping their way along, varying the monotony of the journey by an occasional spurt of muddy water up into their faces, or the more nerve-trying noise of a floundering stumble over a heap of stones by the roadside. The country people stared with astonishment as they passed, and the muggers and tinkers, who were withdrawing their horses from the farmers' fields, stood trembling, lest they might be the "pollis" coming after them.

"I think it'll be a fine day," observed his lordship, after they had bumped for some time in silence without its getting much lighter. "I think it will be a fine day," he said, taking his chin out of his great puddingy-spotted neckcloth, and turning his spectacled face up to the clouds.

"The want of light is its chief fault," observed Jack ; adding, "its deuced dark !"

"Ah, it'll get better of that," observed his lordship. "It's not much after eight yet," he added, staring at his watch, and with difficulty making out that it was half-past. "Days take off terribly about this time of year," he observed ; "I've seen about Christmas when it has never been regularly light all day long."

They then floundered on again for some time further as before.

"Shouldn't wonder if we have a large field," at length observed Jack, bringing his hack alongside his lordship's. "Some of those Puffington snobs will be out; their hounds don't hunt to-day."

"No more they do," replied his lordship. "Shouldn't wonder if Puff himself was to come—all over brooches and rings as usual."

"And Charley Slapp, I'll be bound to say," observed Jack. "He's a regular hanger-on of Puff's."

"Beast that Slapp," said his lordship; "hate the sight of him !"

"So do I," replied Jack; adding, "hate a hanger-on !"

"There are the hounds," said his lordship, as they now approached Culverton Dean, and a line of something white was discernible climbing the opposite side.

"Are they, think you?" replied Jack, staring through his great spectacles; "are they, think you? It looks to me more like a flock of sheep."

"I believe you're right," said his lordship, staring too; "indeed, I hear the dog. The hounds, however, can't be far ahead."

They then drew into single file to take the broken horse-track through the steep woody dean.

"This is the longest sixteen miles I know," observed Jack, as they emerged from it, and overtook the sheep.

"It is," replied his lordship, spurring his hack, who was now beginning to lag: "the fact is, it's eighteen," he continued; "only if I was to tell Frosty it was eighteen, he would want to lay over-night, and that wouldn't do. Besides the trouble and inconvenience, it would spoil the best part of a five-pund note; and five-pund notes don't grow upon gooseberry bushes—at least not in my garden."

"Rather scarce in all gardens just now, I think," observed Jack; "at least I never hear of anybody with any to spare."

"Money's like snow," said his lordship, "a very meltable article; and talking of snow," he said, looking up at the heavy clouds, "I wish we mayn't be going to have some—I don't like the looks of things over-head."

"Heavy," replied Jack; "heavy, however its due about now."

"Due or not due," said his lordship, "it's a thing one never wishes to come; anybody may have my share of snow that likes—frost too."

The road, or rather track, now passed over Blobbington Moor, and our friends had enough to do to keep their horses out of peat-holes and bogs, without indulging in conversation. At length they cleared the moor, and, pulling out a gap at a corner of the inclosures, cut across a few fields, and got on to the Stumpington turnpike.

"The hounds are here," said Jack, after studying the muddy road for some time.

"They'll not be there long," replied his lordship, "for Grabtoll Gate isn't far a-head."

His lordship was right. The imprints soon diverged up a muddy lane on the right, and our sportsmen now got into a road so deep and so bottomless as to put the idea of stones quite out of the question.

"Hang the road!" exclaimed his lordship, as his hack nearly came on his nose, "hang the road!" repeated he, adding "if Puff wasn't such an ass I really think I'd give him up the cross-road country."

"It's bad to get at from us," observed Jack, who didn't like such trashy distances.

"Ah! but it's a rare good country when you get to it," replied his lordship, shortening his rein and spurring his steed.

That lane being at length cleared, the road became more practicable, passing over large pastures where a horseman could choose his own ground, instead of being bound by the narrow limits of the law. But though the road improved the day did not, a thick fog coming drifting up from the south-east in aid of the general obscurity of the scene.

"The day's gettin' *wuss*," observed Jack, snuffling and staring about.

"It'll blow over," replied his lordship, who was not easily disheartened. "It'll blow over," repeated he, adding, "often rare scents such days as these. But we must put on," continued he, looking at his watch, "for its half-past, and we are a mile or more off yet." So saying, he clapped spurs into his hack and shot away at a canter, followed by Jack at a long "hammer and pincers" trot.

A hunt is something like a circuit, where certain great guns show everywhere, and snialler men drop in here and there, snatching a day or a brief, as the case may be. Serjeant Bluff and Serjeant Huff rustle and wrangle in every court, while Mr. Meeke and Mr. Sneeke enjoy their frights on the forensic arenas of their respective towns, on behalf of simple neighbours, who look upon them as thorough Solomons. So with hunts. Certain men who seem to have been sent into the world, born for the express purpose of hunting, arrive at every meet, far or near, with a punctuality that is truly surprising, and rarely associated with pleasure.

If you listen to their conversation it is generally a dissertation on the previous day's sport, with inquiries as to the nearest way to cover the next. Sometimes it is seasoned with censure of some other pack they have been visiting. These men are mounted and appointed in a manner that shows what a perfect profession hunting is with them; and, of course, they come cantering to cover, lest any one should suppose they ride their own horses on.

"The 'Cross Roads' was like two hunts or two circuits joining, for it generally drew the picked men from each, to say nothing of outriggers and chance customers. The regular attendants of either hunt were sufficiently distinguishable as well by the flat hats and baggy garments of the one, as by the dandified, Jemmy Jessamy air of the other. If a lord had not been at the head of the Flat Hats, the Puffington men would have considered them insufferable snobs. But to our day.

As usual, where hounds have to travel a long distance, the field were assembled before they arrived. Almost all the cantering gentlemen had cast up.

One cross-road meet being so much like another, it will not be worth while describing the one at Dallington Burn. The reader will have the kindness to imagine a couple of roads crossing on an open common, with

an armless sign-post on one side, and a rubble-stone bridge, with several of the coping stones lying in the shallow stream below, on the other.

The country round about, if any country could have been seen, would have shown wild, open, and cheerless. Here a patch of wood, there a patch of heath, but its general aspect bare and unfruitful. The commanding outline of Seedeywood Forest is not visible for the weather. Time now, let us suppose, half-past ten, with a full muster of horsemen and a fog, making unwonted dullness of the scene—the old sign-pole being the most conspicuous object of the whole.

Hark! what a clamour there is about it. It's like a betting post at Newmarket. How loud the people talk! what's the news? Queen Ann dead, or is there another French revolution, or a fixed duty on corn? Reader, Mr. Puffington's hounds have had a run, and the Flat Hat men are disputing it.

"Nothing of the sort! nothing of the sort!" exclaims Fossick, "I know every yard of the country, and you can't make more than eight of it anyhow."

"Well, but I've measured it on the map," replied the speaker (Charley Slapp, himself), "and it's thirteen if it's a yard."

"Then the country's grown bigger since my day," rejoins Fossick, "for I was dropped at Stubgrove, which is within a mile of where you found, and I've walked, and I've ridden, and I've driven every yard of the distance, and you can't make it more than eight, if it's as much. Can you, Capon?" exclaimed Fossick, appealing to another of the "flat brims," whose luminous face now shone through the fog.

"No," replied Capon; adding, "not so much, I should say."

Just then up trotted Frostyface with the hounds.

"Good morning, Frosty! good morning!" exclaim half a dozen voices, that it would be difficult to appropriate from the denseness of the fog. Frosty and the whips make a general salute with their caps.

"Well, Frosty, I suppose you've heard what a run we had yesterday?" exclaims Charley Slapp, as soon as Frosty and the hounds are settled.

"Had they, sir—had they?" replies Frosty, with a slight touch of his cap and a sneer. "Glad to hear it, sir—glad to hear it. Hope they killed, sir—hope they killed?" with a still slighter touch of the cap.

"Killed, aye?—killed in the open just below Crabstone Green, in your country," adding, "It was one of your foxes, I believe?"

"Glad of it, sir—glad of it, sir," replies Frosty. "They wanted blood sadly—they wanted blood sadly. Quite welcome to one of our foxes, sir—quite welcome to one of our foxes. That's a brace and a half they've killed."

"Brace and a ha-r-r-f!" draws Slapp, in well-feigned disgust; "brace and a ha-r-r-f!—why, it makes them ten brace, and six run to ground."

"Oh, don't tell *me*," retorts Frosty, with a shake of disgust; "don't tell me. I knows better—I knows better. They'd only killed a brace since they began hunting up to yesterday. The rest were all cubs, poor things!—all cubs, poor things! Mr. Puffington's hounds are not the sort of animals to kill foxes: nasty, skirtin', flashy, jealous divils; always starin' about for holloas and assistance. I'll be d—d if I'd give eighteenpence for the 'ole lot on 'em."

A loud guffaw from the Flat Hat men greeted this wholesale condemnation. The Puffington men looked unutterable things, and there is no saying what disagreeable comparisons might have been instituted (for

the Puffingtonians mustered very strong) had not his lordship and Jack cast up at the moment. Hats off and politeness was then the order of the day.

"Mornin'," said his lordship, with a snatch of his hat in return, as he pulled up and stared into the cloud-enveloped crowd; "Mornin', Fyle, mornin', Fossick," he continued, as he distinguished those worthies, as much by their hats as anything else. "Where are the horses?" he said to Frostyface.

"Just beyond there, my lord," replied the huntsman, pointing with his whip to where a cockaded servant was "to and froing" a couple of hunters—a brown and a chestnut.

"Let's be doing," said his lordship, trotting up to them and throwing himself off his hack like a sack. Having divested himself of his muddy overalls, he mounted the brown, a splendid sixteen hands horse in tip-top condition, and again made for the field in all the pride of masterly equestrianism. A momentary gleam of sunshine shot o'er the scene; a jerk of the head acted as a signal to throw off, and away they all moved from the meet.

Thorneybush Gorse was a large eight-acre cover, formed partly of gorse and partly of stunted blackthorn, with here and there a sprinkling of Scotch firs. His lordship paid two pound a-year for it, having vainly tried to get it for thirty shillings, which was about the actual value of the land, but the proprietor claimed a little compensation for the trampling of horse about it; moreover, the Puffington men would have taken it at two pounds. It was a sure find, and the hounds dashed into it with a scent.

The field ranged themselves at the accustomed corner, both hunts to expatiate on the merits of their previous day's run, forming a large party of talkers without listeners. Frostyface's "Yoicks, wind him!" "Yoicks, push him up!" were drowned in the medley of voices.

A loud clear shrill "TALLY HO, AWAY!" from the far side of the cover caused all tongues to stop, and all hands to drop on the reins. Great was the excitement! Each hunt was determined to take the shine out of the other.

"*Twang, twang, twang!*" "*Tweet, tweet, tweet!*" went his lordship's and Frostyface's horns, as they came bounding over the gorse to the spot, with the eager pack rushing at their horses' heels. Then, as the hounds crossed the line of scent, there was such an outburst of melody in cover, and such gathering of reins and thrusting on of hats outside! The hounds dashed out of cover as if somebody was kicking them. A man in scarlet was seen flying through the fog, producing the usual hold hardings, "God bless you, hold hard, sir!" "God d—n you, hold hard, sir!" with inquiries as to "who the chap was that was trying to catch the fox."

"It's Lumpleg!" exclaimed one of the Flat Hat men.

"No it's not!" roared a Puffingtonite; "Lumpleg's here."

"Then it's Charles Slapp; he's always doing it," rejoined the first speaker. "Most jealous man in the world."

"Is he!" exclaimed Slapp, cantering past at his ease on a thorough bred grey, as if he could well afford to dispense with a start.

Reader! it was neither Lumpleg nor Slapp, nor any of the Puffington snobs, nor Flat Hat swells. It was our old friend Soapey Sponge.

Having arrived rather late he had posted himself, unseen, by the cover side, and the fox had broke close to him. Unfortunately, he had headed him back, and a pretty kettle of fish was the result. Not only had he headed back the fox, but the resolute chestnut, having taken it into his head to run away, had snatched the bit well between his teeth, and carried him to the far side of a twenty-acre field ere Soapey managed to wheel him round on a very liberal semicircle, and face the now flying sportsmen, who came hurrying on through the mist like a charge of yeomaury after a salute. All was excitement, hurry-scurry, and horse hugging, with the usual spurring, elbowing, and exertion to get into places, Mr. Fossick considering he had as much right to be before Mr. Fyle, as Mr. Fyle had to be before old Capon.

It apparently being all the same to the chestnut which way he went so long as he had his run, he now bore Soapey back as quick as he had carried him away, and with yawning mouth, and head in the air, he dashed right at the coming horsemen, charging Lord Scamperdale full tilt as he was in the act of returning his horse to its ease. Great was the collision! His lordship flew one way, his horse another, his hat a third, his whip a fourth, his spectacles a fifth; in fact, he looked as if he had been scattered all over. In an instant he lay the centre of a circle, kicking on his back like a lively turtle.

"Oh! I'm kilt!" he roared, striking out as if he was swimming. "I'm kilt!" he repeated. "He's broken my back,—he's broken my legs,—he's broken my ribs,—he's broken my collar-bone,—he's knocked my right eye into the heel of my left boot. Oh! will nobody catch him—hang him? Will nobody do for him? Will you see an English nobleman knocked about like a nine-pin?" added his lordship, scrambling up to go in pursuit of Soapey himself.

CAPEFIGUE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

M. CAPEFIGUE, to whose able historical work on the French Revolution we have before called the attention of our readers, tells us in the introduction to the concluding third and fourth volumes just published, that the first portions of his work have been the object of virulent criticism and abusive attacks. That in the present state of parties in Paris, and the struggle of different factions for ascendancy, this should have been the case, will not surprise any one. M. Capefigue still insists upon what he calls "the void," to which no previous case of abandonment bears a parallel, that presented itself on the 26th of February around the person of an illustrious and unfortunate princess—the mother of the Count of Paris. "Must historical truth," he inquires, "be so veiled as to say that, before the 24th of that same month, there existed no one party of the regency favourable to the princess? That this party may have acted without avowing it, in a manner analogous to that of the Duke of Orleans under the Restoration, is possible, as it is certain that it was perfectly organised on the 24th of February to combat whatever opposition might present itself."

* La Société et les Gouvernements de l'Europe depuis la Chûte de Louis-Philippe jusqu'à la Présidence de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte. Par M. Capefigue. Tomes troisième et quatrième.

The passionate and rash men—observes M. Capefigue, in the continuation of his subject—who assumed the direction of the provisional government on the 24th of February, had tacitly held out the renunciation, at least for the time being, of those personal divisions which could only have the effect of crumbling in pieces the frail edifice of their power. But the necessary condition, the punishment of all factions, is to be vassals instead of subjects; and hence there were in this very government, from the beginning, feelings of opposition and diversities of interests, which soon manifested themselves, even against the will of the parties themselves. At the very time they were holding forth the hand to one another, they were entering into conspiracies almost against their own inclinations; their masters were their brothers in opinion, their club friends, who were incessantly reproaching them with weakness, and political concessions.

Without being in any way attached to one another, the two chiefs of the Mountain and of Socialism, Messrs. Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, felt that one could not exclude the other in any combination of a *Comité de Salut Public* which might be made to take the place of the incompetent Provisional Government. M. Arago was retained because he was easily led away by every new influence, M. Cremieux because his opinions were so readily controlled, and M. Lamartine because he had a name that captivated, and a rare power of eloquence. The party which was more especially the object of hostility were Messrs. Marrast, Garnier Pagès, and Marie, who had declared themselves definitely in favour of moderation. The clubs resolved to rid the government of those more meritorious members by a new insurrection. M. Marrast, absorbed in the affairs of the mayoralty, had shut himself up as if in a fortress. That which the empire of Napoleon never dared to do in the height of its despotism, Marrast effected under the dictatorship of a provisional government. He disposed at his pleasure of the immense revenue of the capital without the interference of general or municipal councils. It might appear strange that men who had risen to power upon the pretence of benefiting all classes should be so greedy of power and so arbitrary in wielding it; but it has seldom been found that, when the middle classes are raised to the highest positions of the state, they are more liberal than their aristocratic predecessors. On the contrary, the lower the position whence insurrection and tumults raise up men to responsible situations the greater the abuse of power, when once obtained.

The court had left behind it handsome equipages, stately palaces, charming manors. Whilst the Provisional Government ostentatiously announced that furniture, carriages, horses, houses and mansions of princes were to be sold for the benefit of the civil list, the tribunes of the people were conveyed to the Hôtel-de-Ville in the royal carriages; the woods of Chantilly resounded with the shouts of noisy republican huntsmen; the tables of the princely mansions groaned under the weight of republican festivities. It was amusing to the believer in the new and ever-prospective civilisation to see the ferocious tribune so readily adopting the luxuries and the manners of the aristocracy.

The power of such men as Blanqui, Barbès, and Hubert, sprang from the license of clubs. Government could not oppose this destructive principle. They had themselves risen to power in a struggle to obtain the right of meeting, they could not give up the fruits of the people's victory at once. The word democracy no longer sufficed or kept pace

with the progress of the clubs. A social republic was soon wanted. This socialism consisted in pronouncing the actual state of society to be detestable. The only obstacle which presented itself to this new order of ideas was in the National Guard, who represented the more peaceable and sober interests. To destroy this influence it was proposed to resolve all citizens, of whatsoever class, into the said militia, and to fuse the existing regiments into the heterogeneous mass that would be thus created. It is to the resistance to this proposed measure of organisation, which already in these pages we have in following various authorities traced to so many sources, that M. Capefigue attributes the origin of the demonstration which was mystified under the name of *émeute de bonnets à poil*. As lookers-on and honest chroniclers, we must say that M. Capefigue's explanation appears to be the most satisfactory yet given. The Provisional Government, which was ready to receive all tumultuous assemblages of whatsoever character, so long as they were composed of the lowest classes, which was ready to concede every thing to the clubs or the mob, refused to hear the small remnant of the supporters of order and the "*Compagnies d'élite*," as the old National Guard was called, was even threatened with extermination for its want of docility to the existing democratic powers. The result was produced, as M. Capefigue truly points out, by the fusion of two parties, of Messrs. Lamartine, Arago, and Ledru Rollin, who aspired to the power of controlling all re-action, and to Messrs. Sobrier, Causidière, Blanqui, &c., who aspired to a committee of public safety, and which united in this point each in the hopes of serving its own ends.

The Red Republicans, emboldened by this concession, resolved to determine by a great public demonstration, not only the fate of the National Guards, but also that of the National Assembly. No opposition was offered, as in the case of their predecessors. The solemnity of the 17th of March served both parties alike; it strengthened the hands of the Red Republicans, at the same time that, had the elections not been postponed, the original National Guard swamped, and the regular soldiery dismissed from the capital, neither the existing Provisional Government, or the Republic itself, as the word was understood by the clubs, could have had any chance of success.

"Never had Paris," says M. Capefigue, "been so gloomy or so morose, as since the fatal 24th of February. Shrove Tuesday fell early in March; it can be easily understood that at a period of such great disasters the hearts of the population had no sympathy with festivities, even at mid-lent, at the end of the month; there were no masks, no amusements, and every one knows that nothing can be more demonstrative at Paris than such disregard of pleasure, and such an abdication of the French character. After the events of July, 1830, Paris recovered its gaiety, joyous feeling, and its love of distraction: during the difficulties of the monarchy, masks still filled the streets. Since the Republic a serious and sorrowful feeling pervaded every quarter; empty theatres appealed in vain to the curiosity of spectators by pieces adapted to the times, or bitter criticisms upon the fallen powers; patriotic airs were sung to empty boxes; public walks before crowded with splendid equipages, with beautiful and well-dressed ladies, were now paraded by long lines of men in blouses; tradesmen opened and shut their shops without disposing of an article worth five francs; manners and habits were absolutely changed; the honest citizen on quitting his house found the walls covered with

placards announcing all kinds of projects, threats against the rich, and flatteries for the people, so great, so generous, as to allow the *bourgeoisie* even to live. Here, noisy drums called together the National Guard; there the myriad shouts of newsmen. The Boulevard was transformed into a fair crowded with political mountebanks. Rich strangers fled from Paris, which had no longer its cloth of gold, or its gems of fantastic yet ravishing civilisation."

Who would have dared to speak of art or intelligence in this once great city? Government, which pretended to emancipate thought, was not step by step, but with one fell swoop, brutalising everything. To the elegant manners and refined amusements of the people had succeeded the erection of trees of liberty, poplars stolen from suburban gardens; and to domestic quiet, the necessity of lighting up to the cry of "Des lampions ! des lampions !" Every day the streets were obstructed by processions. One day it was Italians, the next Germans, the next Poles, asking to be permitted to fraternise; the fourth it was a club declaiming against the egotism of the rich, and the fifth the workmen denouncing the industrious stranger. M. Louis Blanc walked forth from his "bed of flowers," the boudoir of the Duchess Decazes, to felicitate his brother-workmen, and to proclaim to them the coming era of equality of salaries and work concentrated in the hands of the state. "I am not aware," says M. Capefigue, "that there exists in history the record of so complete a disorganisation of labour as ensued. There was not a business that did not suffer from the desertion of its workmen, not a workshop or a branch of industry that was not abandoned." The consequence of this mistaken policy was that very soon it was not organisation that was wanting labour, but labour that was wanted to be organised. The national workshops, a conception of M. Marie, became the receptacles of idleness and disorder—a great salaried centre of disorganisation. At every extremity of the city, on the Champ de Mars, at the gates of the town, were seen assemblages of workmen, who spent their time in idleness, and under the banner of liberty declaimed against the rich. No well-dressed man could pass these groups without being insulted. Such was the position of Paris in April, 1849. Revolutionary without grandeur, turbulent without gaiety, Paris had not considered that all the losses entailed by a revolution would fall upon the capital—the centre of aristocratic luxuries. They had not taken into consideration, that when there was no longer a king, or any privileged orders, that everything that tended to make Paris the chief city of France would also disappear.

The temporary rulers assumed the proud name of government, which it was neither by power nor by direction, for its members obeyed every breath of popular opinion, and acted according to the commands of the clubs and the national workshops. M. Ledru sent forth his celebrated bulletin, which, M. Capefigue observes, declared in the most explicit manner that if the elections did not turn in favour of the Republic and of its old friends, there would be civil war, and the sovereign people of Paris would make an end of the National Assembly. From that time forwards the whole of the middle classes, backed by the National Guard, endeavoured to obtain the dismissal of M. Ledru Rollin from the Provisional Government. M. de Lamartine having sided on this occasion with a colleague of such extreme opinions, also began to lose favour in the minds of all well-thinking persons in the community.

The party in favour of order so far triumphed, however, as to have obtained before the end of March the dismissal of Sobrier, and the nominal submission of Caussidière. The former was, however, indemnified by Lamartine, who created a situation for him, and Sobrier retired with "a journal, a guard of honour, a small palace, and the Duchess of Orleans' equipages at his disposal." Some of the Capefigue revelations, it will be observed, are as novel as they are amusingly illustrative of the manners of these "men of the people." Such examples ought not to be lost upon those who would seek in the past, or that which is passing around them, for antecedents as to what may be expected from insurrectionary governments. There were public tables in every direction; at the Tuileries for the wounded of July; at the Hôtel-de-Ville for the combatants; at the Elysée Bourbon for those for whom there was not room elsewhere. Upon the peristyle of every public building the same inscription was to be seen: *Propriété nationale, ambulance, respect aux blessés*. The boasted probity and austerity of republican manners were nowhere to be found. More than a million of francs had been voted for the wounded of February, of which sum but a small portion ever reached those for whom it had been voted. Every day the expenses of government kept on increasing, and the great crowd of functionaries soon learnt to superadd to a profound incapacity all the enervation of luxurious indulgence. The last irruption of barbarians slaked its thirst, like the Gauls of Brennus, with golden grapes, the juice was so savoury!

It is needless to follow M. Capefigue through his descriptions of the struggles that took place previous to the elections between the Red Republicans and the party of order. Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and Albert, he says, denied participation in these insurrectionary movements, and Lamartine declared that he was a perfect stranger to them; but these denegations were made after the triumph of the National Guard and the party of order.

There is a natural instinct which intimates to nations by what causes and by what powers they will be preserved. France felt that its safety lay in the National Assembly. An attempt to regulate the dress of the members "*à la Robespierre*," failed through ridicule. The deputies had arrived from all parts of the country; society was threatened too closely to demur as to forms; the Republic was received as an acknowledged state of things, and the members of the Assembly went through the outward show of fraternising with the people. This was the manifestation of the 4th of May. The extreme party was not, however, quite satisfied with appearances, and Caussidière, Flocon, Thouret, and others, hastened to hide their white waistcoats, *à la Robespierre*, under their capacious blue coats. To the exposition of the acts and services of the different members of the administration, and to the criticisms of M. Capefigue thereon, we need not now recur. Lamartine is more particularly attacked for his system of pretended peaceful propagandism, upon the principle of there being two kinds of revolutions; one territorial, which leads to wars; the other of ideas, which demands peace. Such a system is denounced as at once Jesuitical, cowardly, and dangerous to society throughout Europe. It was the propagandism of principles which the government had not courage to defend by the sword. There only remains, says our author, an infernal smile for the ruin that has been effected, and which Europe will remember in order to revenge. Some

day or other France will discover that regular governments are not upset by a few pompous phrases.

The powers of the Provisional Government having ceased with the election of the Chambers, the first important measure was to nominate an efficient Executive. Had it not been for Lamartine's weakness in associating himself with the members of the extreme party, he would have obtained the suffrages of the members generally. But by insisting upon Ledru Rollin being returned to the Executive with himself, the poet-orator ensured loss of all estimation and his proximate downfall. This was felt at the time; it is now an historical fact. Still for the time being the Executive remained but as a new edition of the Provisional Government.

In the mean time, M. Marrast had set himself up at the Hôtel-de-Ville as a kind of King of Paris, with his guard and his police; and he had entered into open hostilities with Caussidière, whose head-quarters were still at the Prefecture. The National Guard was with the mayor, but it was no longer the same National Guard. It had, under the destructive hands of the Provisional Government, become an armed populace, badly officered; and the minority of representatives of order had been effectually swamped by an influx of disorderly fellows.

General Courtais, at that moment in command, had opposed the demonstration of the 16th of March, and had sided with the mob. He had shown similar tendencies on the 17th of April; yet these two demonstrations can only be looked upon as the forerunners of the more audacious attempt of the 15th of May. On the preceding occasions the Red Republicans had wished to do away with the Provisional Government, as on the 15th of May they wished to do away with the National Assembly. The object of the Red Republicans was to establish a strong energetic dictatorship, which should proceed resolutely against the rich and the middle classes. There might be difference in the details, but all the clubs united in attaining that one great object. The Executive were quite aware of this; and M. Capefigue's opinion is, that if Caussidière, who knew everything that Blanqui, Raspail, and Louis Blanc were doing, did not act, it was because he wished to give a lesson to the Assembly. In certain respects there was a moral complicity between the Executive General Courtais and the Prefect Caussidière and a fraction of the Assembly itself, with the insurrectionists without.

After the 2nd and 10th Legions, assisted by the Garde Mobile, had retaken possession of the Chambers, Capefigue remarks that the representatives re-assembled and began to deliberate with great energy. There is nothing so impatient or so bold as timid men when once danger is past. It was resolved to prosecute the violators of the Chambers, even to the members concerned. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin withdrew from this discussion, under pretence of dissolving the new government at that moment being formed in imitation of their own at the Hôtel-de-Ville. Garnier Pagès attempted in their absence to defend the members of the Executive, and make it appear that they had taken what had been considered efficient measures to repel outrage, and secure the dignity of the Assembly; but the majority remained satisfied of the contrary. It was not a little amusing, adds M. Capefigue, to see how M. Ledru Rollin, "*le gros commis*," as he was familiarly designated by his followers, ignored his friend Albert, when the latter was criminated by the charges brought against him by the solicitor-general.

The result of the attempt made upon the authority of the National Assembly on the 15th of March, served, however, to consolidate that authority, and to establish it as a form of government and a real power. The struggle that was inevitable between the masses, that had been taught to consider themselves as the "sovereign people," and authority of every kind, had taken place, and had ended in the discomfiture of the former. The event also established that bad passions were confined to the mob, and did not engross the more stable portions of society. It only remained to know in what hands would the victory gained by the *bourgeoisie* be deposited. Every one felt that government had been a moral accomplice in the events that disgraced that day. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin had made a display of love of order at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and had returned thence, to receive the faint applause of the house. When society had saved itself, they came to its help, and then claimed the victory! The instinct of the Executive told them that they had committed an error, but they also felt that it would be bad policy to make scapegoats of members of their own body. The whole provisional government was implicated in the accusation of General Courtais, of Albert, and of Louis Blanc. They felt that the party of order were in the majority. They had tolerably nice situations—ten thousand francs a month, lodgings in the Luxembourg or other palaces; and they wished to remain in such comfortable quarters—at all events, till the constitution had been completed, which would give six months of political power, when Lamartine should be elected president, for they never anticipated otherwise. To effect this, it was necessary to be indulgent—to make concessions, and to gain over the assembly to a moderate view of past transgressions.

One of the first concessions accordingly made to the party of order was bringing back the regular troops to Paris; the second was the interdiction of certain clubs—the last being a point upon which Lamartine and Ledru Rollin differed from their colleagues. The third concession was the doing away with the national workshops—an act of resolution to which none of the members of the Executive could find it in their hearts to lend themselves. The morning of the 16th opened with cuirassiers in the Place Louis XV., and the artillery and infantry of the line occupied gardens and quays. This was the first time since the 24th of February. The Assembly met with the feelings of pride so commonly indulged in after a victory. All were radiant with joy, except M. Buchez, who got a severe lesson for abandoning his chair, as president of the Assembly, the day before. M. Garnier Pagès spoke for the Executive, and said that Sobrier, Blanqui, Barbès, Albert, the two Raspails, and the commandant Saisset, had been arrested; "armed" clubs had been interdicted, and the army recalled. M. Bonjean asked for the dismissal of M. Caussidière. The Executive were not prepared to give up a colleague whom they, perhaps, dreaded more than they really liked. Caussidière defended himself with success. He asserted that the outrage of the 15th of May would not have taken place had he not been prevented seizing Blanqui. He wished to have prevented that partisan taking a step that would be injurious to the democratic party; to which he felt it an honour to belong. He could not, at all events, be accused of want of candour.

Clement Thomas, a republican journalist, and once a non-commissioned officer in the line, was appointed to the command of the National Guard.

The militia did not stop at the point which the Executive had marked out for it. It insisted upon the dissolution of the armed bodies called *Montagnards* and *Lyonnais*, the Cossacks of the Republic, whose neckcloths and red sashes had become as formidable as were once the iron helmets of Cromwell's militia. It was resolved, also, that some steps should be taken to moderate the prodigious evil of the national workshops. The Executive, on the contrary, still held by the press, the clubs, and the workshops. As gradually the reaction that followed upon the outrage of the 15th of May wore itself away, journalism recovered its audacity and its corrosive influence. From the 25th of May to the 15th of June, nothing could equal its licentiousness. One persecuted the *bourgeoisie* to the sound of the *carmagnole*; others, under the names of *Sans-Culotte*, *Robespierre*, and *Bonnet-Rouge*, taught the lower classes to detest those who were better off than themselves, and who were often pointed out in red letters for robbery and spoliation. *Père Duchêne* openly advocated an appeal to arms. The Executive took no repressive measures, but winked at such atrocities. So, also, in regard to the national workshops. Instead of attacking the system, they began at the head, and the removal of M. Emile Thomas, after the fashion of the imperial police, was a signal failure.

The progress of the constitution was at the same time obstructed by vain and empty discussions concerning the rights of man, when all that was wanted was a practical and authoritative government. The new minister of finance, M. Duclerc, was rapidly bringing about a state of things not very far removed from communism. The seizure of railways, the monopoly of assurances, a progressive taxation were preliminary acts which threatened a general spoliation of property. M. Trelat, minister of public labour, except the foolish banishment of M. Emile Thomas, and a few proclamations, had done nothing towards effacing the great evil of national idleness. Cavaignac, now minister of war, notwithstanding every effort on his part, could obtain permission to locate only a very inefficient military force in the capital. The power and activity of the opposition never slackened. The same subjects, the salary of workmen, organisation of labour, the egotism of the *bourgeoise* class, and especially what was designated *l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme*, were discussed under a thousand new forms, but as pertinaciously as ever; and that the fervour of new ideas might not wane, banquets at 25 centimes (2½d.) were got up in the open air, to which it was hoped that 100,000 people would repair.

The instinct of civil war was abroad, and under such an intolerable burthen Paris remained as if weighed down and oppressed almost to death. The name of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte came at this crisis to revive the dying spirits of the once lively Parisians, and "society," says M. Capefigue, "felt the presentiment of the destinies which still attached themselves to that name." A Napoleon party sprung up at once, and our author attributes it to the great memories associated with the name on the one hand, and to the promises held out by the same name of a vigorous and energetic government on the other. We may be fairly allowed to doubt if the latter hope had anything to do with the springing up of a Napoleon party. With the Parisians the name is associated with the idea of the *grandeur*, the victories, and the conquests that followed in the train of the imperial eagle, and they care for little else. M. Capefigue will have us believe, that from the moment the name of Louis Napoleon was brought forward, the only two forces of the French revolution that remained to

carry on the struggle were the Napoleonists and Red Republicans, or what he calls "*l'idée Napoléonienne et le désordre démocratique*;" and certainly events, as far as they have hitherto gone, bear him out to a certain extent. "Hence," continues our author, "that aureola which surrounded a prince of a naturally grave character, serious in his deportment, and so resolute in his love of order, *that he had recently given in England the first example of respect to the law!* This is the first time that we have met this statement in print, and scarcely expected that it would occur in a work of a sober, historical character. We had, however, heard of its common acceptance among the Parisian *badeaux*, who have somehow or other been led to believe that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was the first to seize the staff on a late celebrated occasion, and placing himself at the head of the great body of special constables to effectually rout the Chartist army!"

Capefigue attributes, however, the immense number of votes which Louis Napoleon received, in his election to the Chambers, more to the tactics of Red Republicanism than to his own popularity. The enemies of order saw nothing in the name but a new element of discord and disorder. "But the real and great duel," he adds, "could only be between a strong and honest government, around which all sober-minded persons would rally, and the republic of threats and disturbances, which was, in so brief a space of time, going to hoist its red flag upon the barricades."

A chapter devoted by Capefigue at this portion of his work to the consideration of foreign politics, is clever, comprehensive, and critical. We do not agree with him that the success of the insurgent workmen in Paris would have been fatal to England; but that is a small point compared with the great mass of critical objections to the situation in which the Provisional Government had placed France, in regard to the propagandism of insurrectionary, or what he calls "constitutional principles," throughout Europe, with which we go hand-in-hand with the author. The position of the Emperor Nicolas, his resolute upholding of the principle that representative institutions are of but little value, and that Europe would be forced to that military repression which could alone save it from the crisis, is well defined. It was from this military repression, as put in force in Italy, that the French Republic received its first great check, one from which it has not yet recovered. Capefigue, we fear, gives Lord Palmerston far too much credit for loyalty, when he supposes that all the time that he pretended to be on terms of intimacy with France he was flirting with Prince Metternich. That the foreign secretary had taken the turbulent democracy of France under its wing, in order to amuse the terrible child; but that the feelings and interests of England were always with Austria. So they were; but not in Lord Palmerston's political sympathies. It is curious how little the French generally know of this country, or of its shades of political character and opinion.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

The Minors, Petit Lazary—Funambules, Paul and Deburau—Délassements, Mademoiselle Alphonsine—Les Pilules du Diable—Mademoiselle Duplessy's Benefit—"La Vie de Bohème," Mademoiselle Thuillier—"Les Mairaines de l'An Trois," Mademoiselle Scriwaneck, Levassor—Death of Mademoiselle Maria Volet—Vaudeville Gossip, "Daphnis et Chloé"—"La Fin d'une République"—Odeon, "François le Champi"—Mademoiselle Bertin's *soirée*.

I HAD been dining at Deffieux's (his white Curaçoa, by the way, *crede experto*, is first-rate) the other evening, as a preparatory step towards a cruise among the minor boulevard theatres, and had just lit my cigar previous to a post-prandian and digestive stroll, during which I intended making up my mind which temple of the drama I should patronise first, when a blue-frocked little amateur, a bunch of whom are always hanging about the various *restaurants* of the *quartier*, accosted me with the usual demand: "Trois p'tits sous, mon bon monsieur, trois p'tits sous, pour aller au p'tit Laz!" adding, in a persuasive tone, and with glistening eyes, "ça vous portera bonheur—et à moi aussi!"

The last words were irresistible, and in another moment the much-coveted copper trinity and their enraptured possessor were on their way to the *bureau* of the theatre in question, whose *affiche* pompously announced the first representation of a grand three-act drama, entitled "Les Conseils de Dieu."

I had never—with shame I confess it, never—been inside of the Petit Lazary, and as I mechanically followed my little *protégé*, and saw him triumphantly exchange his three *sous* for a square pasteboard ticket, and disappear through the entrance-door, I felt a strange hankering to pass the Rubicon myself. "*Pourquoi pas?*" thought I, and in I went.

Seventy-five *centimes* soon procured me an excellent place in an *avant-scène*, and I arrived just in time for the beginning of the second act. Two personages were on the stage; the *grand premier rôle* and the *jeune première*. Nature had endowed the former with a singularly husky voice and a pair of tottering legs, and the growling of the one alternated agreeably with the shaking of the other's. His memory appeared treacherous, judging from the frequent pauses he made in his *tirades*, and the impatient scowls he ever and anon cast at the unlucky prompter, who was always behind time. Moreover, he indulged so incessantly in the prevailing American weakness, that if the *prima donna* had had to pick her way along the Rue Tiquetonne or the Faubourg St. Denis after twenty-four hours' hard rain, she could hardly have stepped more gingerly.

The lady herself was mainly remarkable on account of the coquetry she evinced in the display of a pair of fancy slippers with smart red bows, highly becoming, no doubt, but slightly verging on the inappropriate, inasmuch as, according to her own confession, she had just arrived in her native village, weary and footsore, and in the last stage of exhaustion, after a most unconscionable walk of some forty or fifty miles. Why she returned, or whence she came, was not very clearly explained by the author, but she was evidently much the worse for her journey,

morally as well as physically ; and so the audience seemed to think, for they hissed her most unmercifully.

The *dénouement* of the piece was brought about much in the same manner as that of "Victorine ;" the heroine, after drowning herself in the second act, awaking in the third to find that she had been dreaming on a bench during the last twelvemonths of her (dramatic) existence, and in her dream had been enlightened as to her choice of a husband by "Les Conseils de Dieu." But the concluding portion of the second act, with the accompanying comments of pit (almost exclusively occupied by soldiers of the line) and gallery, merits a brief description : the unfortunate wanderer, exposed to the reproaches of a jilted village sweetheart, and to the taunts of his newly-married better half, is evidently getting the steam up to do something desperate, and already casts ominous looks off the stage towards the river, which is flowing by quite convenient. I should add that the heroine is named *Marie*, the discarded lover *Henri*, and his wife *Madeleine*.

Marie.—"Henri, je ne vous ai point trahi !"

Henri.—"Mais si !" (*expectorates*.)

Marie.—"Mais non !"

A titi in the gallery.—"Je donnerai ma place pour deux sous."

Madeleine (*very sarcastically*).—"Pourquoi, madame, a-t-elle quitté son beau château et ses beaux amis ? Que cherche, madame, ici."

Marie.—"LA MORT !"

Henri.—"O—h !" (*expectorates*.)

Pit.—"Sss—sss—sss. *As-sez !*"

Marie.—"Oui, la mort ! Adieu !" (*rushes out*.)

Titi in the gallery.—"Elle va se ficher dans l'eau."

Weeping female in the second balcon.—"C'te pauvre femme" (*sobs*).

Confused voices.—"La toile !" "A la porte les siffleurs !"

Madeleine (*to Henri*).—"Suivez-la !"

Henri.—"La suivrrrrr !" *(sings)*

Compassionate soldier in the pit.—"Et al-lez donc !"

Madeleine.—"Il est trop tard ; la voici."

Compassionate soldier.—"Je l'savais ben !"

Titi in the gallery (*sings*).—"En avant marchons, ti de di, ti de da !"

[*Enter villagers, carrying MARIE, insensible ; they lay her on a bench.*]

Madeleine.—"Evanouie !"

Villager.—"Morte !"

Henri.—"Morte ! Je ne la surrrrrvivrai pas !"

(*Expectorates largely, and exit.*)

Titi in the gallery.—"Bon voyage !"

[*Pistol-shot in the coulisse, and curtain falls to slow music.*]

Audience in general.—"Brava !" "Sss—sss—sss !"

Woman with basket.—"Sucre d'oye, sucre de pomme, des o-ranges !"

At the close of the third act the calls for the author were very numerous ; and *Henri*, after the three *saluts d'usage*, enlightened us as follows, slightly forgetting, it is true, his grammar in his emotion :

"Messieurs, la pièce que nous avons eu l'honneur de vous présenter devant vous est de Monsieur Alexis—Henri—Auger."

In two minutes more the theatre was almost empty ; one of my neighbours, evidently an *habitué*, communicating to the *ouvreuse* as he went out, in a most patronising manner, *his* idea of the piece.

"C'est pas fort, Madame Godichard, mais c'est *très* gentil, *très* gentil."

From the Petit Lazary to the Funambules is but a step, and for thirty *sous* I obtained a seat in a stage-box, immediately behind a merry *grisette* perpetually munching apples. I was in time for the concluding scenes of a smart vaudeville called "*Les Méprises*," very cleverly played—considering—by Ferdinand and a laughing little body named Joséphine. Then came, according to the *Entr'acte*, "*les clowns Américains*;" and a queer set of indescribables they were. Marvellously agile, too, were their feats, and fearful to look at their summersets; especially those of a square-built female, who, after "*faisant la roue*" (as it is called here), or, in other words, twirling herself round on her hands and feet with extreme rapidity for several minutes, finally mounted, first, on a table, and from thence successively to the top of six chairs piled upon each other, until her head was all but hidden by the "*flies*." When there, she threw her arms and body vigorously backward, and after turning entirely round in the air, lighted safely on her feet—and on a cushion prepared to receive her. I own this neck-risking exhibition rather startled, not to say horrified me, but every one else appeared in ecstasies at it; my little neighbour in particular was so elated, that she tossed one of her apples (a favourite custom at the Funambules) to "*la cloune*," who first pressed it to her heart, and then pocketed it.*

What attracted people, however, to M. Billon's theatre that evening was neither "*Les Méprises*" nor the American clowns, but the pantomime of "*Les Deux Pierrots*," in which both Paul Legrand (of Adelphi memory) and young Deburau played. Of these, the latter decidedly counts the most partisans among the *habitués*—a distinction he owes partly to his name, partly to his ability. Genius, whether literary or dramatic, is seldom hereditary; nor can I venture to anticipate that the inimitable Pierrot, whose career has furnished Jules Janin with the materials for one of his most charming books, will ever be adequately replaced by his son.

And yet young Deburau has, in an eminent degree, the *physique de Pemploi*. His eye is bright and penetrating, and the shape and expression of his face are admirably suggestive of the cunning rogueries in which the tormentor of poor *Cassandre* especially delights. Finesse is the feature of his acting; broad humour, on the contrary, is clearly legible in every muscle of his rival's countenance. Deburau is slim and angular, Paul stout and burly. The best scene of the piece represented the two Pierrots shaving at opposite sides of a glass door, temporarily converted into a mirror; every movement of Pierrot No. 1 being faithfully imitated by No. 2, so that each imagined the other to be his own shadow.

* Talking of wonderful feats, I was told the other day of one performed some five-and-twenty years ago by Mazurier, in a ballet at the Porte St. Martin, which surpasses anything I ever heard of. My informant thus described the scene. A peasant girl was seated at one extremity of the stage, and on their knees before her were six youths, each pleading his suit; but between the foremost and the damsel an open space was left. Mazurier then appeared at the opposite *coulisse*, and with one spring not only cleared the intervening distance between himself and the six lovers, and also the six lovers themselves, but alighted on *his knees* exactly upon the vacant spot before his sweetheart's chair; and that as gracefully and with as little semblance of effort as if each of his joints had been a compound of India-rubber and cotton-wool. I think the ballet in question was called "*Les Meuniers*," but cannot be positive.

Laplace makes a capital *Cassandre*, and Mademoiselle Isménie a very lively *Columbine*: as for the *Isabelle*, a demure-looking young lady, with short black curls and long black mittens, I cannot do better than follow my talkative little neighbour, who, while nibbling the seventh and last apple of her stock, pronounced *Léandre's inamorata* to be "pas mal, seulement un peu chipie."

Mademoiselle Léontine has so long monopolised the title of the Boulevard Déjazet, that any attempt to supplant her in the favour of the *titis* must, indeed, be a hazardous one. An opposition candidate, however, has lately started up at the Délassements Comiques, in the person of Mademoiselle Alphonsine; and the funniest part of the business is, that the rival *frétillons* bear a strong resemblance to each other. Both are short and squat—both have fat, unmeaning, good-humoured faces and shrill voices—both sing "drinn drinn," and dance the *cancan* with that peculiar *chic* which only the initiated can appreciate—both, in a word, are striving their hardest for supremacy. The Folies swear by Léontine, the Délassements by Alphonsine; the sayings of the former are circulated in every *foyer* of the Boulevard, the biography of the latter adorns every bookstall. The race is a neck-and-neck one: who'll name the winner?

A week ago the Cirque advertised the 400th performance of "Les Pilules du Diable." *Parlez-moi de ça!* "Robert le Diable" is distanced by his namesake's medicaments; nor, gilded as they are by the united seductions of music, dancing, and brilliant costumes, are the pills likely to lack swallows for some time to come. Auriol and his son have temporarily pitched their tent in this theatre, and have already given satisfactory proof that, in spite of London fogs and London porter, they are as inimitably elastic as ever.

And now, before we retrace our steps to a more aristocratic quarter of the town, step in with me, gentle reader, if it be only for an instant, to the Folies Dramatiques, where an especial favourite of mine, and very *gentille* actress, Mademoiselle Duplessy, holds forth a tempting bill of fare for her benefit. There's a house for you, packed to the roof, and with a most motley and party-coloured audience; the Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Honoré in the *avant-scènes*, the Marais in the *balcon*, and the Rue St. Antoine in the gallery. White, red, and blue; every shade of politics has here its representative; but the ground is neutral, and white gloves and the popular chorus of

Nos frères, nos frères,
Et les tyrans nos ennemis,

are alike tolerated.

The first piece began at five; the last will probably end at two in the morning, and during that interval almost every theatre in Paris will furnish its quota of attraction in behalf of the pretty *beneficiare*. Félix, Tisserant, Levassor, and Grassot, will successively do the honours of the Vaudeville, Gymnase, and Palais Royal; Déjazet will warble her exquisite *Lisette*, and Darcier, the wild and extraordinary singer, will . . . But no; what is this the *régisseur* has just stepped forward to tell us in his most solemn tone?

Monsieur Darcier a manqué de parole.

What! disappoint a lady, not to mention the public, and at the eleventh hour, too! Oh! Monsieur Darcier, *c'est bien mal*. But the *régisseur* goes on to ask, will we accept, in lieu of the promised *romance*, "La Scène de Godet?" Of course we will, and right gladly, without the least idea what it is. But the pit and gallery know perfectly well; and when *Godet* at last appears, they vociferate—"Bravo, Brasseur!" from whence we reasonably infer that such is the name of the volunteer, who forthwith proceeds to imitate divers actors with more or less fidelity; Albert of the Gaité being, perhaps, his most successful essay.

The next rising of the curtain introduces Mademoiselle Duplessy herself in a very clever and witty little *proverbe*, "Une Mauvaise Nuit est bientôt passée." The author of which, M. Honoré, has evidently drawn much of his inspiration from Alfred de Musset. "Une Mauvaise Nuit," indeed, is so well written and so well played, that one would like to transplant piece and performers to the Théâtre Français, or at the very least to the Gymnase. But would the worthy manager of the Folies, M. Mourier, be as inclined to consent to this arrangement as M. Arsène Houssaye or M. Montigny? *Ah bien oui! plus souvent!*

We have lingered so long in the east that our western claims can only be partially attended to this month. First comers, however, are first served, so let us stop at the Variétés as we go down, and warm our hands a little by applauding "La Vie de Bohème" and Mademoiselle de Thuillier. The best proof that the piece is a good one exists in the eagerness with which all Paris flocks to see it, and an equally unanimous verdict in favour of the actress may be drawn from the damp eyes of her female, aye, and male auditors, at the close of the fifth act.

But for your own sake, Mademoiselle Thuillier, do not allow yourself to be led away by flattery; do not let people persuade you that the pedestal on which they have placed you has any other more lasting base than the instability of popular caprice; above all, turn a deaf ear to all who would raise you to a level with Rose Chéri. You have talent, *real* talent; but you want Parisian experience; you have occasionally a tendency to exaggerate and over-act, of which you will soon get rid, provided you try to do so. Your intonations are provincial, your gestures are provincial, your very walk is provincial; but none of these defects are serious, they are, on the contrary, unavoidable. When Potier first came to Paris his progress to celebrity was sure indeed, but *very slow*; incessant study alone obtained for him the rank to which he aspired, but which once gained, he *kept*. Your lot, Mademoiselle Thuillier, has hitherto been a different one; you have won your spurs without a battle, the post of honour in your theatre has been tacitly, and I will add justly, accorded you, and the tide of popularity runs at present so high in your favour that all you have to do is to keep your head above water. *Sans cela*

The annual *revue* of the Palais Royal, "Les Mairaines de l'An Trois," though scarcely equal, either in wit or in drollery, to its predecessors, is sufficiently amusing. Sainville capering about in a "baby jumper," Grassot dancing "Chicard" to the Emperor Faustin (*faux teint*) *premier*, and Hyacinthe as the giant of the Café Mulhouse, are capital stimulants for the digestive organs; and now that a man, according to the *Times*, may breakfast comfortably in London, dine in the bay-window of the

Café de Paris, and finish his evening at the theatre, he can hardly refrain—*une nuit ou l'autre*, as Paul Laba says in the “*Vie de Bohème*”—from offering his mite of applause and admiration to Mademoiselle Scriwaneck, in her double character of the Carnival and “*La Fée aux Roses*.”

If the inimitable were susceptible of imitation Madame Ugalde might safely accuse her versatile little *cumrade* of sorcery, for Mr. Beard or M. Claudet could hardly have given us a more exact reproduction of the real *Nerilha*. All *their* skill, moreover, could only have achieved a physical resemblance; whereas Mademoiselle Scriwaneck reminds not only the eye but the ear of the charming original. By slow but steady degrees this clever actress has become confessedly the queen of the Palais Royal; and had Béranger written in our own day, his application to her of the following lines—

Garde longtemps ta couronne,
Pour le bonheur de tes sujets,

would have been echoed by “*tout Paris*,” *réclames* say.

But, after all, the mainstay of the new *revue** is that Proteus Levassor: his abridged version of “*Le Comte Hermann*” is the drollest bit of burlesque imaginable, and one has barely time to get one’s breath back again—no easy task after laughing without intermission for a quarter of an hour—before he begins anew to copy Petiassa in “*La Filleule des Fées*” with such ludicrous fidelity, that if one did not occasionally look at his pretty partner, Lucile Durand, and thus temporarily escape the influence of his extraordinary pantomime, I doubt if mortal lungs could stand the pressure. Levassor is on the point of adding to his vocal *répertoire* a political squib, called “*L’Histoire de Deux Ans*,” and forming a *pot pourri* of forty or fifty *couplets*, very pointed and *rather* personal. Messrs. Lamartine, Thiers, and Berger, come in for their share—the lion’s share—of satire, and the concluding lines of one stanza, the only ones I remember, are

Depuis qu’on a vu des Louis Blancs,
On ne voit plus de Louis jaunes.

Pas mal, eh?

Poor Maria Volet, once—and that not long ago—the prettiest actress of the Variétés, and since then the wife of the Préfet of Troyes, died the other day at the early age of twenty-four, after a most painful illness. Her dramatic career was short but brilliant; she was one of the first to introduce the polka on the stage, and will long be remembered not only as a most graceful dancer, but also as a very pleasing and fascinating actress. In either capacity, her place at the Variétés is still vacant, and likely to remain so.

We now come to the Vaudeville, and there the budget of new pieces and new events is full to overflowing; so much so, that, by simply cataloguing all the occurrences that have taken place there during the last month, a penny-a-liner would make his fortune. Restricted, however, is my space, brief must be my narrative.

First and foremost, one of the co-managers of this theatre, the stout and jovial M. Bouffé, has abdicated in favour of one of his own actors, who is himself merely the *prête-nom* of an enterprising amateur capitalist.

Secondly, Arnal has proved his gratitude to Messrs. Duvert and Lau-

* Mademoiselle Pauline’s life-like imitation of Madame Guyon, in “*La Jeunesse Dorée*,” deserves special praise: it took us all by surprise, for no one would have given her credit for it.

zanne, for many past successful creations, by forcing an unlucky piece called "Malbranche" down the throats of us poor *habitués*. Before sitting out this precious production, I had a very confused idea as to the exact meaning of the word nightmare, but I am sorry to say that I am wiser now.

Thirdly, Madame Octave has come back again, and high time too! People were beginning to ask themselves if beauty and talent had lost their *prestige* in managerial eyes, and if a well-merited and universal popularity was to be for ever sacrificed to private pique. Bygones, however, are bygones; the truant has returned to us, *voilà l'essentiel*, and no one—certainly not the treasurer—has any right to complain. It is true that the *rentrée* might have been effected in a more orthodox piece, "Daphnis et Chloé" being, *per se*, rather too ingenuous a pastoral, and, moreover, losing none of its original *naïveté* at the hands of its interpreters. But notwithstanding the ultra-Arcadian simplicity of certain scenes and allusions—I will not say on that very account—the loves of the shepherd and shepherdess prove highly attractive; and though every lady one meets takes care, and that without being questioned, to disclaim ever having witnessed anything so monstrous, yet I fear many an ivory and tortoiseshell *lorgnette*, if it could speak, would tell a very different tale.*

Fourthly, and lastly, a fresh attack has been made on the existing form of government, under the specious title of "La Fin d'une République, ou Haïti, en 1849." The tone of this smart squib is, of course, exclusively *réac*, and the *couplets* neither lack point nor pepper: the dialogue, too, is broadly comic, and affords ample scope for the drolleries of Ambroise and Delannoy. Pretty Mademoiselle Clary is evidently taking courage, and has no idea of relaxing her efforts until she arrives at the top of the tree. *En avant*, my bonnie lassie, *en avant*!

Diogenes once congratulated himself that he had found a man; my able friend, Bocage, may be equally proud of his discovery, for in "François le Champi" he has found a piece, and a good one. George Sand has, for once—let us hope, for ever—abandoned sickly sentiment for a sound and healthy morality; and the encouragement which this innovation on her part has met with ought to be a lesson to her for the future. I do not envy those who can see this touching and natural picture of rural life without interest and emotion; the everyday habits and customs of the *Berrichon* peasantry are depicted by the authoress with such simplicity and truth, that the very actors have caught the infection. The *ensemble* is perfect, and every separate element in admirable keeping with the rest. Clarence and Deshayes, especially, by their respective creations of *François* and *Jean Bonnin*, have made most formidable strides towards celebrity.

Printers are plaguy people: had I two days more to spare, I might have said my say about a *soirée dansante* to be given next week by Mademoiselle Bertin of the Théâtre Français. But, as Paul Heurion makes Madame Sabatier sing,

Ce n'est pas perdu.

Paris, Dec. 23, 1849.

* Rumour—that uncertain newsmonger—would fain make me believe that Madame Octave's connexion with the Vaudeville has been abruptly—within the last few hours, indeed—brought to a close. Can the management be so unversed in fairy lore as not to know that, in order to perpetuate the supply of golden eggs, the golden goose is indispensable?

THE THEATRES.

SOME years ago—we should say, at a rough guess, about 1832—*Harlequin* and the *Clown* certainly had some tiff with the queen of fairyland; and it is not made up at the present day. She shows her vindictiveness by a most refined species of malice. A more clumsy adversary, with equal power, would have banished them from the stage altogether, but the aforesaid queen keeps them before the public in a condition far from glorious. In a word, she strips the birds of their feathers, and allows them to shiver before assembled multitudes in the chilliest season of the year.

Every one of our readers whose age is above thirty will recollect a time when what is called the “introduction” to a pantomime was no such very great matter. There was a pretty fairy tale, with a good-looking pair of lovers, and a brace of persecutors with large heads and bad hearts; but the intrigue in which they were involved did not last long. They soon tied themselves in a knot, which none but a *Deus ex Machinâ* could loose, and then some interesting little fairy came down in a cloud or up in a bouquet, and turned them into the personages of the harlequinade. At this point, to use the words of an old Coburg play-bill, “the fun began.” It was universally felt that the costumes of harlequin, &c., were the natural equipments of the parties who wore them, and that in throwing off the heavier dresses they had got rid of an inconvenient incumbrance, and were, therefore, quite free for action.

Now the vengeance of the fairy queen, who inspires pantomime-makers with fantasies for their craft, has consisted in expanding the “introduction” to an indefinite extent, and deadening as much as possible the effect of the harlequinade. The modern “introductions” are the best things in the world. Take the burlesque representation of Queen Elizabeth and her court, in the new Drury Lane pantomime of “*Harlequin and Good Queen Bess*,” or the tale of *Merry Christmas* in the Olympic pantomime of “*Laugh and Grow Fat*,” and nothing can be more amusing. But directly the first dresses are cast aside the best of the humour is gone. Had the writer of the Coburg bill to devise a programme for a modern pantomime, he would say, at the point of transformation, “here the fun leaves off.”

To drop the fairy queen, and to come to earthly causes for the change that has taken place in the character of pantomime, we would point to two especial agencies. In the first place, the introduction to the old pantomimes was generally serious, and after a somewhat lugubrious tale, the practical jokes of the clown and pantaloon came in with all the advantage of a contrast. Now, in modern pantomimes the introduction is a highly-elaborated burlesque, constructed with all the humour which the inventor has at command, and fitted up with all the splendour a manager can afford, and hence, if there be any contrast at all, it is to the disadvantage of the harlequinade, which, moreover, has a less favourable position by beginning later in the evening, and meeting a great amount of sleepiness.

In the second place, certain actors have completely followed up the spirit of the modern pantomime-makers in enhancing the value of the introduction. In old times the artists who represented the harlequin,

clown, and pantaloon, were the only persons of eminence employed in the piece. Lately, however, a new school of actors has arisen, who play in the introduction only, and retire when the harlequinade commences. Such an actor was Mr. W. H. Payne, who displayed so much humour as a mime that few clowns could come up to him. Mr. Romer, who plays *Queen Bess* at Drury Lane, is similarly placed, and so we may say is M. Deulin, who plays *Leicester* much in the Payne style; for though the latter gentleman becomes harlequin, it may easily be seen that he thereby gains no field for the display of humorous talent.

Drury Lane and the Olympic remain true to pantomime this year, their two works, as we have stated, being excellent in the introductions, and weak in the harlequinades, where posture-making in a great measure supplies the place of drollery. As these two houses open under particular circumstances, Mr. Anderson raising the flag of nationality at Old Drury, and Mr. Watts lifting the Olympic out of its ashes, both with the intention of performing legitimate plays, they are doubtless right in adhering to a class of entertainment which constitutes in a great measure the "legitimacy" of Christmas. The Olympic is really a very beautiful edifice, with a very strong company; and when we say that its inauguration-speech was spoken by the lovely Mrs. Mowatt, we need not add that it has opened under most favourable auspices.

The Princess's and the suburban theatres likewise remain true to pantomimes; and success seems to have rewarded their constancy. The three principal theatres of Westminster—the Haymarket, Adelphi, and Lyceum—have, however, long abandoned this class of entertainment, and have adopted burlesque as the best vehicle for splendour and drollery. The brothers Brough, who are certainly the most fruitful of extravagant humourists, have supplied the Haymarket with its "Ninth Statue," and the Adelphi with its "Frankenstein." At the Lyceum, Mr. Planché still remains as the magician potent in fairy visions, and his "Island of Jewels" astounds even those who are accustomed to his splendour. All these burlesques are perfectly successful. The New Strand, which likewise comes forward as a burlesque theatre, is likewise fortunate.

We are now fairly in for a season of great activity. Drury Lane, after a lapse of many years, is attempting its old style of business; the minors have cast aside that distinctive appellation, and are everywhere endeavouring to collect first-rate companies and to produce first-rate pieces. Never did so many undertakings receive an impetus at once for the production of Christmas novelties.

LITERATURE.

LORD ALBERT DENISON'S ARCHÆOLOGICAL TOUR.

MEN of taste and learning hurry to the Mediterranean as the bird flies to its nest. Not a site on the shores of that beauteous sea but has its historical reminiscences, not a nook or corner but boasts of some remains of ancient art. There is not an island that has not some poetic or heroic association connected with it, and a deep, dark blue inland sea and a southern sky lend additional charms to a scenery full of contrasts and various splendour. Dr. Johnson said, "that the grand object of all travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean"—

Shores that were empires, changed in all save thee—

and thither, partly in search of health and partly in the pursuit of learned distraction, Lord Albert Denison also wended his way; not in the spirit of some of the dilettanti of modern times, to rummage the rock and the wave for something ignoble, or to glance at the past with a supercilious indifference, but to warm himself in the sunshine of man's most generous sympathies. Our noble traveller is not, however, easily pleased. Arrived at Malta, St. John's does not excite his enthusiasm; the armory, he says, he inspected narrowly, in the hopes of meeting with some rare specimens of curious arms. "Alas! it had not escaped pillage. I saw very few of what we collectors call 'covetable objects,' with the exception of one suit of armour, inlaid with gold, said to have been that of the Grand Master Vignacourt, and of no great value." This certainly is not the general impression received from this great collection, and it is worth mentioning that Captain Owen Stanley, R.N., made an exquisite drawing of the Malta armory, which would make a very interesting print. It was in vain that Dr. Cesare Vassallo, a resident antiquary of some reputation, endeavoured to argue the president of the Archæological Association into a theory of grottoes on the side of Monte Benjemma, "the hill of the thousand caves," being the habitation of Trogodytæ. "Tombs they are," he justly enough remarks, "and for tombs they were intended." There is not the slightest doubt about the matter.

Malta and its enthusiastic antiquaries, always on the wrong scent, not to mention M. Grognet and his geological exposition of the identity of Melita and Tyre, soon wearied out Lord Albert. The drives in the neighbourhood were also found to be few and unattractive; and walking, or rather climbing the streets of Valetta in a hot sun, was too much for his delicate nerves. Euripides had, in his "Medea," described the Athenians "as for ever delicately marching through pellucid air," and upon this hint his lordship took himself off, per French steamer *Eurotas*, to the "Peiræus." How classical all these movements! To be borne by the father of Sparta, or the king of rivers, into the arms of Aphrodisium or Zea!

Lord Albert was not disappointed of his pellucid air, nor in his expectations of the exquisite beauty of Athens; but, alas! for the city of Hippodamus, he says it is now like a wretched small town in a remote part of Ireland. Even Athens itself, although with its Acropolis standing out in bold relief, and with Hymettus and Lycabettus for a back-ground, an imposing object, still, like Constantinople, it does not bear a close

approach, without the sacrifice of many an illusion. The contrast presented by that noble work of art, which was at once the fortress, the sacred enclosure, the treasury, and the museum of the Athenian nation, with the surrounding wretched streets and buildings, does not diminish this bad effect. Lord Albert is not one of that stamp of archaeologists whose creed does not go beyond his schoolboy education. He can see in the Cecropian rock, which bears the Acropolis, the name of an Egyptian, first king and legislator among the Pelasgi, to whom he introduced the worship of Neith or Athene; and the type of the head of Minerva upon the coinage issued about the time of Solon, represented, he says, rather as an Egyptian than a Grecian model. This is a sweet wafting of "those light airs which passed from more ancient people into the flutes of the Grecians, and became modulated into the many beautiful harmonies of their most plastic and poetic religion."

The poetry of religion, however, dwells little now in the Acropolis, for the forbidden crows are seen to perch upon the very summit of the Parthenon. Practical, matter-of-fact notions have also succeeded to the harmless and very unbusiness-like mythology of the ancients throughout the land. The Chamber of Representatives, we are informed, although the latter are nominally elected by universal suffrage, are filled with king's nominees, who, like the Chinese physicians, being paid so long as they are at work, they spin out the little business before them to inconsiderate periods. The king, we are also told, is in no instance well spoken of. We wonder whom the degenerate Greeks would speak well of for a week together. As to antiquities there were none to be obtained. Government monopolises the great and distinctive feature of the country. Half of everything found belongs to government, and half to the proprietor of the soil. If of value, it is priced, and the proprietor has it at his option to receive his moiety of the value, and to hand it over to the proper authorities, or to retain it himself; but, in the latter case, he must give security that he will not sell it, and that it shall be secure from robbery, and shall not suffer damage from fire. The exportation of antiquities is absolutely forbidden. Strange, however, is the difference between the stated and the existing state of things. "In my own case," says Lord Albert Denison, "I found no difficulty in sending trunk upon trunk, filled with antiquities, out of the country."

The natives of Athens must think the English deranged, whilst under the influence of curiosity. M. Pittaky conducted us to trace the Stoa of Hadrian. It was a square enclosure, which contained a library, temples, &c. Part of the walls, with half its gateway, and half its façade, with seven noble marble columns, still remain. The interior is now partly filled by a barrack and its barrack-yard, partly by hovels belonging to the bazaar, and other miserable tenements.

M. Pittaky leading the way, we all, namely, Lady Albert, Dimitry, and myself, turned into an open wine-stall filled with customers. They were in utter astonishment at our entrance, having probably never heard of the object of our search; for even Dimitry, during the fifteen years that he had acted as guide at Athens, had never visited the place. M. Pittaky raised a trap-door at the back of the shop; customers, as well as visitors, descended some crazy steps, crept along a very filthy sort of cellar—a receptacle for dirt and rubbish—and then issued into a small sunken enclosure, also filled with rubbish. Into this opened two small deserted chapels; one of which was dedicated to the angel Gabriel, the other to "Megali Panaghia," or the Great Virgin. Fresco paintings, in the Byzantine style of art, still appear upon the walls and upon the roof; upon some marble columns remain portions of painted stucco. These chapels, and this yard, were part of the site of two temples—the Pantheon, and the Temple of Juno. Marble

columns are built into the wall, around the sunken enclosure.hovels, belonging to the bazaar, cover the roofs of these deserted chapels, and prove how the accumulation of rubbish must have raised the level of the soil. I know not whether the archaeological information which I carried away from the expedition will remain impressed upon my mind; but the bite of those fleas, which I carried off, never can be forgotten.

After a brief visit to Eleusis, our travellers were presented at court, where the English are supposed to be very unpopular—and no wonder, with the perpetual dunning for the unfortunate Greek loan.

The king is plain, with a slim figure. He was dressed in an elaborately embroidered Greek dress of blue and silver. He charmed me by talking to me of the British Archaeological Association, having, of course, been primed for this by M. Prokesh d'Osten, the Austrian minister at this court, who is a member of our Numismatic Society, or by M. Pittaky. He was less fortunate with Sir Edmund Lyons, whom he scandalised by not having read Louis Napoleon's manifesto, a document which just then was creating great public interest.

The queen is rather pretty, and a remarkably pleasing person: she is plump, and has very good teeth. Her two passions are dancing and gardening. The one she gratifies, when she cannot get up a ball, by dancing, almost every night, in her own private circle; she indulges the other by planting in the rear and to the west of the palace, where in time she will form a very pleasing garden out of a barren spot. Poor woman! she little thinks the unpopularity that she is laying up for herself by this innocent pursuit. It is said that in summer water is scarce, and that she pours vast quantities upon the palace-garden, instead of allowing the poor to benefit by it.

Nothing could be more characteristic of the petty jealousy and vulgar spirit of fault-finding that prevails among the degenerate Greeks of the present day, than that they should envy their queen even a little water for her garden. Travelling in Greece seems to be as dangerous and as inconvenient, and much more expensive, than any part of western Asia: among the essentials were three gendarmes, Dimitry with a pillar-dollar per diem, and one pound sterling per head for each member of the party, a cook with all his *batterie de cuisine*, beds and bedding, and attendants innumerable. The first night's experiences were amusing enough to give an idea of most others. Lord Albert had ridden to the coast to see a brig from Sunderland, which had been stranded in a gale. Upon his return he relates—

I found Lady Albert in a melancholy mood, established in our quarters for the night; our two trundle-beds and a little table for our dinner, with two chairs, were the furniture of a large loft or granary, open, by many cracks in the tiles, to the sky, receiving light from the door alone, and warmth from an earthen pan of coals, which, by the way, gave me a dreadful headache all night. A lighted lamp swung in the draughts of wind before a Byzantine Virgin and Child, and holes pierced in the floor gave us the advantage of all the noises from below, which were manifold; our place of shelter being the village coffee-house. Our discomfort was soon remedied by an admirable dinner.

Unfortunately for us, the English crew of the stranded and sold brig arrived at Macropoulos, on their way to Athens. My infernal philanthropy induced me to give them some money: as bad luck would have it, the landlord had some rum—my money instantly passed into his hands. They began the night by singing; as it advanced they quarrelled; a battle-royal ensued; Dimitry, landlord, landlord's wife, their interpreter, gendarmes, cook, Dimitry's assistants, all got entangled in the row which they had interfered to quell. On the following morning, Dimitry, in piteous tones, gave us a most comical account of the affray, in which he had been engaged solely, as he said, to prevent milord being disturbed by the noise: a good purpose, but in which he most completely failed.

A day or two afterwards, visiting the cave of Pan, having misgivings of their own power of retracing their steps, they placed the guide to await their return, as a sort of human finger-post, at an awkward turn—

ing. He had to be left in the dark, and as he greatly disliked this arrangement, they could hear him, he relates, the whole time of their absence piteously bleating for their return. In a gorge between Mounts Argaliki and Aforismo, the party got on a wrong path, and, after meeting no small difficulties, had to find their way back again.

At Nauplia, Lord Albert Denison obtained a group of statuettes, representing heathen divinities supporting a sort of cup upon their heads, these statuettes being of very early art. At Corinth, a labourer sold him a charming terra-cotta group of a female figure carrying a child upon her shoulder. The excavator, licensed by government, it would be imagined was an archæologist of experience; not in the least, he is a courier, François by name; and he sold to Lord Albert a strigil for eighteenpence, which should evidently have gone to the public collection. The curiosity dealers at Athens appear, also, to have reaped a harvest by his lordship's stay among them.

From Athens Lord and Lady Albert proceeded to Corfu, an island with which they were much taken :—

I thought (writes Lord Albert) that were I to live out of England no part of the world would offer me such attractions as Corfu, with its temperate climate and lovely scenery; as a sportsman, I should have first-rate shooting on the coast of Albania, which is only separated from it by a channel, varying from two to twelve miles in breadth. I should have the finest yachting, boating, and sea fishing in the world; all this, combined with the advantages of a good town in Corfu, and the protection of the British government, regular communication with England, and, above all, very cheap living.

Zante, despite of its charming climate and tempting situation, did not afford the same satisfaction as Corfu. The noble author says it must be a place of dreadful banishment for an Englishman; nor did he find accommodation save at a private house, nor means to leave without inconvenience; the only steamer which keeps up a fortnightly communication with Malta having but one cabin for passengers. From Malta another sorry steamer, the *Alexandre*, bore our travellers in discomfort but in safety to Naples, and from thence the journey home by France, although a track so well beaten, has interest imparted to it at almost every step by Lord Albert Denison's archæological jottings on the way-side. Altogether, this is a most pleasant and gentlemanlike little sketch of an agreeable and instructive trip.

CHRISTMAS SHADOWS.*

THE shadows with which a somewhat morbid sentimentality has enshrouded a period of general festivity have been those of suffering needlewomen. It is indeed a grievous fact that such exist, and in great numbers. It is also a most grievous fact, that ever since society existed there have been those who toil for little, and those who prosper by the ill-paid toil of others. Such an accursed selfishness cannot be too much decried, and if possible put to shame, no matter in which way it may manifest itself. The last burst of popular indignation has been vented against the "outfitters;" and here we have a Mr. Cranch, who is driven by dreams and apparitions, and all kinds of real and imaginary horrors, to turn from his bad course, and to do that which is just and right, even to the marriage of his clerk, Tapledy Tuff, with a black-eyed sempstress. May there be many Mr. Cranks during the ensuing year?

* Christmas Shadows. A Tale of the Times. Newby.

LINES AND LEAVES.*

A PLEASURE peculiarly our own is awakened within us at the sight of the very pretty little volume which bears the above title, and contains some of the sweetest verse that we have read for many a long day. This personal pleasure arises from the fact that a great number of the poems of the authoress of "Lines and Leaves" first made their appearance—as our readers will doubtless remember, when we mention the name of Mrs. Acton Tindal—in the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. But this is not all; for, though we congratulate ourselves on having been the medium through which the public were partially made acquainted with one so gifted as Mrs. Acton Tindal, our satisfaction takes a wider range when we find that the gathered fragments form so charming a collection as the present. It is eminently a gift-book for Christmas, though welcome at all seasons; and this, on account of the fervently devotional spirit which breathes through every poem, and gives a lofty purpose to every line. But we must not be mistaken. "Lines and Leaves" do not constitute what are ordinarily called "Sacred Poems," having a scriptural text for their exposition; but consist of varied themes—romantic and historical subjects, or images suggested by meditation and association—in which the pervading thought is religious, and the moral pure and elevating. They afford evidence, also, of a finely cultivated taste and choice reading, and are remarkable for their easy flow and harmonious versification; they possess, too, the quality, which always belongs to real poetry, of implanting themselves at once in the memory. We regret that the limits of this page prevent us from justifying our opinion by extract, but in place of the *ipsissima verba* a brief *resumé* of the principal subjects, treated by Mrs. Acton Tindal, will afford opportunity for comment. "*Pax in Novissimo*," with which the volume commences, is a noble, hymn-like interpretation of the final peace which is promised to the just. "The Lament of Joanna of Spain" offers a beautiful, but melancholy picture of the desolate condition of mind of the wretched mother of the great Emperor Charles V. "The Phantom Hand" is a well-told legend concerning the heir to the house of Long, of Draycot. "The Imprisoned Princes" touchingly describes the prison-fantasies and earnest, yet mournful hopes of the fated sons of Edward IV. "The Widow Mother to her Infant" embodies in tender strains the grief of Lady Rachel Russell at the bereavement which has ever won for her the world's truest sympathy. "The Baptism of the Gipsy Babe," an occurrence which would seem to have taken place within Mrs. Acton Tindal's own knowledge, tells a pretty story in a very pleasing way. "The Fairy Ladye's Love" is a version, well rendered, of the Norman (not Breton) legend of "The Fairy of Argouges," near Bayeux, which Miss Costello rendered popular in her "Summer amongst the Boeages and the Vines." All these claim attention, but beyond them all our preference is given to two shorter poems, one called "The Dark Thought," the other "Fear not to Die. How often in every mind has the dread arisen of never again meeting hereafter with the loved one of earth! but the sentiment has never been more naturally conveyed than in the words of "The Dark Thought." "Fear not to Die" is a beautiful amplification of a brief passage in one of Bishop

* *Lines and Leaves*. By Mrs. Acton Tindal. Chapman and Hall.

Sanderson's sermons, "*Ad Populum*." We might instance other poems, but these will suffice to show the grounds on which we rate so highly the claims of Mrs. Acton Tindal to a high place in the poetic annals of our country. The manner in which the volume is printed and got up reflects credit on those employed in that labour.

THE PRINCESSES OF ENGLAND.*

THIS is the commencement of an undertaking of great promise. If the lives of the princesses of England cannot claim so great an historical importance as those of the queens, they possess more with which a common humanity can sympathise. They bring before us the manners of the age far more vividly than the mere narrative of public events; and although seclusion, exile, or a convent, was too frequently the lot of a princess in mediæval times, still their learned controversies, their devotion, and their pious enthusiasms, excite the warmest interest. The life of Mary, daughter of Henry III., who became a nun at Ambresbury when quite a child,—as detailed in the second volume,—would lead us to believe that when the high-born sought refuge in the cloister that they were not debarred from any opportunity of social intercourse, nor from taking an active part in public life. But this may have been exceptional; it is incredible that the circumstances of conventual can have been the same as those of public life.

The editress, who is favourably known by her "*Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*," has brought both careful research and congenial feeling to her task. It certainly was one which possessed no slight demand upon her labour and zeal. There were no less than five princesses, daughters of William the Conqueror, all well-educated, pious, and clever; Adela, the youngest, peculiarly so. Cæcilia, the eldest, was Abbess of Holy Trinity, at Caen. Adeliza, the second, betrothed to Harold, died young. The unfortunate loves of Matilda, the third daughter, and young Edwin, were favourite subjects with Benoit and other old romancers. Constance, the fourth, married Alan, Duke of Bretagne, and distinguished herself by her talent for settling disputes in those rude times; but Adela, the fifth, is most distinguished by her intrepid and spirited character, and the prominent place she takes in history. The descent of Gundred appears, according to Miss Green, to be involved in obscurity; either she was daughter of the Conqueror, or of his queen Matilda by a former husband. Her tomb is said to have been discovered, many years ago, in Isfield church, Sussex, and no notice is taken of the supposed remains lately disinterred at the monastery of St. Pancras, Lewes.

The question as to whether Matilda, daughter of Henry I., was not actually Queen of England, and as such that her life belongs to another series, might admit of some discussion. There can be no doubt that she was solemnly crowned by Henry of Winchester; but as she never enjoyed more than a nominal authority, the editress views her in the light of a princess to whose keeping the regal sceptre and the crown, which she was never destined to wear, were given. The life of the Empress Maude, the name under which she is best known, was, both at home and abroad,

* *Lives of the Princesses of England.* By Mary Anne Everett Green. Vols. I. and II. Colburn.

full of incidents and adventure; and the editress having undertaken to narrate it, she has very properly devoted to it an adequate space. The life of the baby-bride Matilda, daughter of King Stephen, is a truly brief and laconic history:—"Birth—betrothal—death—burial—prayers for her soul." The life of Mary, another daughter of King Stephen, a princess, then an abbess, next—by force—a wife, and then a mother and a regent, to once more resume the veil before her death, is truly characteristic of those turbulent times.

The fortunes of the three daughters of our first Plantagenet were as varied, and even more replete with incident, than those of the daughters of the Norman. The eldest, Maude or Matilda, as the wife of Henry the Lion, resided chiefly abroad. Eleanor, the second, lived a life of rare conjugal love, and followed her husband Alphonso, the good King of Castile, to the grave only twenty-five days after his death. Joanna, the third, after the death of her first husband, William of Sicily, accompanied her brother, Cœur de Lion, to the Holy Land, where she was wooed by Saladin's brother, but choosing in preference Raymond of Thoulouse, one of the earliest protectors of the Albigenes, she ultimately died in poverty and persecution.

The daughters of King John come next on the list: Joan, the eldest, became Queen of Scotland; Isabella, the second, was unfortunately married to the Emperor Frederick, who was a Mussulman in the ideas respecting the sex; the third daughter, Elinor, as wife first of the Earl of Pembroke, and secondly of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, exercised by her talents and energy considerable influence on public affairs. Of the daughters of Henry III., Margaret, the eldest, was queen of Alexander III. of Scotland; Beatrice, the second, married John of Bretagne, and accompanied her husband to the Holy Land; Katherine attested in her person the humanity of kings and princes, for she was born deaf and dumb. The lives of the daughters of Edward I. present us with features of still greater interest even than any that precede them. The editress, it is a pleasure for us to state, not only writes gracefully, but with such simplicity as to lend a great charm to her narrative. When we add to this that she is careful, industrious, and learned in her research, whether historical or archæological, and exact and conscientious in her opinions, the standard merits of her work will be still more distinctly felt and appreciated.

CHRISTMAS'S "CRADLE OF THE TWIN GIANTS."*

THE reader would scarcely expect from the peculiar manner in which Mr. Christmas has chosen to express the fact, that science was in early times occult and mysterious, and history a good deal given to poetry and fiction, that the topic of his work would be one of the greatest possible interest as a matter of curiosity and amusement, or as a subject for study and reflection. We do not indeed know of any work that professes to make known to us the occult sciences of astrology, magic, the casting of nativities, oneiromancy, &c., as practised in olden time. There are, certainly, books upon these subjects, but they are mostly written in Latin, and treating on only one question. Mr. Christmas has undertaken to popularise these curious branches of inquiry by learned

* The Cradle of the Twin Giants, Science and History. By Henry Christmas, M.A., etc. Librarian and Secretary of *Si_{on}* College. 2 vols. Bentley.

yet clear descriptions, and, passing by an easy transition from these to the dominion of mind over matter, he is led to the consideration of mesmerism and its allied subjects, and thence to the science which treats of spiritual essences, including ghosts, witchcraft, fairies, talismans, &c. The superstitions of history, as placed in contrast with those of science, are evolved in a few brief chapters on the heroic or romantic ages, too brief indeed to be satisfactory. The great fault of the book is aiming at too much. A complete treatise on the occult sciences would have quite sufficed for two volumes.

NAPIER'S EXCURSIONS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.*

Colonel Napier is a man of strong resolve and firm convictions; either he thinks that his opinions have not met with due attention in their subdued garb, or he expects principles opposed to the existing state of things to be acted upon at once, for he cannot wait the effect of previous publications, but once more comes before the public with what he deems to be the "truth," naked and undisguised. This "truth," we need scarcely say, from one opposed in an uncompromising manner to the missionary and convict systems in Southern Africa, consists in the exposure of the one and the denunciation of the other, for the latter is as yet an untried experiment.

"But the former," the colonel remarks, "has had ample time, as well for trial as for condemnation; and the world is beginning now to find that undue spiritual influence in temporal matters is equally out of place, be it assumed by the Lama of Thibet, the Pope of Rome, the Patriarch of Constantinople, a colonial bishop, or the head of a religious society at the Cape of Good Hope."

By such comparisons, it is evident that Colonel Napier treats the evil as one of no small magnitude, and so indeed it is, in every possible bearing in which it may be viewed. Misery and starvation in our own land, neglected for the sake of a remote half-savage population; the means of emigration and colonisation sacrificed to Utopian objects, and the funds themselves often misappropriated. "It is notorious," the colonel argues, "that half a century has elapsed and missionary funds and labour have been uselessly expended in Southern Africa, in vain attempts to convert the Kaffir race, while the zeal of the missionaries has, for want of a better direction to give to it, been exhausted in fomenting ill-will between the natives and the colonists and the colonial government." All the details of this important subject can, however, neither be understood nor appreciated without some knowledge of the character and habits of the native tribes, and of the rise and progress of the colony.

All interested in such questions will find the present work at once complete and satisfactory in its information upon preliminary points, as well as upon the subject in question.

The convict question, and the formidable aspect which it has lately assumed, has aggravated the position of parties as it originally stood. Those who have read what has previously been stated in these pages, will know that Colonel Napier satisfactorily demonstrated that the Kaffir war originated in a mistaken course of policy pursued towards a set of faithless and rapacious savages, who were tempted to plunder the colonists with impunity;—what must be their surprise, then, to hear that the Kaffir war was appealed to by government as being "provoked by

* Excursions in Southern Africa; including a History of Cape Colony, an Account of the Native Tribes, &c. By Lieut.-Colonel E. Elers Napier. 2 vols Shoberl.

the colonists," and thereby giving to the mother country the right to make the Cape a convict colony? Laying aside the question of the necessity for doing something with our convicts, and the right of the mother country to force a convict population upon any colony of the empire,—especially a conquered colony, as in the case of Canada or the Cape,—the plea in the present instance is not only unfortunate but is positively untrue. The question is, however, one of pressing importance: one which Colonel Napier's proposition of founding a condemned military corps by no means meets; but which, in reference to the Cape of Good Hope, he as clearly shows the injustice as he unhesitatingly exposes the evils brought about by the intriguing agents of missionary societies. It is sincerely to be hoped that the gallant colonel's strenuous labours will meet with success. His opinions, even if extreme, are deserving of the most attentive consideration.

LEONARD NORMANDALE.*

THE younger sons of the British aristocracy are rather given to lay their grievances before the public. Our experience embraces several instances, even in late times, of publications in which a picture of the sufferings of this ill-treated class of beings was either overtly or secretly the chief object in view.

Reader (asks the Honourable Charles Stuart Savile) are you a younger son? I mean a British younger son. If so, you will sympathise with me when I inform you that I was born one of those unfortunate wretches who, after having been nursed in the lap of luxury, and rendered by their education and early habits unfit for any serious occupation, are driven forth on reaching the age of manhood to seek their fortunes in any way they can, and to live upon their wits; while their elder brother revels alone in the wealth amassed by his ancestors.

The younger son relates, in a somewhat advanced part of his history, that at his father, the earl's death, the elder brother, who came into possession of an estate worth fifty thousand a-year, doled out to his two younger brethren the niggardly pittance of a hundred a-year. For such meanness there is no excuse; conduct of the kind can only be reprobated as at once despicable and unnatural. But on account of such a rare instance of injustice, to do away with the right of the elder, to aver that large properties and the estates of the nobility do not contribute towards the prosperity of this kingdom; that, on the contrary, they are of more injury than utility to the general welfare, because the expense of keeping them up disables the proprietors from making any provision for the younger branches of their families, are statements to which we are altogether opposed. That which the younger son points out as an evil, is a mere case of extravagance and want of circumspection. Equally absurd is it to say that nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand the elder brother regards his unfortunate junior as the dirt beneath his feet; so that younger sons, or "scorpions," are a race of Helots, whose lot is, in comparison, far more wretched than was that of the now emancipated West India negroes.

To turn, however, from a theme open to much discussion, it has been lately remarked, from the falling off in the author's second work, that "*Jane Eyre*" owed its success to its being a book of experiences. The same thing may be said of "*Leonard Normandale*," in which, although it is difficult to sift fiction from truth, there is internal evidence of the

* *Leonard Normandale*; or, *the Three Brothers*. A novel. By the Honourable Charles Stuart Savile. 3 vols. Colburn.

basis of the work being founded on fact. Our younger son was, for example, brought up at Eton, where he received such severe injuries as a *flag* that he even now wreaks his resentment against his cowardly antagonist. His attacks upon the leading public schools are the most bitter and uncompromising we have ever yet met with. That the system of education pursued at Eton, Winchester, Harrow, &c., is vicious and inappropriate to the demands of the age, we are quite aware; but that drunkenness, swearing, and low debauchery also prevail, we believe to be an exaggeration. Whether the same younger son did really make such a jackass of himself as to take an ineffectual run for the "borders" with an heiress, we shall not pretend to say. We should rather class such an incident among the fabulous things done by Leonard Normandale, were it not that, at the conclusion, we are told that Leonard, and a younger son, having succeeded to the title and estate, the worthy parents of the run-away lady never ceased regretting that the marriage-ceremony should have been interrupted.

These experiences, with their partly true, and partly imaginary groundwork, will be perused with interest. The style is smooth, and the narrative and incidents flow on pleasantly and seductively. There are scenes of all countries and climates; a hermit of the Alhambra; a love affair in Paris; a marriage with a *prima donna*; a tragedy enacted by a clergyman; and more than enough, indeed, of stirring romance to satisfy the most fastidious reader of light literature.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.*

ROWENA, according to Mr. Titmarsh, was a vapid, flaxen-headed creature, unworthy of *Ivanhoe*; dear Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, so tender, so heroic, and so beautiful, should have had the husband. Wilfrid and the Lady Rowena being, however, positively married, our merry author assures us that the supposed happy husband was very soon scarcely able to call his life his own, and even Wamba became the most melancholy fool in England. Wearied at length with having Rebecca perpetually flung in his teeth, brave *Ivanhoe* hurried away to join *Cœur de Lion*, at that time besieging Chalus. The history of the fatal siege affords the author a good opportunity for throwing a stone at *Cœur de Lion*. We recollect the old fable of the Dead Lion, but say nothing. *Ivanhoe* being left for dead, Rowena in his absence weds Athelstane, and dying, the object proposed at the outset of bringing *Ivanhoe* and Rebecca together, or of effecting an "Isaac-of-York-and-*Ivanhoe*-junction," is ultimately brought about amid feats of valour, anachronisms, and absurdities charmingly wondrous and indescribably preposterous.

THE NILE-BOAT.†

WHO can possibly weary of the never-ending diorama of loveliness presented by the Father of Rivers? Villages, dovecots, mosques, *santons'* tombs, hermits' cells, temples, pyramids, avenues of the thorny acacia, all alumberous, all gliding past like the scenery of a dream, without effort, peacefully, silently; and yet, as when watching the stars at midnight, you

* Rebecca and Rowena; a Romance upon Romance. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. With illustrations by Richard Doyle. Chapman and Hall.

† The Nile-boat; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. Bartlett. Author of "Forty Days in the Desert." Hall, Virtue, & Co.

feel all the while as if sweetest music was murmuring in your ear." Such is the Nile to the picturesque observer. To the learned archaeologists who ponder over each hieroglyphic, and sit a summer's length in the shadow of the Memnonium, the Nile is still as it was in the days of Strabo, a long and tedious affair; but in modern times a new class of persons have explored its sacred banks and been wafted along its soil-enriching waters. Light-armed skirmishers, who, going lightly over the ground, busy themselves chiefly with its picturesque aspect, aim simply at giving lively impressions of actual sights, and thus creating an interest which may lead the reader to a further investigation of the subject.

To such a class belongs Mr. Bartlett. Armed with pencil and camera lucida, his illustrations have all been drawn on the spot. He has endeavoured to present within a small compass as much variety as possible, displaying the principal monuments of the earlier or Pharaonic monuments, as at Thebes; the later Ptolomaic style, as at Edfou and Philæ; with some of the most beautiful specimens of the Arabian, at Cairo. The site of Alexandria is rendered peculiarly intelligible by the best drawing we have yet seen. Something, too, has been done to illustrate the characteristic scenery of the river, and modern manners and customs. The soldiery in the view from the citadel are, for example, admirably represented.

Nor are subjects of a more learned nature overlooked or neglected. The interest taken by Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the historian of Egypt, in every attempt to popularise the favourite subjects of his studies, has led him, not only to present the writer with a brief introduction, but also to allow the literal quotation of such portions of his volume as happened to bear upon the subject described, giving thereby a permanent utility and value to what would otherwise be trivial and fugitive. Altogether "*The Nile Boat*" is decidedly the best book for a Christmas present.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

The ninth volume of *Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire of France, under Napoleon*, has just been issued by Mr. Colburn. This volume is peculiarly interesting to the English reader, as it details the events which ended in the battle of Corunna and led to the Peninsular war.—*Tales and Sketches of Scottish Life*, by Pastor, published by James Hogg, of Edinburgh, are of more than average merit. They possess at once sweet simplicity and a genuine pathos.—A little book full of *Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights*, published by Groombridge and Sons, can be opportunely recommended to the young. It is a charming little volume. The same publishers have issued the second volume of their *Family Economist*, a little penny magazine calculated to do as much good among the industrious classes as the tracts of political agitators are to do them an injury and a harm. Those portions of this well got-up little periodical which refer to *Cottage Cookery*, and which have been written by one Esther Copley, have been printed as a separate little volume. The *Almanack of the Fine Arts for the Year 1850*, edited by R. W. Buss, and published by Rowney and Co., appears to be brimful of that kind of information which would be expected in an annual having an especial object in view.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J A F F À R.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SHELLEY, take this to thy dear memory ;—
To praise the generous, is to think of thee.

Jaffâr, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffâr was dead, slain by a doom unjust,
And guilty Hâroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),

Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house ; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffâr.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph cried. The man
Was brought—was gaz’d upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave cords !” cried he ;
“From bonds far worse Jaffâr deliver’d me ;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears ;
Made a man’s eyes friends with delicious tears ;
Restor’d me—lov’d me—put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffâr ?”

Hâroun, who felt, that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deign’d to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great,
And said, “Let worth grow frenzied, if it will ;
The caliph’s judgment shall be master still.
Go ; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar’s diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit.”

“Gifts !” cried the friend. He took ; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaim’d, “This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffâr !”

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETYE-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.

NOT even "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn" could adequately describe my feelings as I rushed from the room when I recovered my suspended faculties. That I was free from all intentional guilt never once suggested itself to my mind as a source of consolation. I was altogether possessed by one sole heart-withering idea. I had occasioned the violent and premature death of Margaret Fanshawe—of the pure, the beautiful, the gifted—of my beloved and my betrothed—of her for whom alone I wished to live—of her whose loss would convert the world into a sterile and unlovely desert, over which I should be doomed to wander a solitary, self-accusing, despairing wretch. But an electrifying hope suddenly flashed upon my mind. How was I sure that she had really ceased to exist? What reliance could be placed on the statement of the captain or the sailors, relative to a catastrophe occurring in the darkness of the night, and at a moment of so much peril and confusion? Granted, there was no opening in the far-stretching barrier of cliff except Pendrip Gap; granted, there was deep water even at the base of the rocks; but might she not have supported herself on the broken mast, or one of the scattered spars?—might she not at that moment be floating on some—? I stayed not to follow out my own suggestions, but, clutching at any chance, however visionary, I threw myself on my horse, galloped over to Penzance, offered a large reward for any certain intelligence respecting her fate, and instantly engaged a boat and crew to row me with all speed to the scene of the disaster.

Bright and cloudless rose the sun as we rounded the Land's End, and never had I hailed a morning more serenely beautiful. The calm and silent sea was like a lake, a waft of soft air just sufficing to indent its surface with dimples, which, as they caught the light, scattered radiant smiles on all sides. The gentle ocean seemed to be enclasping the earth as lovingly as a fond mother would embrace her child. But the very beauty and peacefulness of the scene were irritating, when my desponding heart told me that Margaret might be numbered with the dead—that the innocent-looking waters before me were her ruthless executioners; and my excited feelings vented themselves in idle apostrophes, that attested the morbid bitterness of my soul. "Avaunt! treacherous waters!" I exclaimed; "I will not be deceived by your insidious smiles. Why do ye salute the prow of my boat with Judas kisses? Why, with such a mock humility, do ye wash the feet of the rocks? Why do ye so fondly hug the shore which ye are constantly seeking to undermine and to destroy? Why do ye lay your wavelets upon the sands with a gentle hush, as if ye were lulling them to sleep? Oh, ye sleek murderers! Oh, ye smiling executioners! Give me back my Margaret—restore to me my beloved, my betrothed; or, if ye have indeed received

her last breath, take mine also, and let me be laid beside her in her watery sepulchre."

These, and similar rhapsodies, the fumes of a distempered mind, burst from my lips as I peered downwards into the translucent sea, where if I had chanced to discover the corpse of Margaret, I verily believe that I should have thrown myself overboard, that I might share her grave; but as I saw no such proof of her death, I would not utterly abandon hope, and urged the rowers to ply their oars vigorously, that we might the sooner reach the scene of the catastrophe.

A new turn was given to my thoughts as I found myself surrounded with other Penzance boats, which had hurried out to sea in the hope of obtaining the promised reward. Their crews had provided themselves with drags; and as they successively drew up their tackle from the deep, I watched their proceedings with an interest that was horribly intense. Their want of success kept alive the latent though feeble hope that Margaret might not have perished; and even if her death were to be confirmed, there would be a sad consolation, methought, in gazing once more upon her sweet face, in rescuing her from the profanations of the remorseless deep, in following and consigning her to the grave with all the becoming solemnities of religion. By the searchings of a long and sunny day, one of the illusory hopes to which I had clung was finally destroyed, for the mizen-mast had been found floating at some distance from the shore, and, alas! the victim was not clinging to it, as I had fondly dreamed. Let my misery plead my excuse when I confess that I so far forgot my clerical character as to vent curses and imprecations upon the fatal spar which had been the cause of the catastrophe, and which my excited imagination presented to me as the truculent assassin of my beloved.

Early on the following day I was again upon the waters, renewing my anxious quest, with no result till the evening, when an incident of thrilling interest agitated me with emotions which I will not attempt to describe. Perceiving a small object on the waters, I desired the men to pull towards it, and, as we approached, I perceived it to be a small wooden box, which I immediately recognised as having belonged to my dear betrothed. With an eagerness, that almost precipitated me into the sea I snatched it up, pressed it ecstatically to my heart, and imprinted a thousand kisses on the name of Margaret engraven on the lid; nor was it until these transports had been indulged for some time that I recalled what the captain had stated as to her great anxiety to save the very box which I had now so fortunately recovered. For this solicitude, at such a trying moment, there must have been strong motives; it might possibly contain her will, or other papers of importance; on which grounds it was determined by her relations, the Maxwells, when I carried it to them on my return to Penzance, that it ought to be immediately opened.

This was accordingly done, when, instead of the womanly "gim-cracks" which the vulgar-minded captain had imagined it to contain, I beheld a bundle of paper, carefully tied up, and labelled, in Margaret's handwriting, "Letters from my dear Arthur;" every one of which, on their being unfolded, was endorsed with the day, and even the very hour, of its receipt. By the side of this parcel were a locket containing my hair, and the various little presents I had made her, all ticketed with

the same minuteness, and all packed up with a scrupulous neatness. These memorials of her lover were the treasures that she insisted upon taking with her at a moment when her life was in immediate and frightful peril. Her last thoughts were of me, her last anxiety was to preserve these evidences of my attachment! So tender, so touching, so soul-thrilling a proof of her devoted love completely unmanned me. I sat for hours gazing on the papers and the trinkets; and as I contrasted my past hopes with my present despair, I wept and sobbed like a child.

This casket of reminiscences, precious and dear to me in their very sadness, I took immediately to the Hermitage, where I found a letter from the captain of the *Arethusa*, thanking me for my assistance and my hospitality; apprising me that, though still a severe sufferer, he had returned on board his vessel; and adding that, as he had only intended to call in Mount's Bay for the purpose of landing the passenger who had unfortunately perished, he should proceed at once to Plymouth, where his owners resided. Indescribably grateful to me was this intelligence; for, in addition to the misery of my bereavement, I lived in the constant and intense fear that, if he divulged at Penzance the cause of his running ashore, I should be stigmatised by the Maxwells and by the whole town as the very worst of homicides, as the destroyer of the fair, the good, the universally beloved Margaret Fanshawe.

Vain was the daily quest of the boats, though they were scattered in all directions and assiduously plied their drags, to make the deep disgorge its victim; so that the sailors, hopeless of attaining the reward, and unwilling to make a further sacrifice of their time, abandoned all further attempts. I was the only one that still persevered, availing myself of a small boat moored in the creek, which I could manage without assistance. One morning I had risen with the lark, and had scrambled down the Gap to resume my search, though I felt it to be vain, when I missed the boat, of which my unscrupulous neighbours had probably availed themselves for some of their nocturnal malpractices. Without any definite purpose I strolled to the foot of the rocks, and, finding that the tide was going out, so that I was sure of a safe return, I passed from one narrow ledge to another, sometimes jumping, and sometimes wading through the shallow waters, where the line was broken, until I reached a slightly elevated crag, upon which I seated myself to recover my breath.

Again was the morning bright and cloudless, again was I struck with the beauty and the glory of the sea; and as I gazed upon its boundless waters, now heaving and flashing in a fresh breeze, I murmured to myself, "Why should I wish to remove my dear Margaret from the caverns of the deep? What sepulchre could she find half so magnificent and so majestic? Her sarcophagus is of Ocean's everlasting granite; the pellucid waters are her winding-sheet; the foam-crested breakers are fitting plumes to grace a maiden's funeral; the dews and the sighing winds are her weeping mourners; her passing-bell is boomed from the echoing rocks; the blue cope of heaven is the vault that covers her remains. The splendid mausoleum is worthy of the saint it enshrines."

Yielding to these fancies, which could have had little influence except upon an impulsive and somewhat poetical temperament, I resolved not to make any further attempts to remove the victim from her submarine sepulchre, and accordingly quitted my seat for the purpose of returning; but a projection of the cliff, a little way ahead, tempted me onwards,

and I managed to reach it, though not without difficulty. From this point I commanded a new reach of the waters, on which I was vacantly gazing when I beheld a white object on the crest of an upheaving wave. At first the far-stretching shade of the rocks would not allow me to define it, but another ebb of the receding tide carried it into the bright sunbeams, when a thrill electrified my whole frame; I smote my hands together with a loud cry, and passionately ejaculated, "Margaret! Margaret! my own dear Margaret!"

Though the body was still at some little distance, I recognised it instantly. The alabaster skin,—the vermeil cheek,—the profuse auburn ringlets, now lamentably streaming upon the waters,—the miniature still attached to her neck, doubtless the portrait of myself which I had presented to her on her departure,—all were such indisputable proofs of her identity, that I threw myself headlong into the waters, exclaiming, or rather shouting, "Margaret! I will redeem you from the remorseless deep, or I will perish with you!" The sea where I had plunged did not reach above my shoulders; a very few forward steps, however, carried me out of my depth; I had never learned to swim; and though by my vehement efforts I occasionally brought my head above the surface, I was again quickly submerged, and felt the receding tide drawing me further from the shore. Then, as the suicidal nature of my act flashed upon my bewildered senses and self-accusing heart,—then, as I felt the sweetness of life from the stifling foretaste of death's bitterness,—then, when the first law of nature, that of self-preservation, obliterated every previous thought and impulse, did I commence a convulsive, a desperate struggle to save the life which I had so recently resolved to sacrifice. Had it been delayed another moment I must have perished. But by exerting all the energies of a vigorous frame, by pushing myself shorewards with my feet, even while under water, and then springing upwards to snatch a breath of air, I finally regained the crag from which I had taken my mad and guilty leap. Exhausted and panting I fell upon it, watching with streaming eyes the floating form of my dear Margaret, until it was carried by the tide beyond the reach of sight.

The body was never found!

Whether it floated away to welter in some watery solitude of the vast Atlantic,—whether it were wafted to some unknown shore of the western hemisphere,—whether it sank down, and became ultimately enshrined in some coral cave of ocean's unfathomable depths, I soon ceased to guess. "Let the perishable perish!" I now murmured to myself. "O flesh-dissolving Sea! O decomposing Earth! ye can but break the chains that bound her to this sublunar and unworthy sphere. Her pure spirit is now beyond your reach; it has winged its flight to heaven!"

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW months only have elapsed since, in a moment of intense suffering, bodily and mental, I noted down the preceding portions of my history, under the impression that, when my death, which I then anticipated as a blessing and a release, should have taken place, these memoranda would serve to prove my identity, and to explain to the few persons who might be interested in my fate the terrible sorrows which had driven me as a disguised outcast to perish among strangers in a remote and miserable

hamlet. Oh how deeply do I now reproach myself for my faithless despair—my impatient murmurings against the decrees of that Providence which has restored me, by means so strange and apparently impossible, to health and life and happiness unspeakable! But I must not forestal events—let me endeavour to compose myself, and retrace my history from the point at which I quitted it.

Haunted by the perpetual fear that the fatal catastrophe of which I had been the cause would be brought home to me ere long, and occasion me to be pointed at in the public streets as a homicide, I gave up the Hermitage, and flying from the neighbourhood of Penzance, without daring to take leave of the afflicted Maxwells, buried myself in a sequestered village of Devonshire. But whithersoever I hurried the same apprehension pursued me, the same incubus bestrode and weighed down my heart, until I sank into a moping and confirmed hypochondriac, anxious to escape recognition by others, and even to conceal, if possible, my own identity from my own self. Such was my morbid state that I sought to accomplish this preposterous object by a complete alteration of my appearance. Suffering my beard and hair to grow, I invested myself in a black serge cloak reaching to my ankles, wore a hat with huge flaps that slouched over my face, and invariably carried a defensive staff in my hand, for I laboured under the delusion that I was liable to be arrested by the police and brought to public trial.

In fact, my mind was thoroughly disordered, so that, finding no respite from my own self-accusing thoughts, and feeling no security against detection and exposure in any settled abode, I wandered on foot from one rural district to another, selecting always the most secluded village or the loneliest farmhouse to be my resting-place for the night. My melancholy and self reproaches, fostered in solitude, began, by a very common process, to assume a fanatical turn. Upbraiding myself for my idleness as an ordained minister of religion, I resolved to make some atonement for past remissness by future activity, and to devote myself to the instruction and amelioration of the poorest and most ignorant of my fellow-creatures. My wanderings had by this time led me to the borders of Cornwall, near some of the mining districts, and it struck me that I could not better carry my new resolutions into effect than by becoming the companion and teacher of that numerous and toil-worn class of men whose sunless and subterranean existence is but too often typical of the still deeper mental darkness which enshrouds them. Naturally impulsive and enthusiastic, I entered upon this mission with an ardour which encountered all obstacles, and despised all fatigues; it was only by cheerful endurance of many an uncourteous reception, and patient adaptation of words and manner to many a half-brutalised intellect, that I at length succeeded in establishing myself on a friendly footing with my new associates. The consciousness, however, that my influence among them was constantly, though slowly, increasing, the power of relieving some of their more pressing physical necessities, and above all the constant occupation of my time and thoughts, had a soothing effect on my distempered brain, and for a while, although my grief and remorse continued bitter as ever, my feverish restlessness of spirit seemed somewhat abated. This comparative calm was not destined to be of long endurance; my constant exposure to a damp and unwholesome atmosphere, my attendance at sick-beds, frequently in the night, in noisome ill-ventilated hovels, and the deprivation

of many of the comforts and luxuries to which I had been accustomed, combined to weaken still further a frame already shattered by agitation and sorrow. A neglected cold, fixing on the chest, ended in inflammation and fever, and for many days I lay delirious, and apparently dying, in the wretched cottage where I had taken up my abode. I was restored to sense and consciousness, but not at once to health; excessive weakness, and excruciating pains in my limbs, confined me to my couch, and, in my lonely hours of suffering, the bitter regrets and self-accusations which had formerly overpowered me rushed again over my mind with all their original vehemence. It was partly to take refuge in occupation from utter misery, and partly because, as I have stated, I deemed that the record might be interesting to some few friends after the death in which I fully expected my illness to terminate, that I at this period wrote down the first portion of my history, up to the moment when I descried, amid the waves, the floating body of my lost darling, my idolised Margaret. The recollection of my agony at the sight completely unmanned me—the period of mental gloom which succeeded would scarcely bear recalling—and I put aside the manuscript, determined not to add to it another line.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHETHER it were owing to a naturally good constitution, or to the absence of any but the very simplest medical treatment, I know not, but, contrary to my own expectations, my health and strength began at length to return; a succession of warm bright days tempted me to crawl into the garden; and the fresh air and sunshine, Nature's best physic, acted as a soothing and invigorating balm on mind and body. Still I felt that it would be long ere I could resume my self-imposed duties among the miners, and, with something of my old restlessness, I pined for change and gentle travel as the best means of completing my restoration to health. Procuring from the nearest town an open chaise and quiet pony, I drove myself by easy stages along the southern coast, diverging occasionally inland to visit any picturesque or interesting spot, but more frequently keeping within sight of that ocean which had been the tomb of all my love and happiness. In this manner I proceeded till, finding myself on the Wiltshire coast, I resolved to make one of my frequent divergences to visit those vast and ancient relics of a forgotten faith, which, in their rude and melancholy loneliness, had a peculiar attraction to me in my present frame of mind.

It was on a bright and mild autumnal day that, having left my carriage at a little distance, I slowly wandered towards Stonehenge, and, casting myself on the turf at the foot of a huge grey pile of stone, speedily became absorbed in the dreamy reveries which the scene inspired. My fancy flew back to the days when the huge blocks around me were collected by the rude toil of a savage race, bearing scarcely the remotest sign of affinity to their present descendants, and consecrated by all the rites and ceremonies of a religion of which not the faintest tradition now remains; and I passed in review all the chances and changes,—the succession of races, faiths, and dynasties, which those silent monitors had witnessed, until in their stern and gigantic immutability they seemed to mock at the frail being who, his span of life already burdened with faults and sorrows, lay weak and prostrate at their feet.

From this train of thought I was aroused by the now level rays of the setting sun bursting fully on me from a bank of clouds which had for a while obscured them. I started up and beheld the whole wide horizon illuminated with broad sheets of red, purple, and gold, while the ruddy light cast a vivid glow on the heads of the grey piles around, and threw deep shadows at their base. For a moment I stood entranced with the beauty of the scene, and then, my thoughts reverting, as they ever would do, to her who should have been the sharer of my every feeling of delight or sorrow, and whose love of Nature was one of her strongest characteristics, I clasped my hands together, exclaiming passionately, "Oh, Margaret! my loved, lost Margaret! Would to Heaven thou couldst be with me here!"

The words had scarcely left my lips, when, in the deep shadow of a rock at some little distance, a figure draped in black appeared to move. It advanced into the light—the face turned towards me—and with a wild cry which rang through all the stony solitude around, I bounded forward, shrieking hysterically, and with a strange mixture of awe, rapture, and bewilderment, "Margaret, my own, my idol! has thy gentle spirit come on earth to visit me in compassion to my weary yearnings,—or art thou sent to haunt and reproach me—me, thy most wretched murderer?"

As I spoke I had approached close to the figure;—yes, there was the same sweet face, only paler and more shadowy than of yore,—the same look and smile, the same small hand outstretched to meet me! Nature could support no more; I made one last effort to seize those slender fingers in my grasp, tottered, and fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER IX.

OH the unutterable sensation of bliss that stole over me as, gradually returning to consciousness, I discovered that it was on Margaret's knee my head was cushioned, that Margaret's tears were falling warm and fast upon my brow! I feared to move or speak, lest I should dispel what I still dreaded might prove some delicious, but transitory, delusion. No sooner, however, did my poor girl perceive that I was capable of understanding her, than she exclaimed, in accents touching in their mingled love and reproach,

"Oh, Arthur, why is this our first and most unlooked-for meeting? Why did you fly from me in my hour of sorrow? Why had I to grieve over the desertion of my affianced husband at the very moment when I most needed consolation for the death of my darling sister—my poor lost Edith?"

"*Edith?*" I cried, starting in amazement to my feet. "Gracious Heaven! was it Edith who was drowned, Edith's corpse I saw floating on the billows? What strange mystery is this?"

"We seem indeed enveloped in mysteries," she replied: "but compose yourself and listen, while I briefly relate all that has occurred in the last few months. As the time drew near at which I was to leave Madeira to fulfil my promises to you, our poor Edith's wish to accompany me grew so strong, and she pleaded so earnestly that she might with perfect safety come to England for the summer months, be present at our marriage, and return to Madeira with, as she fondly hoped, her new brother

and myself for the winter, that she at length won upon my mother to consent to a plan which promised so much happiness for all. Every preparation was made for our departure, and the day before that on which the vessel was to sail my mother and I went out for some hours to bid farewell to the many kind friends we had already found on the island. The day, which was lovely when we set out, had suddenly changed to cloud and storm, and when we regained the house an unusually strong gale was blowing. To our surprise Edith was not to be found, but on the table we discovered a note, written in her own playful affectionate strain, stating that she had felt too well and strong to remain at home playing the invalid, and that the brightness of the morning and the calmness of the sea had tempted her to go on board the ship and arrange everything in our little cabin for our comfort. 'I have taken with me many of your packages, dear Margaret,' she concluded, 'and in particular the one I know you value most.' This was a little box containing all your letters and gifts to me, which, as you may suppose, I had always guarded as my most precious treasure. Meanwhile the gale increased every moment in violence: my mother, growing anxious and alarmed for Edith, hurried herself to the shore, and there learnt that the *Arethusa*, our destined vessel, had been carried out to sea! Her distraction at the news may be well imagined; but all the sailors around, as well as many nautical friends who kindly hastened to our house when they heard what had occurred, assured us that there was no positive cause for alarm; that the *Arethusa*, though old, was a remarkably well-built ship, and her captain a practised sailor; and that the worst that was likely to happen would be, that, should the gale continue equally strong and in its present quarter, the captain, having already most of his cargo on board, would probably deem it unadvisable to risk any attempt at returning, and proceed at once to the English shores. Our friends further reminded us that this would be no serious hardship, as another vessel would sail in a week, in which we could follow, and, in all probability, rejoin our truant Edith at the residence of the Maxwells, to which it had been previously arranged we should betake ourselves on first landing. Considerably comforted by these assurances, we instantly secured berths on board the second vessel, and impatiently counted the days and hours until, after a smooth and rapid passage, we landed in Mount's Bay, and hastened to the Maxwells' house at Penzance.

"Alas! how terrible was the blow which there awaited us! How almost incredible, from its very horror, was the intelligence that our young and beautiful Edith was no more! In my agony I looked eagerly round for him who should have been my support and comforter, and asked impatiently for my Arthur—my husband. It was then that the Maxwells, themselves still half bewildered by the strange succession of events in which she whom they had mourned as dead reappeared among the living, while her younger and (as they had thought) living sister lay a corpse beneath the waves, explained to me, slowly and with many interruptions and questionings, all that had occurred; described your excessive grief, amounting almost to frenzy; and concluded their sad tale by the intelligence that you had disappeared, suddenly and secretly, from your old abode, that the most diligent search had failed to track your footsteps, and that, from the state of morbid melancholy in which you were plunged when last they saw you, it was impossible to conjecture what strange

course you might have adopted, or when we might expect to hear of you again.

"These accumulated sorrows proved more than I had strength to bear, and a severe illness confined me for many weeks to my bed; my poor mother, herself a mourner, tended and soothed me with the most unwearied care, and, as soon as I became convalescent, proposed to me to seek in change of air and scene that distraction of thought of which we both stood so greatly in need. We journeyed from one place to another, as the fancy seized us, and without any definite plan or object, until we received a few days ago a most pressing invitation from a very old friend of my mother's to pay her a visit at her residence in the neighbourhood of Salisbury. We arrived there last night; my mother, feeling somewhat fatigued, determined to remain in the house to-day, discoursing of old times with the companion of her youth, and I, who had been ordered by my medical advisers to be constantly in the open air, was despatched to take a drive, with many entreaties to remain out some hours and go whithersoever I might feel inclined. I desired to be taken to this lonely and time-hallowed spot, and, alighting from the carriage, wandered slowly and musingly amid the vast piles around, until I was startled—electrified, by hearing my own name pronounced in a voice whose every tone thrilled through my heart. The rest you know; and now, Arthur, return my confidence—tell me truly the cause of your sudden and mysterious disappearance, where you have been concealing yourself, and what is the cause of your emaciated and enfeebled frame, your wan and haggard looks."

CHAPTER X.

ALAS! she little guessed how her questions tortured my very soul! How should I tell her the miserable truth?—how gain courage to dash from my lips the cup of rapture which they had barely tasted, to turn to horror, perhaps even to hatred, the love which beamed in her every glance, and made her every accent music to my ears? For a moment my spirit faltered; but as I gazed again upon that sweet face, so radiant with truthfulness and purity, a pang of self-reproach at my cowardice shot through my heart. No; I would have no concealment—no deception. I would not accept the love so frankly bestowed on a wretch from whose unknown and involuntary crime she might, were it ever hereafter revealed to her, recoil in shrinking detestation: I would tell her all, and bear the consequences, be they what they might. I dared not look into her face, but, kneeling beside her and burying my head in the folds of her robe, I rapidly poured forth all my sad history, from the moment when my unpardonable thoughtlessness had caused false lights to be placed on a rocky and dangerous shore, up to our present strange and most unexpected meeting. "And now," I concluded, "I have confessed to you the whole truth—I have placed my fate in your hands. I might have kept my sad secret for ever hidden in my own breast, but I resisted the temptation; I dared not take such advantage of your generous and unsuspecting nature. Margaret! the cause—the involuntary, and God knows most miserable cause—of your sister's death, kneels here at your feet to receive his doom!"

For a few moments there was a silence, broken only by my own half-smothered sobs: Margaret neither moved nor spoke. At length she slowly lifted her bowed and averted head; her face was deadly pale

and very mournful, but calm, and full of gentleness and compassion. "Arthur, you have indeed been most unfortunate, but not, as your own morbid sensitiveness has induced you to believe, most criminal; you were guilty of a momentary thoughtlessness only, and for that you have already been sufficiently punished; your changed and careworn looks give ample evidence of your suffering and remorse. For our darling Edith, her life was in higher hands than yours—her short career already marked out by that Power to whose decrees we must all in reverent silence submit; she had long borne within her the seeds of a fatal disease. Her most ardent desire on earth was to witness our union; her most bitter sorrow would have been the supposition that she could ever, even after death, stand as an obstacle between us; and it is with a firm conviction that I am acting as would best please her gentle and loving spirit that I now say to you, may God forgive you as I do! and may He enable us to cheer and support each other through all future trials, and to forget in mutual affection and companionship our past sorrow and suffering!"

Bewildered with the sudden revulsion of feeling—transported at once with love, delight, and gratitude—I started to my feet, and clasped my Margaret—once more my own—to my beating heart, pouring forth as I did so a torrent of thanks and blessings. She disengaged herself from my embrace, saying, gently but gravely, "The history of our separation, dearest Arthur, and the mode of our reunion, are too mournful and exciting to admit of my listening at the present moment to your impassioned declarations. Night draws on—I must return to my mother. I will explain to her all that has passed, and to-morrow you may come to plead your cause with her yourself." One more look, one pressure of the hand, and she was gone. Again I flung myself on the turf amid those vast stony relics, which now no longer appeared stern or desolate; and in that silent solitude, during many hours of the calm and starlit night, I communed with my own heart and was still.

I have but little more to tell. Mrs. Fanshawe, anxious only to restore health and happiness to her sole remaining child, received me at once with unabated kindness, and Margaret made her consent to our immediate union dependent on one condition only—that I should settle myself in some living, no matter how small and rural, in which, by occupying myself regularly in the high duties of my profession, I might regain a composed and healthy frame of mind, free alike from the feverish restlessness and the morbid enthusiasm to which I had previously been disposed. This I was fortunately soon enabled to do; and it is now some months since I led my bride to the picturesque little parsonage I had carefully prepared for her reception. I need scarcely add that our lives have passed in tranquil and perfect happiness. Each day has contributed to restore the bloom to my Margaret's cheek, and the laughing light to her eye—each day has taught me still better to appreciate her many good and winning qualities, her wise and cheerful companionship, her high though unobtrusive virtues; and each day, nay every hour, has served still more to convince me that, changed, sobered, and I trust improved, as are my views on many other subjects, the theory wherewith I started is a right and true one, and that I, at all events, shall ever have reason to bless the hour in which I felt the first thrilling sensations of love at first sight.

A MARRIAGE IN THE DARK.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

THE LUST-HUIS.

It was on a glowing day of July, in the year 1830, when a light wherry, with gentle motion, came gliding along one of the many canals which branch into the country from the renowned city of Rotterdam.

Two young men were seated in the boat, one of whom, from the sketching-board which rested on his knees, and the appliances of art lying beside him as he sat in the stern-sheets, might fairly be presumed to be an artist. His deep olive complexion, his large dark eyes, his long black hair, and, more than all, the changeful expression of his features, indicated almost as plainly as words could speak that he was an Italian. His companion was evidently no native of the south. The fact was at once to be inferred from the striking contrast offered by his personal appearance, which was marked by all the attributes that distinguish a northern origin—a fair skin, high colour, blue eyes, light hair, and no slight breadth and strength of limb. The easy way, moreover, in which he feathered the light pair of oars that wafted his boat leisurely along, denoted one “to the manner born,” and anybody accustomed to scan the peculiar habits of nations would have had no difficulty in pronouncing him an English sailor.

Such indeed he was. His name—no very distinguished one—was Roger Bunting; he was master and part owner of the sloop the *Lovely Nancy* of Southampton, now waiting for a cargo at Rotterdam, and during the leisure thus afforded him was amusing himself, accompanied by a friend, in visiting, sailor-fashion, the environs of the city where his vessel lay moored.

The Italian was called Pietro Cardona. Reversing the custom which sends all who study art south of the Alps, he had visited England—less, it is true, to study than to teach—and having accidentally been thrown into contact with the master of the *Lovely Nancy*, the latter, who discovered in him the signs and tokens of good fellowship, had persuaded him to take a cruise up the Channel, to add not only to the contents of his portfolio, but extend his acquaintance with men and manners amongst the amphibious Hollanders.

The day was hot and sultry, but there was shade on one side of the canal from a broad avenue of lime trees planted on the bank above; and, sheltered from the sun, the boat stole quietly amidst the profusion of water-lilies which expanded their broad leaves and shining cups on the surface of the water. At length, on a few words being spoken, the rower paused, and in a few seconds the skiff lay motionless under the bank.

The view, though of limited extent and essentially Dutch, was very pretty. The glassy waters of the canal, reflecting the clear blue sky above, stretched onward for a mile or more, and were lost at one of those swing bridges which admit of the passage of the treckschuyts. The

banks rose high, and were crowned with rows of poplar, lime, and silver beech, occasionally broken by garden walls, which approached to the very margin of the canal on the side opposite the towing-path. Here and there were dotted little red cottages; beyond them rose the tower of a distant church, and, more immediately in the foreground, a gay-looking summer-house, called in the language of the country a "lust-huis," painted green and white, and, surmounted by a gilt ball and weather-cock, sat perched on the extremity of a garden wall which glowed with houseleek and wallflower.

It was a quiet scene of still-life, from which could scarcely be expected a solitary fisherman, who, seated on a stone, with a long fishing-rod in his hand and a pipe in his mouth, and perfectly motionless, appeared the connecting link between animate and inanimate nature.

As the view afforded more capability than anything he had yet met with, Pietro prepared his colours, and Bunting betook himself to the most imaginative of a sailor's accomplishments—a lesson on the flute—much to the secret annoyance of the Italian's musical feelings, for the genius of Bunting by no means lay in that direction. He could take in a reef or handle his craft in a gale of wind as well as any man who ever trod a deck, but the tones which he drew from his instrument were not such as were likely to charm either Nereid or Dolphin, unless, indeed, they were accessible to the oft-repeated notes of "Robin Adair," or "My Cottage near a Wood," or some such rare and ravishing melody.

The Italian continued to sketch, and the Englishman to blow, uninterruptedly for about half-an-hour, when a sudden exclamation from the painter put a stop to their several occupations.

"Hist, Ruggiero, hist!" he cried; "eccolà due donne! There are two ladies looking upon us."

Bunting turned, and glancing towards the spot indicated by Pietro, perceived two female figures in the lust-huis, which has been described. It was evident that the young men had attracted the attention of its inmates, for one of them occasionally pointed to the boat, and a loud laugh as constantly followed the action. Neither Bunting nor his friend were averse to an adventure, even in the dog-days and on a Dutch canal; and laying aside their implements, they rose in the boat and kissed their hands to the ladies—a courtesy which was immediately acknowledged by the waving of a white handkerchief.

"A fair challenge, by Jove!" cried Bunting. "What do you say, Peter, shall be go over and board 'em?"

"Con tutto il mio cuore—wiz all my heart, Ruggiero!" responded the volcanic Neapolitan; and in a few moments the wherry was darting swiftly along the canal towards the lust-huis.

There are in this world damsels—and they may be met with in England too—who, bold as hawks at a distance, become timid as doves on a nearer approach. Our Dutch beauties—for such they seemed—had little timidity in them. As the boat neared the opposite shore, and was now suffered to glide unassisted by the oars, the two friends could distinctly see the figures and features of the ladies and the nature of their employment.

The elder, a portly woman of fifty, loomed large in a robe of white muslin, which enveloped her ample person and contrasted strikingly with the crimson flush on her expansive countenance, excited by heat and

laughter. Her companion, who stood more in the background, was much younger, and very good-looking. A pair of black eyes, a glowing complexion, a Madras handkerchief wreathed round her head, and her hands thrust into the pockets of her *foulard* apron, sufficiently declared the French *femme-de-chambre*, on excellent terms with herself, her mistress, and all the world.

Their visit to the summer-house had not been without an object, nor would they have been without occupation had they not discovered the young men in the boat, for on a table beside them, covered with a snow-white napkin, was spread a famous luncheon of cold turkey, Ghent sausages, fine white bread and rich yellow butter, a dish of raspberries and cream, a full-bellied, clear glass bottle of beer, a stone flask, which might contain Curaçoa, and another which excited shrewd suspicions of Schiedam. In a china vase, in the middle of the table, was an enormous bouquet of tulips of the brightest hues. It was a sight to mollify an anchorite; and its effect was certainly not lost upon two hungry wanderers.

The wherry shot beneath the open windows of the lust-huis; and while Bunting was making her fast to the root of a broadly-spreading weeping-willow, the friends were accosted in the following terms, in which three several languages strove for the mastery:—

“Ha! ha! ha! So, myn fine fellers, what for duivel you come a sketch-a-neering op this canal? Vous dessinez myn lust-huis, hey? What for buffel he blow the lillypipes? You zwart man, vous n’êtes pas Fransy; he not Dutch, that vrolyke kwantje, that handsome young feller!”

The Italian rose, and, unable to understand three words of this polyglot address, pressed his hand on his heart, and smiled in his most insinuating manner, directing his glance, it must be confessed, rather towards the waiting-maid than the mistress; but he did not proffer a spoken reply.

Bunting, however, to whom the speech was a little more intelligible, and who could not mistake the application of the phrases allusive to himself, the lady’s gestures having assisted in no slight degree, came forward as spokesman.

He said that he was an English sailor, and his friend an Italian artist—gave both their names—declared the weather was very hot; and hoped, in conclusion, as he took off his hat and made a low bow, that he saw her very well.

“Ah, myn Góð! You een Engleeschman!—him a ‘Talian! What for duivel you make here? Que voulez-vous dans ce battō, op this boot? You a sailor—een jolly matroos—myn Góð! I’m a woman of fashion—come of a good stock—famm commy-fo! What for you stand there a-grineering à moi? Venny, come here. Flaauwhart nooit won schoon vrouw—faint heart never won fair lady!”

The invitation thus frankly given was as promptly accepted, and, by means of a moveable flight of steps, Bunting and Pietro soon reached the interior of the summer-house, which was erected at the bottom of a long garden, at the upper end of which stood a compact, well-built château, and, from the manner in which everything was kept, it was evidently tenanted by a person of wealth.

“Ah! that’s myn chattō,” exclaimed the elder lady, pointing towards

the building with a triumphant air; "myn huis so propre you might eat off the boards. Regardy, look at myn collyflovvers in myn jardin; myn peaches op myn mur! Je parry mille guinées you both zeer graag—very hungry. Honger entziet niets; 'twill eat through a stone wall, and you've just grimpaneed up one. Venny, come, sit down, and have some launches."

With becoming modesty, though with their mouths watering while they did so, Bunting and his companion declined the invitation; but the lady would take no refusal.

"Come, don't be beschaamd; nous allons tenir company. Venny, put down your chapeaux. Kom hier, myn schaap, my dear," continued she, addressing Bunting, whose good looks seemed already to have made an impression on the hospitable vrouw. "Sit you down here, auprès de moi; and you, too, Mister 'Talian, met dem swaart aangezigt. Ah! you looze vent—you sly dog, what for you ogle myn lammetje?"

"Mais, madame!" interposed Pietro, vainly striving to catch the words as they fell fast from the lady's tongue, though half conscious of their meaning, for he had been gazing somewhat earnestly upon her attendant. "Che diavolo! Capisco niente!"

"What for language you kakelen? Ik spreke verschydene taalen—myn Engleesch—myn Fransy—myn Hollandsch. Ik verstaa niets autre chose. Kom, don't be down-hearted. Ah, myn Gód! de matroos is très jolly, n'est ce pas, Lisette?" added she, half aside to her confidante. "Take a glass of Curassô; een zoopje, Mister Sailor; drink-a-neer met moi. What for duivel you 'Talian you eeten niets? Vous mangey rien, you mager as a kikker, thin as a frog; you never get fet gras—like this bonny Engleeschman!"

Such were the salutations and greetings of the lady of the summer-house, and such the composite dialect in which they were conveyed to the ears of the astonished Ausonian and the amused Englishman. The latter, encouraged by the off-hand manners of his hostess, which had a certain Portsmouth smack about them to which he was not altogether unaccustomed, and warmed by the rich and potent liqueur, indulged in some of his broadest jokes, and paid her the most extravagant compliments, at which the lady laughed with all her might, and, clapping him on the back, repeatedly exclaimed—

"None of your lifaffery! De duivel is in hem! C'est un jolly garçon—een aadig kaerel! drink another glass, myn Gód!"

Under circumstances like these the parties soon got on excellent terms. A planned pic-nic is generally looked upon as the pleasantest device possible; how much more pleasant an impromptu one on the brink of a Dutch canal, with a merry mistress of the feast to encourage it, a pretty girl to give it grace, and a high-hearted English sailor and a lively Italian to do justice to and enjoy it. It mattered little that they spoke no language in common; something of what each other said was understood; quick glances and significant smiles made up the rest, and the demonstrations of the comely juffrouw needed no interpreter. Cardona quickly established a good understanding with the pretty *femme-de-chambre*; and Bunting, flattered in his turn by the attention bestowed on him, and bewildered by the suddenness and strangeness of the adventure, gave himself up to the whim of the moment, and interposed no great obstacle to the very evident advances of his portly hostess.

The afternoon was already far spent, when, in spite of numerous solicitations to the contrary, the friends prepared to take their departure. There was many a shake of the hand and not a few tender squeezes *de part et d'autre*; but instead of the "gathering tears and tremblings of distress" which sometimes accompany "sudden partings," a good deal of uproarious laughter was substituted. The boat was cast off, and again on its way to Rotterdam, the sober artist congratulating himself on the conquest of Madame Lisette; and the sailor, by no means sober, "catching crabs" at every stroke of the oars, and wearing an enormous tulip in his button-hole, a love token from the lady of the lust-huis.

She, Dido-like, stood upon the wall of the garden, waving her white kerchief, and crying out at the top of her voice—

"Rep u wat dat gy haast wéderom komt!"

Which the reader need hardly be told means, "Make haste back again."

II.

MADAME VAN DER BOOM.

BEFORE we enter into any further detail of the events which arose out of the scene we have described, it is necessary we should introduce the lady of the lust-huis somewhat more formally than she has yet been presented.

Madame van der Boom was the widow of a rich merchant of Rotterdam, who, neglecting no opportunity of adding to his store, had taken her to wife some twenty years before, with the incumbrance of a good round sum in Dutch guilders as her marriage-portion, which throve under his care. Mynheer van der Boom, like Shylock, found "thrift a blessing," and went on accumulating coin till he made up his last account; and when he was finally lodged with Dives, the heavy balance which he was compelled to leave behind him was transferred to the credit of his disconsolate widow, who thus became for the second time a very desirable *partie* in the eyes of many a sedate frequenter of 'Change, very few of whom but would gladly have persuaded the wealthy juffrouw to bend herself once more to the yoke of matrimony. It would seem that such was scarcely her intention, for the burghers of Rotterdam continued still to sigh (through their pipes) in vain; and though another matrimonial connexion was no declared objection, it was whispered that Madame van der Boom had said, "the next time she married she meant to please her eye." Those who remembered the heavy obesity of figure and the lack-lustre expression of countenance of her late husband, who looked for all the world like a large codfish cut down and set on end, were ready enough to admit that, in her first hymeneal venture, she could not have embarked with that object in view.

Madame van der Boom might be looked upon as a native of three different countries, her dialect being, as we have seen, so strange a compound of English, French, and Dutch, that preponderance could scarcely be assigned to either. It seemed that, like the pedants in the comedy, she had "been to a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps," and apparently the refuse, for her thoughts were expressed in phrases of the commonest kind, plentifully sprinkled with exclamations which sounded very like oaths. Nor had she borne away merely the outward signs, for,

inheriting the plain-speaking of the English, she had, from the accident of position, acquired no small share of Dutch coarseness and French frivolity. Her birth and parentage were English, and, as she frequently boasted, she was of good family, her maiden name of Howard descending to her legitimately from one of the cadets of that noble *souche*. Her father had been a merchant, the possessor of a large plantation in the Dutch colony of Surinam; and between Paramaribo and Cayenne, where he had a married sister settled, Betsy Howard passed nearly the first twenty years of her life, having been brought from England while still an infant. Mr. Howard, absorbed in the serious pursuits of traffic, gave no thought to the education of his daughter; he was a widower, and in the absence of maternal control, she followed the bent of her inclination with little hindrance, and the spoilt child of infancy grew up into the domineering mistress of a household of slaves. Her opportunities for the acquirement of knowledge were few, and those few she never wasted a thought upon. What she knew seemed intuitive, and was based on worldly qualities alone—cunning and selfishness—which chiefly guided her actions. Her habits were coarse and sensual; her disposition arbitrary and passionate, and her manner imperious; though, when in a good humour, she passed for being very good-tempered. In personal appearance she was, what those who judge at first sight would call, a fine handsome girl; it was rather the *beauté du diable*, dependent more upon youth and health than perfection of feature. She had quick, malicious eyes, a high colour, which even a tropical climate could not impair; dark hair, and a figure which already gave tokens of future *embonpoint*. Such was Betsy Howard at twenty, when her father returned with her to Europe, and, after a brief visit to England, settled finally at Rotterdam.

It was Mr. Howard's desire to see his daughter well married, and the fortune which he was able to give her was not likely to prove an impediment to his wishes; for if the Dutch are not ardent lovers of beauty, no one can accuse them of not being sincere worshippers of mammon. Accordingly, she had plenty of suitors—

Lovers many came to greet the maiden;

but the Juffer Betje—as she was then called—did not appear disposed to part too readily with her liberty. Not that the lovers lacked encouragement; of that there was enough, and to spare; but the encouragement was by no means special; it was so freely distributed that, amongst the rivals, none could say which obtained the preference. However, as the hearts of Dutchmen are not easily broken, her obduracy or inconstancy, when the question was finally put, did no great harm. Her phlegmatic admirers looked upon her in the light of a stock that was quoted at too high a premium, and, for the most part, transferred their affections to another market. One imperturbable suitor “held on,” as he phrased it, and the result showed that he was right; the perseverance and industry of his countrymen had conquered the raging sea, and to overcome a woman's will was, he thought, with obstinacy like his, a task not much more difficult. The long looked for “Ja Mynheer” came at last, but not before Miss Betsy Howard was an orphan; and ten years' experience of the nature of a Dutch courtship had taught the value of a husband to one whose charms, always florid, were beginning slightly to fade. It was the least thing possible—so she thought; but her cunning

and selfishness stood her here in the place of wisdom, and she shrewdly reflected, that although money alone was power, its influence was not diminished by the possession of good looks. She consented, therefore, to become the wife of Mynheer van der Boom, and though no stipulations were made, empire was pretty freely divided between them. His speculations on 'Change were never marred by her remonstrances, nor was the absolute rule which she exercised at home interfered with by him. There was a line drawn which neither cared to pass, each being conscious that forbearance was for their mutual good. They sometimes disagreed, as a matter of course—it was generally about dinner—but they never quarrelled—they had not loved enough for that: and thus, for nearly eighteen years, they jogged on, as fair a specimen of a Dutch marriage as could, perhaps, well be found. It was broken up by the sudden death of Mynheer van der Boom, who fell a victim to an unexpected piece of good luck—a great rise in the price of red herrings, at a moment when his warehouses were stocked with that delicacy. He was sitting in his counting-house reading the Price Current, and when he came to the article "Bokking," his eyes glistened—for the first and last time; he gave a great gulp and fell off his stool, dead as the herrings which had caused his apoplectic ecstasy. He was buried with some show, for a dislike to ostentation was not amongst the virtues of his widow, and she (having taken advantage of the turn in the market), relinquishing on good terms the business by which her original fortune had been greatly increased, retired to the country-house of the defunct, a few miles from the city.

It was called the "roozen-hóf," or rose-garden; and if it were not, like the Gulistan of Sadi, a storehouse of wisdom and morality, its appearance threw no discredit on its name, for with the Dutch the love of flowers is a passion not confined to the tulip, and both Mynheer van der Boom and his vrouw indulged in their cultivation to a great extent. The useful was, however, mingled with the ornamental; and although tulips and roses were in plenty, there was yet no lack of buyskool and blomkool—cabbage and cauliflower—or, as Madame van der Boom invariably said, "collyflower"—a neglect of her w's having grown with her knowledge of French.

The garden itself, which was a large one, was laid out with all the formality and precision which characterised the designs of more than a century previous, when it had originally been formed. Long wide paths intersecting each other at right angles, with numberless circular compartments on either hand, showed the plan of its construction. Of these, the principal were bordered with large boxes alternately filled with orange and lemon-trees and gnarled pomegranates, while countless roses of every hue spread a rich glow over every gay parterre, where a thousand sweet-scented and many-coloured flowers shed their fragrance. The valuable esculents already named, and many others no less estimable in the eyes of the mistress of the mansion, formed the outworks of this brilliant citadel. On the dwarf wall of a battlemented terrace, raised a few feet above the level of the garden, was ranged a row of aloes, whose sharp bright leaves shining in the sun, that never left them while above the horizon, declared how well they thrived beneath his beams. The terrace was laid down in small red tiles, and was of tolerable width; beyond it rose the château, a brick building, less remarkable for architectural beauty than

for its substantial appearance, though the quaint form of the gable ends showed that an attempt had been made at decoration. It was a Dutch experiment, but, somehow or other, it suited the formal garden that surrounded the building.

III.

LOVE.

On the morning of the day succeeding the scene on the canal, when Lisette appeared, according to custom, to assist at the toilette of Madame van der Boom, to her surprise she found her mistress already dressed, and seated at an open window which overlooked the summer-house. Her attitude might have reminded Lisette of Juliet, for she was "leaning her cheek upon her hand," but as an acquaintance with Shakspeare was not amongst that damsel's accomplishments, the "similitude" did not strike her. In the hand that was disengaged Madame van der Boom held a small volume, which from time to time she appeared attentively to peruse, occasionally looking up to heave a deep sigh and appeal to a cambric handkerchief of large dimensions.

So unusual an occupation in one so brisk and so seldom quiet made the *femme-de-chambre* suppose that her mistress was ill.

"Mon Dieu, madame! Qu'est-ce qu'il y a? Etes vous souffrante?"

Madame van der Boom slowly raised her head, and it was evident to Lisette that she had either caught cold or had been crying, for her eyes and nose were both very red. She interpreted the signs in the former sense, and was wrong. Madame van der Boom *had* been crying; her organs *were* red, but the cause proceeded from a more dangerous malady than a catarrh.

She was in love! And the volume before her was well calculated to encourage the growing sentiment.

It was neither Hooft, nor Byron, nor Lamartine, that engrossed her, but yet the volume was, in her estimation, highly poetical, being nothing less than a "Little Warbler," bearing also the title of "The True Lover's Delight," which had formerly been the property of an English housemaid once in her service, from whose conversation Madame van der Boom had acquired some of the peculiar graces which adorned her style. Happier in her sorrow than Master Slender, she possessed the consolation which he wanted when first presented to sweet Anne Page, and she appeared so completely absorbed in the luxury of woe which it procured her, that it was not until Lisette had repeated her question that she was able to return an answer.

At length she spoke:

"Ah, myn Gód! myn schaaap! Oui, ik bén très malade! Heigh ho! Ik bén a dream-a-neering op that Engleeschman. Kom near, Lisette. De min en de hoest kunnen niet verborgen blyven,—love and a cough can't be hid!—C'est moi ce dis ce vous"—and she sighed heavily—"I loff him! Het is myn noodlot,—it is my fate. What for duivel he kom here yesterday!"

"Mais, madame, est it possible que vous seriez ——"

"I cannot tell, myn troestelkind,—ik bén ziek van liefde,—I am sick for loff, and I want myn onthbyt—mon dejeuny;—apporty le chocolat—alley, make quick!"

Lisette departed on her errand with wondering eyes, and astonished at

this sudden transformation ; albeit accustomed to her mistress's oddities, she had never witnessed this variety.

"Je crois qu'elle est folle ce matin !" was the first thought that passed through her mind, but it was quickly succeeded by another, more in accordance with her own interests : "mais, n'importe, pourvu que j'y gagne !" For Lisette knew what was a certain consequence with Madame van der Boom after an explosion of anger, and she rightly judged the newly-awakened sentiment to be akin to it.

When she returned with the chocolate, "the food of love"—in Holland—Madame van der Boom had risen from her chair, and was pacing the room with the song-book in her hand, and fast melting beneath its influence.

"Ah, Lisette, ma chère,—this is een jolly lied-boek,—très jolly chansons ! Metty là,—donny-moi a chair. What for buffel ! Where is the sugar ? Oh, myn Gôd ! Where is myn Engleeschman !

I dont care a pin if I never kiss agin
Till I kiss the bonny lad with blue trousers on."

And warbling this plaintive melody, she addressed herself to the substantial comforts of breakfast.

Engaged in this interesting occupation, she gradually acquired strength to unbosom herself entirely to her attentive handmaiden, and poured forth her confessions and her chocolate together.

"Yes, myn dear, I loff-a-neer that matroos. Fine strapping feller, myn Gôd ! What for duivel such a leg ! Il disait moi pour venny agin to-day on his boot. He is myn hartjelief, that jolly matlo. Donny moi that pekeltaering,—myn spirits is so low,—

His cheeks are as red as the rose.

Oh, my heart ! I cannot chanty. What for time will he kom ? Metty myn chapō mit the blue ribbons op de bed,—

Oh, blue is the colour for me.

Another tasse of chocolate,—myn appetite is gone. Ik heb geenem trek—

Shepherds have you seen my loff.

Ah, myn Gôd, Lisette, I will have a little sheep, a pretty mutton, een lammetje. What for duivel, where is that shobbejak going to ?"

This last exclamation was caused by the sudden apparition of the gardener amongst the shrubs beyond the terrace.

"Hilloa ! you van skamp,—you shobbejak,—larron,—ou ally voo ? que vooly voo dans le boskett ? Oh, cest voo, mister jackanape,—hans-beuling ! What for duivel, where is Antoine ? Ally-cherchy,—tell him to get-a-neer een petty mutton,—een yong lam ; make quick you ledig schelm, et porty moi some flovvers dans ma chamber ! Ah, myn matroos loffs tulps,—als ik hem nu maar hier had ! He will kom by-and-by. Ally, Lisette, venny prommeny dans le jardin, kom mit me to myn lust-huis."

The morning passed away. Madame van der Boom, in her most becoming dress, was in a fever of anxiety ; now sighing, according to the most approved method of song-books,—now scolding, after the frequent fashion of housewives. The lamb was brought, and decorated also, like its mistress, with a blue ribbon, was tethered on a grass-plot

near the summer-house, where the lady impatiently awaited the coming of her imagined lover.

In the meantime Roger Bunting and Pietro remembered the adventure only as a good joke, or, if more, it was caused by the recollection of the bright eyes of Mademoiselle Lisette. Neither of them, however, dreamt of revisiting the lust-huis, but betook themselves to some other occupation or amusement; and when the sun set, Madame van der Boom actually went to bed without her supper, after venting her rage and disappointment on every individual of her household, not even forgetting the lamb, which came in for a kick and a pious wish to go to the devil.

Daylight brought hope, and with it moderation and a device: the last in the shape of a suggestion from Lisette, who reminded her mistress that, as the Italian was an artist, it would be a good plan to send into Rotterdam, and get him to come and paint her portrait; she would then stand a good chance of receiving an early visit from his friend. Madame van der Boom caught eagerly at the idea, and acceded to Lisette's proposition that she should be the bearer of the message;—an offer which, as she had, of course, no curiosity or latent wish to gratify, must have been of the most disinterested nature. After some further discussion, connected with the object of her mission, the damsel set out, and Madame van der Boom remained with her lamb (taken into favour again) and her song-book in a pleasing state of flutter and excitement.

It was yet early morning when the *char-à-banc* which conveyed Lisette stopped at the door of the maritime hotel called the Scheepshuis on the Boompjes, where Bunting and his friend had put up. Had the address been forgotten, which was not likely, considering that, in addition to the oft-repeated direction of Madame van der Boom, she held in her hand the card which Pietro had slipped into it on parting;—had, however, such a thing occurred, Lisette would have been relieved of all doubt when, glancing quickly upward, she perceived at an open window on the first-floor the objects of her search—Bunting with a telescope to his eye, attentively watching the movements of some distant vessel, and Pietro, in a Turkish dressing-gown, in the act of fixing his easel near the window, preparatory to making a sketch of the quay.

The quick eye of the Italian instantly recognised Lisette.

"Corpo di Bacco!" he exclaimed; "*vedete questa bella figliuola! Look, amico, dere is de Dutch lady's femme-de-chambre!*"

And rushing into the balcony, and nearly knocking Bunting's eye out with the telescope as he did so, he pointed out the *char-à-banc*.

To their mutual surprise, they saw Lisette descend and enter the hotel; and it suddenly struck them that their forgotten visit was the cause of her appearance. In a few moments they were assured of the fact. A gentle tap was heard, and presently, with national diffidence, the pretty *femme-de-chambre* tripped into the apartment.

The shortest message may take longer in the delivery than the longest sermon. It was not much to say that Madame van der Boom required the professional attendance of Signor Cardona, and would he come, with his friend? but, somehow, before the answer was well given, the conversation took another turn, and lasted with great animation and infinite variety for the greater part of an hour; and when Mademoiselle Lisette left the room with an affirmative reply, there was no trace of

anger in her eye, though the hue on her cheek was a little heightened, and her very becoming bonnet a little awry.

When she was gone the friends compared notes; and had they elicited nothing from Lisette, there was still good reason for thinking that the widow was a decided victim; and as ten days must elapse before the *Lovely Nancy* was ready for sea, they took their measures accordingly. What these were will be seen by the sequel.

IV.

COURTSHIP.

WE are again at the château of Madame van der Boom. Another day has come; the sun shines, the birds are singing, and "the air breathes balmy summer." Madame van der Boom is at her toilet, and conferring with her *femme-de-chambre* as to the dress she shall wear.

"Myn Gód, Lisette, what for diivel shall I put on? Myn scarlet satin and blonde, mit myn chappō from Herbault, venny from Parry?"

"Oui, madame, c'est du grand goût; ça vous ira parfaitement!"

"No, myn schaap. I think I'll porty my green velloors, mit my raal Casimir and a feather, een Struis-pluym in myn kóp."

"Eh bien, si madame veut."

"Or myn Indgy muslin, what myn dead Van der Boom used to like, mit een blue sash.

Only look at little Taffin in her silken sash.

What for a jolly chanson is that! Yes, myn kint, donny moi the Indgy muslin, and dite-a-neer that shobbejak Antoine to porty the mutton from the boskett. I'll be dessineered like a bergère—eene herderin—commy fo, mit myn lammetje and een crook, both in the schildery, all in the tablō. What for deuce you chiffoneer so long! Depechy, make quick, myn jolly sailor will kom before we're half ready."

It was a needless apprehension. Notwithstanding the feminine indecision of Madame van der Broom, she was dressed two hours before the time appointed, which her impatience made her think would never come. At length the signal of approach was heard; and maugre the experience of her widowhood—despite her fifty years, her Dutch education, and her native hardihood—Madame van der Boom became timid as a girl of fifteen, and trembled like a child when Bunting and the Italian entered together.

The *empressement* of Pietro relieved the embarrassment of the scene, and by the time it was decided which would be the most advantageous mode of sketching the group, her confidence was partly restored, though she still simpered, and would have blushed, had not nature and Curaçoa superseded the effort.

As time was precious to the artist, it was decided that the portrait should be painted in water-colours; and during the first sitting Madame van der Boom behaved with extreme moderation, partly from the desire to make a good picture, and partly from the exciting causes which had marked the first boisterous interview. It was only by an occasional wink at Lisette, who sat by at work to give her opinion, that a stander-by would have imagined her other than an ordinary, well-behaved sitter. On these occasions a strong tendency to laughter would manifest itself by a convulsive jerk, the suppression of which, as she stifled it in her

pocket-handkerchief, would leave a purple glow on her cheeks and a moist suffusion in her twinkling black eyes. Once or twice she was on the point of breaking out, in reply to some observation of Bunting, but on the whole the sitting passed off very quietly, and Pietro contrived to steal a glance now and then at Lisette across her mistress, while Bunting attracted the attention of the latter towards some of the "moving accidents by flood" which had befallen him during his maritime career, or ventured on some slight hint to the artist as he proceeded with his work.

At length, when Madame van der Boom's ill-suppressed yawns (those signs so familiar to portrait painters and public speakers) denoted that the sitting ought to cease, and a substantial luncheon, *à la Hollandaise*, made its appearance, the lady's courage and voice returned, and she ventured to ask Bunting what he thought of the sketch.

His reply, couched in tropes of nautical significance, in which the words "figure-head," "upperworks," "cutwater," "rigging," "all a-taunt-o," and similar phrases happily predominated, though it left her in the dark as to the precise quality of praise administered, after all *was* praise, and therefore welcome; and Madame van der Boom, in the course of the repast to which all now vigorously addressed themselves, did not fail to intimate what construction she put upon the compliment. Certain "nods and becks," winks, nudges, and sundry pressures of the toe under the table, indicated the progress of her affection, and were quite significant enough to clear away the mist from before the eyes of honest Roger Bunting, if any obscured his mental vision.

Love, like greatness, may be thrust upon one. Such was the fact in the days of Yussuf and Zuleikha, and such it continued to be in those of Bunting and Madame van der Boom. It was impossible now, if it had been doubtful before, to mistake the nature of attentions whose demonstrations were so plain; and while the friends laughed with each other on the subject on their way homewards, a kind of misgiving began to arise in Bunting's mind lest, in allowing free scope to Madame van der Boom's passion, his loyalty to the fair maiden at Southampton might not be impugned, whose name was written on the stern and carved above the bows of the *Lovely Nancy*.

With Madame van der Boom the case was far otherwise. Strange as it may seem, she was actually in love.

A first love at *fifty* is a tremendous thing. The energy of the passion is still there, but the delicacy, the bloom, the *decens motus* are fled. It is as true of age as of youth, that

Love is

Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice,

but this embarrassment soon subsides, and the ice of novelty being broken, the adventurer boldly plunges into the current beneath. Besides the force of temperament, she had the privilege of her tropical nurture for the ardour of her affection, which was in no degree neutralised by the aliments on which she subsisted. Add to these a life of comparative solitude and her strong self-will, and the fact of her being in love will not appear so preposterous.

"Myn Gôd, Lisette," she exclaimed, when left alone with her companion, "dite-a-neer à moi, say what you think; does myn Bunting loff me? I tread op his toe while we launch, what for duivel he not tread op myn?"

"Mais, madame, il croyait peut-être qu'on aurait pu le voir."

"Ah, oui—yes, he is duivelisch slim; what for a handsome dog he is! Ah myn hartje! zo waar als ik leef, as sure as I live I marry him. What for time—quelle heure pour venny demain?"

"Sur les trois heures, madame."

"Ah myn Gôd, so long till then?—op 't slug van drien—not till three! Why for deuce he not kom sooner?"

"Il avait des affaires, madame."

"Affaires! Ah, when we're getrouwd his business shall be mine. Ik zal settle him here, no more going op de zee, myn jolly matlô. C'est moi ce dis-ce vous, Lisette, je vieux l'épouse-a-neer! He is too young pour avoir een vrouw, une famm—he not married think you?"

"Je crois que non, madame."

"Gôd vershoede myn schaap! How I loff him!"

In pleasing communion like this did Madame van der Boom while away the day; now speculating on all the possible contingencies consequent on marriage; now dwelling on all the fancied attractions of him she loved, and only varying her theme when her irascible temper was roused by the "schelms" and "shobbejaks" of her household, as she elegantly denominated her servants.

The next day brought with it another sitting, more flattery, and more folly; and Bunting, now schooled in the plan suggested by the Italian, responded with more warmth to the advances of Madame van der Boom, although in her opinion he still fell short of what she deemed desirable. Her object—no uncommon one with her sex—was to induce him to propose. Fearing this, however, he still kept aloof, and Madame van der Boom, anxious to bring him "to the scratch," hit upon an expedient whereby her blushes might be spared at the expense of her calligraphy. She resolved to write him a letter declaratory of her sentiments. Aided by the orthographical powers of Lisette, and inspired by the little god whom a Dutch poet has called

Het weeligh boefje, Venus-Kint
(The child of Venus, wanton, wild),

she hatched the following *poulet*, which she managed to slip into Bunting's hand one morning when the sitting was over.

"Chatto van den Boom, 28th July, 1830.

"MYN LIEF, MYN ROGIER,—

"What for buffel, you jolly Engleeschman, myn lustig kaerel,—I loff you! Ik ben boven water,—I'm all above-board; voolez-voo m'épouser, marry met me, I mak you more richer als any Dutchman in Rotterdam! I'm a woman of fashion, kom of a goed stock; but every cat to her kind,—elk zoek zyn gelyke. Myn huis is myn own; all legateered me by myn dead Van der Boom, mit my spiegels and tapyta, and all my presses full of the best Hollands-a-linen, as white as a meerblad in the grand étang. I got mille livres sterling de rente,—none of your shobbejak French fortunes, but raal good hard Hollands-a-money down op the nail. Do well and have well, is my motto. Kissing goes by favour, so I'll have you for my husband; vous serez mon mari. Het brouwelyk is een koop foor altoos,—marriage is a bargain for life. I got a kelder full of wyn, a kist full of money, and a jardin full of flovvers; je donne tout à mon Rogier. What for drommel myn jolly matroos, we'll be so happy as the

day is long! You leave-a-neer your petit bateau, kom and fix the day at once. You pour venir alone this evening; meet me in the lust-huis op de canal. Myn Góð, you must behave yourself,—de menschen zyn allen zo kwaad. I 'most afeard—n'importe—you kom. Oh, myn Rogier, I'll say no more! Hoe meerder liefde, hoe minder praat; more love, less talk.

“Your humbel sarvant,

“E. VAN DER BOOM.

“To Mister Roger Bunting,
“Op de Boompjea.”

“Well, this is speaking out, at any rate,” said Bunting, as he read, and endeavoured to translate the amorous effusion to the delighted Italian. “What am I to do now?”

“Bisogna andare mio amico,—you must go to de rendezvous.”

“And what then? Suppose she wants to marry me outright?”

“Non capisco intieramente. Vat is ‘outright?’”

“Oh, I mean, suppose she wants to be married at once?”

“Ebbene! You must put her off till the next day; don't you fear, she is not so old but she can wait, and den we have time to arrange our affairs. Ditemi quando andate a vela, ven you sail, Ruggiero?”

“On the 30th, with the first tide, if the wind's fair.”

“Very well, dat will do for me too; I go up de Rhine same day, colla fanciulla.”

V.

MATRIMONY.

IT was a calm and lovely evening; the sun had just set, and the sky still glowed with a purple light, as if it had caught the reflection of the countless roses which covered the widely-spreading gardens of the château. The earliest stars, like coins on the brow of a Greek maiden, shed golden gleams upon the face of heaven. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers, whose breath awoke the strains of the nightingale when he sat amid the tall trees that bordered the canal; and, save the voice of his complaint, all was silence and rest.

In that hour did Madame van der Boom, like Thisbe, “fearfully o'ertrip the dew” to meet her lover in the lust-huis; in that hour did Pietro Cardona cautiously steal to a honeysuckle bower at the further extremity of the garden wall, where Mademoiselle Lisette awaited his coming.

Each interview was brief, but energetic; we purpose only to speak of the former.

Enveloped in a pea-jacket, which imparted even a sturdier charm to the large proportions of the master of the *Lovely Nancy*, and beguiling the moments of expectation with a cigar, Roger Bunting was carelessly seated on the sill of an open window in the lust-huis, looking at the rising moon, and thinking, of course, of something else.

Presently a *fat* step was heard crushing the gravel of the garden-walk,—a wheezing sound between agitation and shortness of breath,—and Madame van der Boom entered the summer-house. Bunting rose, and the lady sat down, overcome with timidity or celerity of motion. It was probably the latter, for as soon as she could speak she thus began:

“So, myn fine feller! You here a smoke-a-neering in myn lust-huis! Oh, myn Góð,—venny—kom hier, donny-moi un brassy—een kuss. Ik

ben niet in staat om te gaan,—I cannot marchy. What for duivel are you afeard of? I shan't bite-a-neer you. Kom hier and sit down ;—metty-voo in this chaise."

Slowly, and, it must be confessed, reluctantly, did the sailor accept the invitation.

"I can manage very well at long bowls," thought he, "but what shall I do with her weight of metal, when she gets me alongside?"

However, he screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and sat down where he was desired.

"Well, myn Bunting," said the lady, laying on his arm a heavy fat hand, garnished with many rings ; "well, myn lief-hebber, what for time shall we be married? Kom, dite-a-neer à moi, strike while the iron is hot; qu'est ce que voo repondy to my letter? What for duivel when shall we send for that shobbejak parson?"

"Why, as to that," replied the swain, "the sooner we settle that business the better. If you'll have me for better for worse, I'll consign my cargo and marry you to-morrow!"

"Mit all myn hartje, myn loff. Ik bemin u,—vous êtes un jolly matlō, after myn own heart,—

Sweet's the wooing that's long a-doing,—

n'est ce pas, myn kyndeken? Oh, myn Gód—donny-moi un brassy!"

Saying which, Madame van der Boom, edging herself close to Bunting, suddenly took what she demanded before the astonished sailor was aware of the nature of her request.

"What for buffel, how shy you are!" exclaimed the fair one. "Wy zyn nu hier maar alleen,—nous sommes all alone; kom, give me another."

But, warned by experience, Bunting was now on his guard, and, interrupting her movement, observed that, unless the question about the marriage was immediately settled, he feared the opportunity would be lost, as it was necessary for him to make his arrangements for the following day.

This remark brought Madame van der Boom to her senses, and in a few words a bargain was struck between them. Bunting agreed to wind up all his affairs on the following day, previous to the vessel's sailing; and madame, on her part, consented to meet him on the same spot at ten the next night, accompanied by the Dutch clergyman who was to unite their fortunes, and attended only by Lisette, the other witness to the ceremony being the Italian. The bashful Bunting could not now object to the modest solicitation of Madame van der Boom, who, as he tore himself away at last, exclaimed with exultation:

"Dertien! een bakker's dozín,—myn Gód!"

The night of the 29th of July was wet and dark; the rain fell heavily, and a murky gloom "pervaded space." But, notwithstanding the falling torrents, three figures were seen, indifferent to the weather, on the Boompjes at Rotterdam. The chimes of a neighbouring church had rung the hour of nine, and none but these three were out "beside foul weather."

Two of the men were tall and of equal stature; they were dressed like sailors; the third, who was shorter, was wrapt in a large cloak. The conversation seemed to be drawing to a close.

"Well, then, Thompson," said one of the taller men, whose voice closely resembled that of Roger Bunting, "as you've fully made up your

mind, I wish you all the luck in the world. May you be as happy a Dutchman as I've found you a good mate. Only let us know how you get on. And now, Peter, as we sail with the ebb-tide, and shan't see you again for some time, I wish you joy of Lisette, and when you return to England come and see me at Southampton, and you'll find me spliced by that time, mayhap. Give us your hand, and now good-bye, for it's time you should be off."

"Addio, Ruggiero!"—"Good-bye, Mr. Bunting"—Good-bye, Thompson," were the final greetings of the trio as they separated.

We now approach the conclusion of this "over true tale."

The scene is once more, and for the last time, in the lust-huis of the château. There is a table in the midst, profusely spread with all the appurtenances of a marriage feast; not niggardly furnished forth as some use, but solidly and substantially, in Dutch fashion, and fit for the nuptials of Madame van der Boom.

The bride is there, richly attired, but, like her attendant, wrapt for the nonce in a large black cloak, and it is only by the grove of orange-flowers in which her head is buried that we guess at the nature of the coming sacrifice. A taciturn gentleman in canonicals, and an assistant in decorous sables, are quietly smoking their pipes in one corner of the room; on a settee on the opposite side sits Madame van der Boom; and Made-moiselle Lisette has taken up a position near a window, which is partly open, to listen, amidst the pattering rain and howling wind, for the approach of the tardy bridegroom. There is a gleam of exultation in the eyes of the *femme-de-chambre*, as she thinks of the heavy purse, stuffed with bright Napoleons, of which her mistress had that evening made her a *cadeau*; and joy is enthroned on the broad visage of Madame van der Boom, as she ruminates on the bliss that is so soon to be hers.

"On vient, madame!" was the signal given by Lisette.

"Myn G6d—de duivel!" was the twofold exclamation of her mistress, as the door was suddenly opened, and, dripping with wet, Pietro and the bridegroom rushed into the lust-huis.

The energy of the action was a good indication of the ardour of the motive which prompted it. It produced, however, one effect, which was rather inconvenient. The open window and the open door were exactly opposite each other; the wind came sweeping with a fitful gust, and—puff!—out went the lights upon the table, leaving nothing to illuminate the darkness but the sparks which glowed in the pipes of the parson and his clerk!

A wedding that is well determined on is not to be frustrated by so trifling an incident as this. It was too far to send to the château for more lights, and as there were no lucifers in the lust-huis, it was resolved that the ceremony should take place in the dark. It had this advantage, that it saved the necessity of superfluous blushes.

"By nacht zyn alle katten grauw!" laughed Madame van der Boom; and to exemplify the truth of the proverb, the bridegroom felt his way towards her, and, with an earnestness which he had not shown before, bestowed a smacking salute on the lips of his intended.

"Myn G6d! Bunting, what for a rough beard you've got to-night!" exclaimed Madame van der Boom.

"Yes, my love," replied a hoarse voice, "it's rather stiff; I hadn't no time to shave to-day."

"De duivel is in him," said the lady, simpering; "you've caught a bad cold; kom hier, Mister Parson, and begin!"

Familiar with the text of the marriage ceremony, the phlegmatic minister of fate proceeded, without book, to accomplish his task.

It was soon over, and the happy were united; but scarcely were the last words spoken, before a noise of footsteps was heard, and presently the head of Dirk, the drunken gardener, was thrust into the lust-huis, his face irradiated partly by Schiedam and partly by a lantern which he held in his hand.

"Hilloa! you shobbejak!" cried the bride, "what for duival you do there wit that buffelskop head a-grineering at the door! Kom in and light a candle—steek een kaers aan!"

He did as he was ordered, and when the *ci-devant* Madame van der Boom turned to gaze with rapture on her adoring husband, she beheld the features of Thomas Thompson, late mate of the *Lovely Nancy*, already in the offing!

Mrs. Thompson shrieked and fell, and in the confusion of the moment Pietro and Lisette quietly disappeared.

The last we heard of the actors in this domestic drama was, that Roger Bunting led the original "*Lovely Nancy*" to the altar soon after his return to Southampton, when the vessel was made over to him by his father-in-law as part of the bride's portion; that Signor Pietro *atelier* in the Rue St. Augustin was as much in vogue before the revolution of February as the *salon de musique* of his wife, Madame Lisette; that Mrs. Thompson only survived the shock her affections had sustained for the brief period of fifteen years; and that Thompson is *now* a happy man!

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

No. II.

FEBRUARY.

By J. E. CARPENTER, Esq.

BIRDS are singing on the bough,
Wood-notes wild make music now;
In the copse, and through the lane,
Are their sweet notes heard again.
Now the snow has left the ground,
And the primrose blooms around,
And the purple violet blows,
And the modest blue-bell grows;
In sweet February's train
Birds and bright flow'rs come again!

Now the hawthorn buds appear;
All the firstlings of the year
Bud and bloom their little day,
Then, like all things bright, decay;
Yet is theirs a brighter doom
Than the summer's gaudier bloom,
Dying as the year flies past,
When each bright blossom seems *the last*!
Hail! February's joyous train,
That tells us spring is come again!

PROPOSED COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

THE establishment of a regular steam-packet service from the United States to the Isthmus of Panama and from the Isthmus to California, the proposed establishment of a regular packet service between Southampton and Chagres, and the scheme, now favourably entertained by the home government, of establishing a regular line of steamers between England and her Australian colonies by way of Panama, Tahiti, and New Zealand to Sydney, have necessitated the solution of a problem, the discussion of which is almost coeval with our knowledge of the geography of the New World, viz., the opening of the Isthmus of Central America. The dispute that has arisen between two petty states, Nicaragua and Mosquito, upon a question of territorial rights, the one abetted in its claims by the last conquerors of Mexico, the other protected in its rights by the British, has served at once to embitter and to give importance to a question in which geography and science are as much interested as commerce and politics and the future destiny of nations.

There is every reason to believe that this great undertaking attracted the attention of the speculators and geographers of the Old and New Worlds almost ever since the discovery of the latter. In the palmy days of her conquests Spain must doubtless have contemplated such a task, and, according to a French writer (M. Davondeau, in the *Annales Maritimes*), the scheme was even entertained by Cortez himself. At a later period the Spaniards seem again to have thought of it; yet the celebrated Don Juan de Ulloa was perhaps the only man of science during the last century who passed over the Isthmus with instruments of observation. Even he left so few and such imperfect results on record, that when the great explorer, Humboldt, made us, for the first time, really well acquainted with the general structure of South America and Mexico, he dwelt with deep regret on our ignorance of the physical features of nearly the whole region of the Isthmus. Comparing, however, the various sources of approximate knowledge, he urged in an energetic and eloquent appeal the accomplishment of more precise and detailed surveys.

The inhabitants of South America having thrown off their allegiance to Spain and established independent governments, every sort of scheme for the improvement of the country being hastily suggested, it was natural that the passage of the Isthmus should be one of them; and by the year 1825—so memorable for the overwhelming ruin of many of our countrymen by South American companies and their failures—there were already no less than four different projects in the field.

The first of these was the joining of the rivers south of Darien in the province of Choco; the second, was the union of the waters of the Chagres, and of its affluent, the Trinidad, with the streams near Panama; thirdly, the union of the Gulf of St. Juan, through the river of that name and the Lake of Nicaragua, with the Gulf of Costa Rica, or by other lateral terminations on the western or northern parts of the same lake; fourthly, the line formerly much countenanced by the viceroy of New Spain, viz., the connexion of the River Huasacualco on the Gulf of Mexico with the Bay of Tehuantepec on the Pacific.

It will be observed, on turning to a map and examining the Isthmus of

Central America generally, that the first point from the northwards where the distance of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean is small is between the Bay of Tehuantepec in Oaxaca and the Port of Huasacualco, the river of which forms the boundary between the provinces of Vera Cruz and Tabasco. A fortunate accident, Humboldt informs us, was the means of directing the attention of the Mexican government, towards the end of the last century, to this part of the Isthmus. There were discovered in 1771, at Vera Cruz, amongst the artillery of the castle of San Juan de Ulua, several pieces of cannon cast at Manilla. As it was known that, before the year 1767, the Spaniards neither doubled the Cape of Good Hope nor Cape Horn in their voyage to the Philippine Islands, and that since the first expeditions of Magellan and Loysa, who set out from Spain, all the commerce of Asia was carried on in the galleon of Acapulco, they could not conceive how these guns had crossed the continent of Mexico in their way from Manilla to the castle of Ulua. The extreme difficulty of the road from Acapulco to Mexico, and from thence to Xalapa and Vera Cruz, rendered it very improbable that they should come by that way. In the course of their investigations they learned, both from the chronicle of Tehuantepec, written by father Burgos, and from the traditions preserved among the inhabitants of the Isthmus of Huasacualco, that these guns were cast at the island of Luzon, and landed at the bar of San Francisco; that they had ascended the Bay of Santa Teresa and the Rio Chimalapa; that they had been carried by the farm of Chivela and the forest of Tarifa to the Rio del Malpasso; and that, after having been again embarked, they descended the Rio Huasacualco to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico.

It was then very reasonably observed that this road, which had been frequented in the beginning of the conquest, might still become very useful for the opening a direct communication between the two seas. The viceroy, Don Antonio Bucareli, gave orders to two able engineers, Don Augustin Cramer and Don Miguel del Corral, to examine, with the greatest minuteness, the country between the bar of Huasacualco to its mouth, and the road of Tehuantepec; and he instructed them at the same time to verify whether, as was vaguely supposed, among the small rivers of Ostuta, Chicapa, or Chimalapa, there was none which in any of its branches communicated with the two seas. De Humboldt drew up his map of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec from the itinerary journals of these two engineers. They found that no river discharged its waters at the same time into the South Sea and the Atlantic Ocean; that the Rio Huasacualco did not take its rise, as the viceroy had been informed, near the town of Tehuantepec; and that, in ascending it beyond the cataract, even as far as the old *desembarcadero* of Malpasso, they were still more than twenty-six leagues distance from the shores of the South Sea. They observed that a chain of mountains of very inconsiderable height divides the waters between the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of Tehuantepec. This small cordillera stretches from east to west, from the Cerros de los Mixes, formerly inhabited by a wild and warlike tribe, towards the elevated table-land of Portilla de Petapa. The engineer Cramer affirms, however, that, to the south of the village of Santa Maria de Chimalapa, the mountains form a group rather than an uninterrupted chain, and that there exists a transversal valley in which a canal of communication might be cut between the two seas. This canal, which would unite the Rio de Chima-

lapa with the Rio del Passo or Malpasso, would be only six leagues in length. The boats would ascend the Rio Chimalapa, which affords a very easy navigation from Tehuantepec to the village of San Miguel, and from thence they would pass by the canal projected in the time of the Viceroy Count de Revillagigedo to the Rio del Passo. This river discharges itself into the Rio de Huasacualco near the *Bodegas de la Fabrica*; but its navigation is extremely difficult, on account of the seven rapids (*raudales*) which are met with between its source and the mouth of the Rio de Saravio. De Humboldt suggested that it would be of infinite importance to have the same ground further examined by intelligent engineers, to determine whether, as was believed by Cramer, the canal between the two seas can be executed without locks or without inclined planes; and whether, by blowing up the rocks with powder, the beds of the rivers Passo and Chimalapa could be deepened. The Isthmus is rich in cattle, and would, from its great fertility, supply valuable productions for the commerce of Vera Cruz. The fine plains of Tehuantepec would be susceptible of irrigation from the Rio de Chimalapa, and they already produce indigo and cochineal of a superior quality.

In 1842 Don José de Garay addressed a memorial to General Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, asking permission to execute a canal through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to unite the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. On March 1st of the same year a decree was passed granting to him the permission desired, with the right of collecting dues on the canal for fifty years, and for sixty years the exclusive privilege of transport by steam.

With the view of executing this project a survey was commenced at the expense and under the orders of Don José de Garay. The general direction of it was confided to Don Gaetano Miro, who was associated with Lieutenant-Colonel de la Trouplinière and Captain Gonzalez as engineers, and they were afterwards joined by Don Manuel Robles, Professor of Astronomy and Geodery at the Military College of Mexico.

The results of this survey, which is one of a rather complicated nature, and would require much detail to embrace even in an outline,* were so far favourably received that a company was formed in this country in 1844 to open a canal from the lakes near Tehuantepec across the Cordillera to the navigable portion of the River Huasacualco, which is navigable for eighty miles from its mouth in the Bay of Hampeachy, or Gulf of Mexico. The company formed consisted of Mexican, British, and French interests; but the war between Mexico and the United States prevented the project from being carried into effect. Notwithstanding these unpropitious circumstances, it would appear that the Mexican government has commenced the construction of a carriage road from Minatetlan, on the River Huasacualco, to the town of Tehuantepec, a distance of 120 miles.

Of the various projects of communications between the two great oceans suggested to the Americans since the cession of California, the three that have received most favour are a direct railway to San Fran-

* Survey of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, executed in the years 1842 and 1843, &c. London, 1844. See also report on the same by Thomas Falconer, Esq., in the Journal of the Roy. Geog. Soc., vol. xiv. p. 306.

cisco ; a canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, for shipping ; and a railroad across Panama, for general traffic.

Upon the question of the Tehuantepec line, the President of the United States, General Taylor, expresses himself in the following most sensible and moderate tone :—

“The routes across the Isthmus, at Tehuantepec and Panama, are also worthy of our serious consideration. They did not fail to engage the attention of my predecessor. The negotiator of the treaty of Guadalupe, Hidalgo, was instructed to offer a large sum of money for the right of transit across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The Mexican government did not accede to the proposition for the purchase of the right of way, probably because it had already contracted with private individuals for the construction of a passage from the Huazacualco River to Tehuantepec. I shall not renew any proposition to purchase, for money, a right which ought to be equally secured to all nations, on payment of a reasonable toll to the owners of the improvement, who would, doubtless, be well contented with that compensation and the guarantees of the maritime states of the world, in separate treaties negotiated with Mexico, binding her and them to protect those who should construct the work. Such guarantees would do more to secure the completion of the communication through Mexico than any other reasonable consideration that could be offered ; and as Mexico herself would be the greatest gainer by the opening of this communication between the Gulf and the Pacific Ocean, it is presumed that she would not hesitate to yield her aid, in the manner proposed, to accomplish an improvement so important to her own best interests.”

The scheme of opening a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by the great Lake of Nicaragua or Granada attracted the attention of the Americans several years back, and as early as 1827 a joint-stock company was formed in New York for the purpose of executing a grand junction canal in that quarter, with the consent of the Guatemala government, but the scheme was abandoned on account of the immense expense with which it was evident that it must have been attended.

To understand the line proposed here, let it be observed that the great Lake Nicaragua joins on the one side with the Lake of Leon, stretching to near the shores of the Pacific, and communicates on the other, by the River San Juan, with the Carribean Sea. But the latter river is unfortunately not navigable to any distance from its mouth ; neither is the small River Josta, which flows on the other side of the continent, near the Lake of Leon, into the Pacific ; so that, to complete the navigation betwixt the two seas, a very considerable distance would require to be cut ; besides, the navigation of the lake Nicaragua is said to be highly intricate and dangerous. Humboldt suggested that Lake Leon might be avoided altogether, by drawing a canal from the larger lake to the Gulf of Papagayo. It is somewhat curious that the old maps indicate a communication between the Nicaragua and the Pacific to have once existed hereabouts. It is also stated that a high volcanic ridge, which runs between the lake and the ocean, would render any attempt to carry a canal across the Isthmus in this quarter exceedingly difficult.

Great stress has been laid by objectors to this line of communication to the peculiar unhealthiness of the River San Juan and the neighbouring

country. This view of the case is, to a certain extent, substantiated by the fate of the British expedition in 1779, at which period Spain, having joined France in abetting the revolt of the British colonies in North America, measures of retaliation were adopted against the colonies of that nation. The Governor of Jamaica, the late Major-General Sir John Dalling, and Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker, commanding the naval forces on that station, on receiving authority from government to act offensively, sent an expedition against Fort Omoa, in the Bay of Honduras. Encouraged by the brilliant success which had attended that enterprise, and by information which appeared to be satisfactory, General Dalling was induced to recommend a more extensive plan, which was approved of by government. Its object was to ascend by the River San Juan to the Lake of Nicaragua; to take post in one of the islands, and encourage the inhabitants in the cities of Granada and Leon, near its western extremity, to declare their independence; or, if necessary, to take possession of those places, with a view to further operations on the west coast of America, assisted by a squadron from England, to co-operate with the army on that side of the continent.

The first destination of the armament was to the Bay of Honduras, where possession was taken of the unoccupied island of Rattan: a party of Indians was collected with their craft on the Mosquito shore, and a corps was formed of the British settlers there, and in the bay, whose negroes were to act as pioneers with the army. Nelson, who by being made post into the *Hichinbrook*, of twenty-eight guns, an enemy's merchantman, sheathed with wood, which had been taken into the service, had missed his share of the valuable prize obtained at Omoa, played a prominent part in this expedition, of which a graphic account will be found in Southey's life of the hero, and who, in allusion to the project of navigating the San Juan, says, "Here it is that a canal between the two seas may most easily be formed—a work more important in its consequences than any which has ever yet been effected by human power."

The party reached the San Juan at the latter end of the dry season,—the worst time for such an expedition. Indians were sent forward through narrow channels between shoals and sandbanks, and the men were frequently obliged to quit the boats, and exert their utmost strength to drag or thrust them along. All equally endured the violent heat of the sun, rendered more intense by being reflected from the white shoals, while the high woods, on both sides of the river, were frequently so close as to prevent any refreshing circulation of the air; and during the night all were equally exposed to the heavy and unwholesome dews.

On the 9th of April, on approaching the fortified island of San Bartolomeo, Nelson asked leave to "board the battery" with a small party, and carried it sword in hand. In two days more they came in sight of the castle of San Juan, which surrendered on the 29th of April. Brigadier-General Kemble, with part of the reinforcements, proposed proceeding onwards to the lake; but disease counteracted every effort, until, in a few weeks, its ravages had not left men in health to attend the sick or even bury the dead. Many valuable officers, of both navy and army, died or lost their health (and among the latter was Nelson himself, who also narrowly escaped being killed by one of the deadly serpents of the

country), and out of about 2000 men, including the forces of every description, not 300 recovered.

These sad results appear to have been as much owing to exposure as to climate; and Lieutenant-General Dirom, who had many opportunities of acquiring information after the return of the expedition, justly remarked that even climate can be improved by clearing the banks of the river of wood and draining marshes.

Some preliminary labours, executed in the first instance by order of the King of Holland, and afterwards by the central government, have not only proved the possibility of making the River San Juan navigable, but have also been instrumental in discovering two points where the height of the Cordilleras is so inconsiderable as to allow a passage to be cut through them. At one of these points the immediate connexion of the Lake of Nicaragua with the Pacific might be effected by a channel of five-and-a-half leagues long south of the town of Nicaragua. The intervening neck of land has only an elevation of 487 English feet above the level of the lake, which again, according to the official report of Baily's measurement, is 128 feet 3 inches higher than the Pacific.

The second route, according to the Chevalier Emanuel Friedrichsthal, in his "Notes on the Lake of Nicaragua, &c.," in vol. ii. of *Journal of Roy. Geo. Society*, would lead from the same lake, ascending the River Tipitapa through the Lake Managua towards the town of Leon, where mountains of a still less elevation than the above are to be cut, when a channel of thirteen leagues long would lead into the Bay of Cochagua. But the realisation of the second plan would be much more expensive, as the Lake of Managua or Leon, which is twenty-eight feet higher than that of Nicaragua, forms, at the place where it narrows itself into the River Tipitapa, a cataract, having a fall of fourteen feet, which could only be surmounted by expensive locks. Nevertheless, adds the Chevalier Friedrichsthal, the scheme of uniting the two oceans presents no difficulties which may not be readily overcome by the resources of the age, or which are not light in comparison with the benefits likely to redound from its execution.

It may be remarked here, that the river joining the two lakes is named Panaloya by Mr. Laurance, mate of H. M. S. *Thunder*, who in 1840 ascended the River of San Juan in a boat, carefully observing the rate of the current, and crossing from the Lake of Nicaragua to the Pacific. Proceeding from Nicaragua through a thick wood, and then over an extensive savannah, this officer and his party came to a range of mountains, from one of which, 800 feet high, they had a beautiful view of the Pacific, about three miles off; and soon after they found themselves unexpectedly at a little cove called El Cacola. To the south of this spot, at a distance of a league, they arrived at last at the place they sought, the port of San Juan. The results of Mr. Laurance's observations, communicated to the Royal Geographical Society from the Hydrographical-office of the Admiralty, enriched a map of the Isthmus in the eleventh volume of the Society's Journal.

There is a large island in Lake Nicaragua, nine leagues in length and three in breadth. It is formed of two cones of porous granite (Tephrite?), which are connected by an isthmus. The eastern mountain, called Las Maderas, shows at long intervals an inward volcanic activity, manifesting itself by heaving and by a low grumbling; it is

thickly wooded, and is said to have a small fresh-water lake on its summit. The peak of Madera is, according to the measurement of Mr. Laurance, 4190, and the other, called Cerro de la Consuncion, 5050 feet above the lake. A remarkable statement, illustrative at once of the great peculiarity and insalubrity of the climate of Central America, is given by the botanist Friedrichsthal, when he describes the mere atmospheric precipitation on the summit of the latter mountain to be so great, that they were wading deep in mud, and the trees were teeming with wet!

It is not a little remarkable, that as the first and only perfect survey of the Isthmus of Panama, or Darien, was effected by an Englishman, so the only satisfactory surveys of the Isthmus between the Lake of Nicaragua and the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other, were accomplished by Englishmen—Mr. Laurance, whose memoir, previously noticed, was published in the *Nautical Magazine* for 1840-41, and Mr. Bailly, who surveyed the same regions at the request and under the authority of General Morazan, then President of the Central American Republic. The results of this latter survey were communicated by Mr. Bailly to the Royal Geographical Society; which, because the description of the San Juan, communicated to another magazine by Mr. Laurance, was similar to that sent in by Mr. Bailly, only thought proper, even when such a truly important point was in question, to publish in their journal such portions of Mr. Bailly's paper as were supplementary to that of Mr. Laurance which had appeared in the *Nautical Magazine*!

It results, then, from Mr. Bailly's researches, that the port of San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific, is small, but sufficiently commodious within; surrounded by high land, except from S.S.W. to W. by S., where it lays open to the ocean; the depth of water, about 300 yards from the beach, is three fathoms, increasing gradually to six, seven, eight, and nine fathoms; the entrance is 1100 yards across, and the anchorage good. There is plenty of fresh water, and fish is abundant, but nothing else except firewood is to be had, the neighbouring lands being in a state of nature, without inhabitants or habitations.

A line of levels has been run from this port, not in a direct course, but diverging, as the face of the country required, for passing the range of heights at its lowest point, a brief description of which is as follows:—From the beach to the distance of 5880 yards the ground rises, with a gradual acclivity, to the height of 284 feet; then, for 904 yards, there is a much greater proportional rise, until, at 6784 yards, it attains the summit-level, which is 615 feet above the level of the ocean. This ridge is the *divortia aquarum*, the streams on its western side falling into the Pacific, and those on the eastern finding a course to the Atlantic through the Lake of Nicaragua and River San Juan. From the summit level the descent is rapid: for at the distance of 8664 yards, the elevation is again reduced to 295 feet, whence there is a gentle declivity, with slight alternations of rise and fall, down to the margin of the lake, at the mouth of the River Lajas; the whole distance from sea to lake, through all the sinuosities of the line, is 28,408 yards. In directing the course of these levels the lowest grounds were chosen, when this could be done without deviating widely from an approximate straight line; but what is more important is, that in many parts it acknowledgedly passed through ravines, which during the rainy season are water-courses, and in some there are permanent streams.

In this tract of country the land is thickly wooded with timber of various descriptions, much of it of fine size and excellent quality; limestone abounds, and the soil is, in general, of a most fertile character; but there is no cultivation, that part of it which belongs to individual proprietors being occupied for grazing; and in one or two places there are estates of this description, but these are neither well attended to nor of much importance; there is no village or hamlet, the whole district remaining in a state of nature, although well suited to agriculture, and capable of almost every species of improvement; the climate is said to be salubrious and the temperature moderate, as the heat seldom exceeds 84 or 86 degrees of Fahrenheit. The River Lajas varies from 25 to 100 yards in breadth, with a depth of water from one to three fathoms; the bottom is of mud to a further depth of several feet; the bank on one side is thickly wooded for a distance inland of about 300 or 400 yards; on the opposite side there is a dense growth of wild cane of greater extent. The result of these levels, which were run with great care and attention by a good theodolite during a period of four months, makes the surface of the Lake of Nicaragua 128 feet 3 inches higher than the Pacific at low water mark on the day of full moon, when the rise of tide in Port San Juan is twelve feet; the Lake of Managua, or Leon, is twenty-eight feet eight inches higher than that of Nicaragua.

This survey, carried out like that of Panama by Englishmen, effects what Humboldt considered to be so great a desideratum,—the determination of the true character of the country lying between the Pacific and the Lake of Nicaragua; and it confirms his supposition, that it is rather a hilly tract than a continuous cordillera.

It is a remarkable fact in connexion with this line, that the merit of having first effected a communication between the two great oceans already belongs to a very humble individual, a parish priest, who, in the year 1788, caused his Indian flock to cut a shallow canal between a branch of the San Juan and a branch of the Quito, by which the small canoes of the country have actually passed, and do still pass in the rainy season, from one sea to the other—a distance of 250 miles.

It further remains to be observed in connexion with the Nicaragua line, that it has hitherto been supposed that a shipping canal, entering by the port of San Juan, must necessarily pass through the state of Nicaragua. Such a conclusion has been come to because the two ports on the Pacific which have hitherto occupied attention are in that state. Thus Louis Napoleon, who, when in confinement at Ham, wrote a very useful little work, showing the practicability of this line and the great advantages which would result from it to the world, advocated the port of Realejo, on the Pacific, as the best adapted terminus on that side. But Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R.N., who surveyed the port of Realejo, declares it to be execrably bad, and he recommends the Estero Real, in the Gulf of Fonseca, as an infinitely superior outlet to the Pacific. But it is extremely probable that a better and easier line might be found in the territories of the friendly state of Costa Rica. As we have seen indeed at starting, one of the oldest projects on record was by the River San Juan to the Gulf of Costa Rica.

The republic of Costa Rica is one which, at the present moment, is well deserving of attention. Of the five petty states into which Central America is divided, Costa Rica is the only one that has been for any

lengthened period exempt from the anarchy by which this region has been devastated. Its territory comprises from 2500 to 3000 square leagues, bounded by the republic of New Granada on the south; the River of San Juan, and the Mosquito territory, and the lake, and part of the state of Nicaragua, on the north. The trade is now almost exclusively carried on with England in British bottoms; but the shipments taking place at Punta Arenas on the Pacific side, the tedious route by Cape Horn is a serious drawback. Last year the exports consisted of 150,000 cwt. of coffee, and of about 10,000 ox and cow hides; of a considerable quantity of mother-of-pearl, Nicaragua wood, and sarsaparilla, and a small quantity of pearls; the total value being estimated at 1,000,000 dollars. The imports consist of English, American, French, and German manufactures; the former being by far the largest in proportion.

The great want of this prosperous little republic is a communication with the Atlantic, so as to save the long navigation by Cape Horn; and this communication, which, under proper arrangements, would form a very legitimate undertaking for British capital, might be effected, it is said, for an outlay altogether insignificant—a road of sixty-six miles from San José the capital, to a river called Sarapiquí, which runs into the San Juan, being all that is required. Whether, considering the hostile attitude of Nicaragua, a shipping canal could not be carried from the San Juan to the Pacific, through this state, is a very important question.

We now come to the far more important Isthmus of Panama or Darien, which may be considered as extending from the meridian of 77 deg. to that of 81 deg. west of Greenwich, with a breadth swelling out at the two extremities, and not less than thirty miles, even where narrowest, opposite the city of Panama. The Cordillera, or great chain of mountains, which for the most part traverses the whole continent of America, is twice broken within the above limits.

The northern Cordillera exhibits the first indication of depression in Nicaragua, but again rears itself for a time in the province of Veragua, and is there crowned by a very fine plain, called La Mesa (the table). In the eastern part of the province it breaks into detached mountains of considerable height, and of the most abrupt and rugged formation;—thence, proceeding still to the eastward, innumerable sugar-loaf mountains appear, not above three or four hundred feet high, with their bases surrounded by plains and savannahs; and, finally, about Chagres on the one side, and Chorrera on the other; these also disappear for a few miles, and the country becomes almost uninterruptedly low and flat. Presently, however, the sugar-loaf mountains thicken, and, becoming connected, form a small cordillera, running from about opposite Porto-Bello to the Bay of Mandingo, where is the second break. The land then continues low through the province of Darien and Choco, and is most abundant in rivers; those on the north side tending to the Gulf of Uraba or Darien, and those on the south to that of St. Miguel; beyond which point the Cordillera again raises itself on an extended scale, and enters South America.

The general direction of the mountains in the vicinity of Panama is north-east and north-west; elsewhere they vary, maintaining some relation to the line of coast, though not always parallel to it. Near Panama

they do not exceed 1000 or 1100 feet in height; east of Porto-Bello they are greatly higher; and are generally covered with thick and almost impenetrable wood growing in an extraordinary fruitful soil of great depth. The prevailing rock is limestone, skirted on the north side with coral rock, on the south with indurated clay. There are also clay and loam earths; and no part of the world possesses a greater variety of building materials, nor more facility for procuring them.

There is hardly a mile of land in the Isthmus which is not in the rainy season intersected by some little river or *quebrada*, which carries off the superfluous water. But in the summer most of these dry up; and the following are the only rivers of importance—on the north side and falling into the Atlantic, the Chagres, Pequeni, Trinidad, and Gatun, which all join and form one before reaching the sea; and on the south or Pacific side, the Rio Grande, the Caymito or Chorrera, the Cacora, Indio, and Balloma or Chepo.

The Chagres, which has become the ordinary line of transport for adventurers crossing the Isthmus on the way to California, takes its rise a considerable distance east of Porto-Bello, among the high mountains which approach the Bay of Mandingo; and after traversing a great tract of country, when nearly opposite Porto-Bello receives the Pequeni, which comes from the south-east, and is as large and broad as itself. The two thus form a very noble river, too rapid, however, to be easily navigable; and accordingly, though canoes ascend both branches in the dry season, even above the common point of junction, the passage is considered dangerous, from the number of falls or rapids, in some of which the stream runs with extraordinary velocity. In proportionate distances as it approaches Cruces, its rate abates. At that town, which is twenty-three miles direct from the sea, forty-four as the river winds, it seldom exceeds three to three-and-a-half miles per hour, even in the rainy season.

Few rivers of its size present more beautiful scenery on its banks than does the Chagres above Cruces. For miles together it is bounded by enormous abrupt masses of limestone of the most curious and fantastic forms; in other parts, savannahs extend to the very edge of the river, covered with a particularly fine grass called Grammalotti; and the noble bongo-tree is seen studding the banks, something in the shape of a well-trimmed yew-tree, but growing to a much larger size. In most places, however, like the San Juan and other great rivers in this part of the world, the river is shaded from the sun's rays by a large tree called figeron, which extends its branches across the waters, and thus, while its leaves are eagerly sought by the fish, they engender miasmata fatal to Europeans.

The communication across the Isthmus at this point, previous to the discovery of the gold regions of California, was maintained by two lines of road; one from Panama to Porto-Bello, the other equally from Panama, by way of Cruces or Gorgona, down the Chagres, to the seaport of the same name at its mouth.

The objections formerly made to the line of Panama were the supposed height of the central ridge, the absence of any convenient large port near Panama, the shelving and shallow shore of the Pacific at that point, the insalubrity of both coasts, and the want of an adequate supply of manual labour. Since that time, however, Captain Lloyd, a skilful English surveyor, has determined with precision the real levels between

the two seas in the parallel of Panama, the expenses of his survey having been defrayed by General Bolivar and the Columbian government. The elaborate and valuable researches of this officer, effected in 1827, and recorded in the "Transactions of the Royal Society for 1830," were the first which removed the old and erroneous belief in the existence of a high and persistent central ridge, whilst they also answered the question of whether the Pacific Ocean was higher than the Atlantic? They, in fact, demonstrated that, in the latitudes in question, the Cordillera dwindles into a series of isolated hillocks, amid which a watershed, 633 feet only in height, separates the one sea from the other; and making due allowance for the respective rises and falls of those great masses of water whose tides are necessarily influenced by the form of the coast and periodical winds, it was proved that to within a very slight difference their levels were the same. Thus, the disgrace, which till then hung over civilised nations, in the energetic remonstrance of Humboldt, was wiped away by our countryman, Lloyd, and one of the anticipations of the great geographer respecting the equalisation of the levels of the two oceans was completely realised.

The line of communication recommended by Mr. Lloyd begins on the Atlantic at a fine bay called Limon, or Navy Bay, about five leagues east of Chagres; thence to that river, some miles above its mouth, where its course approaches this bay by a canal; thence up the river to a favourable situation on the south bank of the Trinidad, where its shores are excellently suited for being converted into wharfs and landing-places both for goods and cattle; and thence, finally, to Panama or Chorrera by a railroad—the latter being the shorter distance, but the former the preferable route, both as conducting to a better seaport, and as terminating in Panama, the capital of the department, and where its trade is already chiefly centred.

Mr. Lloyd recommends forming a communication with the Bay of Limon, because he says the mouth of the Chagres is impeded by a ledge of rock; but Mr. Wheelwright, who accompanied Mr. Lloyd, has published his opinion, that with steam-power the ascent of the Chagres and Trinidad rivers could be easily effected, the Bocca del Toro would serve as a roadstead for the largest fleets, and that coal is to be had along its shores. The Rio Grande, it is also worth while observing, which falls into the sea at Panama, is navigable by vessels of 200 tons, to within fifteen or eighteen miles direct distance of the Chagres.

Porto-Bello, from whence the direct distance to Panama is only fifty-five miles, has a wondrous bad reputation. The harbour, as its name indicates, is excellent; but such is its dreadful insalubrity, that at no period of its history did merchants venture to reside in it, except for a few weeks in the best season, in which was held its great and well-known fair. No class of inhabitants can long exist in it; even negroes do not generally support a prolonged residence; and it was firmly believed for a considerable time that it was especially fatal to women in childbirth. Animals of other countries are said also to feel the effects of the climate, and do not produce; and Mr. Lloyd states it as at least certain that domestic fowls brought from Carthage and Panama shortly cease to lay eggs, become emaciated, and their flesh soon gets little better than carrion. Pigs and mules seem to be the only exception, thriving here pretty well as elsewhere; and toads are most disgustingly numerous. The Bay of Limon is about four miles wide at the entrance, the opening

due north, and its value as an anchorage is already well known to British vessels on the coast, from whose visits it has acquired the name of Navy Bay. The climate is said to be comparatively healthy—comparatively, we suppose, with Porto-Bello, for its low shores are at first studded with cocoa-trees, which are succeeded by mangroves, and these again by the dense forest. To this bay the Chagres approaches in its course to within two miles and a half, and, once on that river, the navigation is easy to the Trinidad.

Old Panama, now three miles east of the existing city, was, when the Spaniards first reached it in 1515, occupied by an Indian population, who called the place Panama, "much fish," from its ichthyological riches. In 1521, the title and privilege of a city were conferred on it by the Emperor Charles V. In the year 1670, it was sacked and reduced to ashes by the buccaneer Morgan; and was only after that built where it now stands. The present city is situate on a tongue of land shaped nearly like a spear head. The principal streets extend across the little peninsula from sea to sea, and a current of air is thus preserved, and more cleanliness than is usually found in the Spanish American towns. The buildings are of stone, generally most substantial, and the larger with courts or patios. There is a cathedral, four convents, a nunnery, and a college. The walls of the city are high, but not strong. The harbour is protected by a number of islands, with good anchorage under all.

There is a small town of one street, also, at Porto-Bello, *La Sepultura de los Europeanos*, as it has been significantly called, but the population is extremely limited—the greater part being negroes and mulattoes, with one or two old Spaniards, who still cling to their property there. All the meat that is consumed at this baneful place has to be sent from Panama; the waters are clear, but woe to the person who is rash enough to make immoderate use of them, as they cause dysenteries, from which few escape. They, however, afford the luxury of a cool and refreshing bath, which every one takes a little before noon; and it is considered one of the most important occupations of the day. As the mountains and forests, which abound with animals of various descriptions, extend to the very foundations of the houses, it is not uncommon to find wild hogs and small tigers near the town. Toads are so abundant after rain that the popular prejudice is, that the drops are changed into toads (*de cada gota viene un sapo*), the streets are almost covered with them at such times, and it is impossible to walk without crushing them.

The town of Chagres is also described as being one of the most miserable that can be imagined, extremely unhealthy, and its inhabitants chiefly black or coloured, with the exception of a few custom-house officers and the commandant of the castle. Cruces and Gorgona are small towns that have the reputation of being healthy, and the town of Chorrera has the same repute.

Altogether, the Isthmus of Panama will require a long occupation by an enterprising, industrious people, before its forests can be so far cleared, its marshes drained, and its rivers opened to daylight, as to ensure health and prosperity. At the present time its forests abound in pumas, hunting-tigers, bears, racoons, wild boars in droves, and hosts of monkeys; with these are also deer in abundance, wild turkeys, a kind of pheasant,

pigeons, ducks, &c. The isthmus has long been famed for its snakes and poisonous reptiles; the country-people will seldom move after night-fall for fear of them; Nelson would have lost his life from the same cause, but for the warning given by a monitor-lizard; and equally great pests are met with in the ganapatas, or ticks, which in half-an-hour's walk in summer will completely cover the person, and a smaller and more insidious enemy, the *pevito de la savana*, or savannah flea, not larger than a grain of sand, and which attack the softer parts of the flesh and occasion a very painful itching. Common fleas, niguas, or chijos, and mosquitoes, are also in usual, or rather unusual, abundance.

M. Manel, a French engineer in the employment of some gentlemen who are stated to have held from the Grenadine government the peculiar privilege of constructing a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, was also engaged during the years 1837-41 in making a survey of the country. M. Manel states that, by ascending the Farfan seven miles above its embouchure on the east bank of the Rio Grande, he was able to cross the Trinidad by a route twenty-five miles in length, and with nearly the same height of summit level. This would indicate that the high mountains north of Panama sink down nearly to a level with the ocean about the parallel of that town. The sources of the Chiamito, which falls into the Bay of Chorrera, and of the Trinidad, are near each other, and to the south of them. This also seems to indicate that the ground rises again immediately to the south of them; for the Trinidad, at the point where M. Manel's southern line strikes, is navigable for vessels of 200 tons, with a current of a mile and a third per hour. This appears to imply a considerable length of course, and a rather elevated course. The rocks along both lines are calcareous, interchanging with sandstone: the country is covered with dense forests.

The questions as to the different routes of communication across the Isthmus of Central America having been discussed, let us turn a moment to consider what the Americans have done within the last eighteen months in steam navigation.

It is scarcely that time since the world was astonished by the gold discoveries in California, and yet in less than a year two lines of steamers have been placed in operation between New York and Chagres; another from New Orleans to Chagres is also established; and recently a third line of steamers, of 2600 tons, has been started from New York, Savannah, New Orleans, and Havannah to Chagres. Besides these, a monthly line of mail steamers has been established between San Francisco and Panama, and these vessels have been running for some months with remarkable success, and without accident. The whole of these ships had to be built specially for the service, and those for the west coast sent round Cape Horn. Yet all has been accomplished in little exceeding a year. How much in so short a time! Nor can the success of the Americans be any longer an enigma, seeing that when the necessity for new enterprise is apparent, they instantly set about its accomplishment with energy and determination.

In this country, although nothing has in reality been accomplished, it is so far satisfactory to know that it has been projected by the Lords of the Admiralty and the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company to open a direct steam communication with Chagres, touching at St. Thomas.

This communication is proposed to be kept up by new steam-ships of between 2000 and 3000 tons burden, with proportionate steam-power, and they are intended to attain a regular average speed of at least twelve knots. These ships, it is stipulated, shall be even of superior qualities to those vessels on the Cunard line, of the *Niagara* and *Europa* class, which have performed such wonders in Atlantic steaming. But to stipulate is one thing, to accomplish the task another. The *Niagara* and *Europa* exist, the *Panama* or the *Chagres* have yet to be constructed; and wide is sometimes—as exemplified in the royal dockyards—the distance between intention and deed.

It is further proposed that these steamers should be the receptacles for the whole of the passengers, mails, specie, and cargo collected from the various West India Islands and from the Spanish Main and Central America, concentrated by branch steamers at St. Thomas for the homeward voyage, the present steamers to be employed on the intercolonial and branch services. Thus the main line steamer starting from Southampton will reach St. Thomas in twelve days; at that island several branch steamers will be waiting her arrival. To one of them will be transferred the mails and passengers for Havannah and the Gulf of Mexico; to another the mails for Porto Rico, Hayti, Jamaica, San Jago de Cuba, and the other ports intended to be accommodated by the Jamaica route. Another ship will receive the mails for the Windward and Leeward Islands and Demerara;—these vessels having previously effected a mutual interchange of intercolonial mails for the various parts of the West Indies. Such operations completed, the through or Southampton steamer will instantly proceed to the Isthmus of Panama, while the branch steamers will as quickly depart from St. Thomas for their respective destinations. The stoppage is supposed to be one day, and the duration of the voyage from St. Thomas to Chagres (1120 miles) six days; altogether, 4742 miles in eighteen or nineteen days, instead of thirty-five days, as hitherto. It is almost needless to observe that homeward the mode of operation will be of similar character. It is only to be regretted in this arrangement that one of our own West Indian Islands could not have been found to answer the purposes as well as one belonging to a foreign power. The concentration of steamers, passengers, goods, &c., at St. Thomas, must bring a great influx of wealth to that favoured island.

The Pacific Steam-Navigation ships, *Chili*, *New Grenada*, *Peru*, and *Bolivia*, will wait at Panama, on the opposite side of the Isthmus, to convey passengers and mails to New Grenada, Ecuador, Peru, Callao, Bolivia, Chili, and Valparaiso, a distance of 3142 miles, and which, it is to be hoped, by the contemplated acceleration, will be brought within forty to forty-three days from Southampton.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have also recently issued a notification inviting tenders for the conveyance of her Majesty's mails to and from Sydney, in Australia; whether *viâ* Singapore, or the Isthmus of Suez, or the Isthmus of Panama. And there are some hopes, considering the many advantages presented by the latter route, that the scheme by the Isthmus of Panama is favourably entertained. The route at present advocated is from the last-mentioned port to Tahiti (Sandwich Islands), and by Cook's Straits (New Zealand) to Sydney. The time

occupied in the transmission of letters and passengers will be reduced by this line just one-half. No mean consideration, whether in a commercial, a moral, or a political point of view. With a quick method of getting to the mother country, and at a reasonable price, our brethren of the Antipodes would more frequently visit Great Britain; emigration of the better class would be promoted, and greater intercommunion of feeling and interests would be established.

From all these facts it appears that the Isthmus of Panama is the line of transit *par excellence*—the one adopted by Great Britain and the United States, as it were by instinct, and therefore the one which will ultimately prevail over all other rival routes, railroads or canals. The Panama railroad, to be finished in two years, will afford vast facilities for the transit of merchandise, mails, and passengers, not possessed by the Isthmus of Suez. In a short time, says a New York paper, a traveller will light his cigar at the galley fire of the steamer at Chagres, and throw the ignited fragment that may remain, after crossing the Isthmus by railway, into the waters of the great Pacific.

It is impossible not to feel that this act of breaking through the barrier which interposes between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, without any of the disastrous effects that attend upon the great convulsions of nature, and the insuring all the advantages of which a communication between those seas is capable, by the industry, skill, and enterprise of the age, is an occurrence of the most momentous character. Its accomplishment amounts, in fact, to a change in that physical conformation of the globe, by which the interchange and intercourse of some of the most distant regions have been regulated.

It is not surprising that under these circumstances the question of a railroad or canal communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans should have been officially propounded to the United States as one, for her, of the loftiest ambition, and as of the most vital importance to her trade, commerce, and shipping, that could be presented to their consideration. The success which attended upon the unjust war in which President Polk managed to involve the United States with Mexico, and their acquisition of California at the peace, rendered the long-mooted projects of some communication between the Atlantic and Pacific a subject upon which it was most important that a decision should be arrived at.

Accordingly a committee from Congress was employed early last session in carefully examining the whole subject. They concluded their labours by reporting in favour of a railroad, and against a ship-canal. They recommended to Congress that an annual grant of 250,000 dollars should be accorded in favour of a railroad across Panama. The reason for the preference given to a railroad to a ship-canal is, that they anticipate the not distant establishment of the supremacy and power of the United States in the Pacific, should no channel of communication for shipping exist. In the language of the report itself—"The construction of this (the Panama Railroad) will throw into our warehouses and shipping the entire commerce of the Pacific Ocean. Our ports are on the very wayside, from Europe to the Isthmus of Panama, and our lines of steamers and packet ships across the Atlantic will come laden with the freights destined for that channel of trade. The commerce, there-

fore, from Europe to the East Indies, China, and the west coast of the Continent, will be forced to pursue the old route, or fall into our hands."

Another advantage which the United States would obtain by a railroad is, that if European ships were to sail with full cargoes direct to the railroad, they would run the risk of being compelled to return without freight, or to go to the United States for such. To this state of things, which could be obviated in regard to the United States' shipping, the astute Yankee is by no means insensible; and hence the author of an able pamphlet on "Mosquito, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica," to which we shall soon have occasion to refer more at length, contends that it is the obvious interest and necessity of the government of this country, and those classes more immediately connected with mercantile pursuits, to promote the speedy formation of a ship-canal.

We are, however, by no means prepared to join in this issue. To ships of large burthen we strongly suspect the trouble, inconvenience, and expense of unloading on the one side, to reload on the other, will, for a very long time, yet render the existing lines of navigation the cheapest and the best. The advantages of opening the Isthmus will be for such freights as are available to steamers, for mails, passengers, groups, &c. These are the keys of commerce, of international and colonial communication, and of general civilisation. It will never do that the ambitious Yankee shall hold these keys, or the portals to which they fit. A rivalry of this kind does good; it is not like that pursued in regard to the Mosquito and Nicaraguan international relations—it is one of fair competition, and ready devotion of capital, enterprise, and industry, in the race of pre-eminence. But it will never do that the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans should be brought into juxtaposition for the sole benefit of the people of the United States. Panama is differently situated to Costa Rica, Nicaragua, or the other states of Central America, or to British Honduras and the independent kingdom of Mosquito. It is within the territory of South America, and under the government of New Granada; a very important, and by no means inconsiderable state.

Such a state cannot be so blind to its own interests as to cede to the United States a right which would exclude all Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, from the enjoyment of the proposed new line of communication. Such a result is preposterous to all save to the eyes of some of the extreme democratic party in the United States. It is said that at the meeting of Congress about to be held at Bogota, an attempt will be made to have the two ports on the opposite shores of the Isthmus of Panama declared free and open to the commerce of all nations.

This is a point in the early settlement of which all European powers have more or less interest, and England more than any. The *Journal des Débats*, at the close of a leading article on the scheme for constructing a line of railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, thus expresses the French view of the political side of the question:—"This railroad will only fulfil its destination, and be what it ought, in proportion as it remains a neutral passage to which all nations are admitted, without distinction, on the same footing. Even this would be insufficient; cases of war must be foreseen and provided for. The neutrality of the Isthmus railroad is indispensable to the general interests of commerce. No one maritime power must be allowed to take possession of it in order to work

it to its own exclusive advantage, to the detriment of all the rest. A diplomatic convention for this purpose would be very opportune. The company (whose evident interest it is) ought to be the first to solicit such a guarantee; and there is reason to believe that it would not be indisposed to such an arrangement; for it can only be at its own request that the United States' government has intervened with the government of New Granada. A treaty of this kind, in which the contracting parties with New Granada and the United States would be not only France and England, but also Russia, whose possessions are washed in the west as well as the east, by the Pacific Ocean, would at present encounter no opposition. Such opposition might be met with at a later period, and we must hope, therefore, that the parties interested will turn their attention to the subject without delay."

To Great Britain, it suffices here to say that the passage by Panama—owing to the geographical position of her empire—will become, as soon as it is traversable by steam, the nearest and most direct road to some of the more important seats of her colonies and commerce. Now, or hereafter, a right of way, at all seasons, in peace or in war, across this Isthmus—a right of entry for her ships into the harbours of Panama and Chagres—is what Great Britain must assert and maintain at any and every risk. Once already, it is said, a project has been entertained by European statesmen of taking possession of the narrow strip of land which divides ocean from ocean, and holding it as a neutral territory in the joint name and at the common expense of the Five Powers, if any attempt were made to deny one nation those rights of access which are ceded to another. It cannot, however, be seriously believed that the United States' government will demand or attempt to put in force such exclusive pretensions; the mercantile community of New York, the more educated and tolerant classes of American society, discard the notion, nor could New Granada entertain such a proposal without danger to her own existence. There can be no monopoly of the short way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Unfortunately, the steps taken by a certain party in the United States in this question are not only open to much animadversion, but have been carried on in a manner which, if persisted in, are calculated to provoke bad consequences at the very onset of this most important undertaking. After a bill had been presented to Congress in accordance with the before-mentioned report, a *chargé d'affaires* was despatched to the State of Nicaragua, it being the first time that such an agent had been accredited to that quarter. In April, 1849, the said state entered into contract with a Dr. Brown and Mr. Clapp, giving them, and such other citizens of the United States as might associate with them, the right of making a communication by steamers, and a railroad or canal from the port of San Juan (since called Grey Town), across the Isthmus to the Pacific, on condition of their erecting certain buildings at the above-named Mosquito port, and obtaining the interference of the United States' government to secure it to the State of Nicaragua as a future possession.

Thus to gratify the Anglo-Americans the State of Nicaragua conceded a port and river on the Atlantic which it did not hold, upon condition that the future possession of the said port and river should be secured by the United States to the Nicaraguans! This is probably the most remarkable case of international accommodation on record.

The Mosquito country, which some misinformed persons permit themselves to sneer at as trifling in extent, and politically insignificant, embraces from 400 to 500 miles of coast, and extends from 100 to 200 miles in the interior. This territory has ever been occupied by a bold and independent race of Indians, whom the Spaniards, during their long hold over the magnificent dominions which the genius, energy, and courage of her earlier sons had acquired to her, were never able to subdue. In 1786 the cabinet of Madrid attempted to conquer the resistance of the Mosquito Indians, but without success, the last of their hostile movements being in 1796, when the Spaniards were finally defeated at Black River by a Mosquito force commanded by General Lowry Robinson, grandfather of the present king. Ever after this, Spain paid tribute to the King of Mosquito for permission to use the river and part of San Juan for traffic, and while she erected a fort called San Carlos at this junction of the river with the Lake of Nicaragua, and another lower down at Castillo Viejo, on the left bank of the river, to protect the interior, she was compelled to satisfy herself with a detachment of a corporal and four men at San Juan, and where they remained under the safeguard of Mosquito good faith.

Such was the state of things, when, in 1821, the dominion of Spain was shaken in Central America, and, long before the political convulsions which ensued had come to a termination, every vestige of a Spanish force had disappeared from the land—from San Juan, Castillo Viejo, and San Carlos. All connexion had ceased between the Spaniards of Central America and the Mosquito territory.

During the federation of Central America, which may be said to have practically existed until 1838, Fort San Carlos, at the entrance of the lake, was however occupied, by direction of the federative President, by a small force from Nicaragua, for revenue purposes; while San Juan had become the place of residence of many British settlers, which nation, from the time of the Buccaneers, had always been on friendly terms with the Mosquito nation. This excited the jealousy of the Nicaraguans, who, in 1836, came suddenly down the river and took possession of the town and port.

The King of Mosquito applied in such an emergency, and upon the plea of a long-existing protectorate tie, for assistance to Colonel Macdonald, the governor of British Honduras. This assistance was not refused. Colonel Macdonald repaired at once in a man-of-war steamer to San Juan; and the Nicaraguan commandant, Colonel Quijano, refusing to depart, Colonel Macdonald had him removed by force, and his followers dispersed. A complaint was made on this subject to the British government, on the part of Nicaragua, which shortly after re-occupied the place, and was left in possession pending negotiations that were entered upon through Mr. Chatfield, consul-general, to the Central American States.

Meanwhile the King of Mosquito gave notice, in 1847, that unless the port were restored to him by the 1st of January, 1848, forcible means would be taken to obtain repossession of it. Accordingly, the King of Mosquito did take possession of the port; but, on the departure of the force which accomplished this, the Nicaraguans sent troops to pull down the Mosquito flag and reassume authority. Upon this, a joint

British and Mosquito force, under Captain Lock, R.N., proceeded there. The Nicaraguans retreated up the river, where they were followed, and San Carlos was taken possession of. There would have been no great difficulty in the three or four hundred British troops and marines, and the force of Mosquito militia, penetrating to the capital of Nicaragua. They were not, however, driven to that necessity. The president and congress of Nicaragua signed a treaty, by which, reserving the right to prove the justice of their claim, they undertook not to molest Mosquito in her occupation of the point in question.

Thus, then, the matter stood, until the State of Nicaragua ceded to the United States a port not actually in their possession. The King of Mosquito, who was brought up and educated at Jamaica, by the Duke of Manchester, when governor there, and who, despite the calumnies of the Americans, is a gentleman and a Christian, maintains his ancient rights; and the port of San Juan has been named "Grey Town," after Sir Charles Grey, Governor of Jamaica, by direction of the king in council, December 8, 1847.

The British government having, in reply to the representations made by M. Castellon, an envoy from Nicaragua, declined to accede to the desires of that state to be permitted to hold the River San Juan and Grey Town apart from the Mosquito territory, the President issued a decree for a levy of war against Great Britain; it might have been supposed more in bravado than in serious intent, had not previous incidents disclosed the fact that there were others in the background whose influence was all-powerful.

This stringent measure was followed by the appointment of General Munoz to the chief command, and the threat of an immediate attack upon Grey Town, which threat was met on the part of Mr. Chatfield, the British consul-general, by a promise of chastisement, the more especially as the lives and property of a great number of British subjects were at stake. Mr. Chatfield declared explicitly in his letter to the Nicaraguan government, that "the Queen of Great Britain has decided to sustain the rights of the Mosquito king."

Steps were taken at or about the same time by Mr. Barclay, her Majesty's consul at New York, to make it clearly known to the United States' government that Great Britain did not acknowledge the power of the Nicaraguan government to cede the River San Juan and Grey Town to Dr. Brown and Mr. Clapp; and the consul added in his despatch, "the boundary line of the Mosquito kingdom touches the St. John's River at the Machuca rapid, about thirty miles below the Lake of Nicaragua, and that from thence to the mouth of the St. John's the navigation of that river belongs to Mosquito. I have likewise to inform the company that the Port of St. John's, now called Grey Town, at which they have agreed with the Nicaraguan government to build a store, also belongs to Mosquito; that her Majesty's government is bound to protect the King of Mosquito in the exercise of the territorial rights which he possesses over Grey Town, and over the lower part of St. John's River; and that the government of Nicaragua has entered into an agreement in regard to places where it has no competence."

This was an official announcement of the views of her Majesty's government, and the cabinet of Washington has been very naturally led

address some interpellations to it. Mr. Squiers was also sent as a recognised diplomatic agent to Nicaragua; and this emissary, after a little preliminary bombast about America belonging to the Americans, which nobody ever denied, and the importance of Nicaragua following an exclusively American policy, which is defined to be the doing of everything that is distasteful to the thrones and dominions of the elder world, superseded the contract of Messrs. Brown and Clapp by one in favour of himself and Mr. White. This was business-like at all events; and, what is more, the objects proposed were to open a canal between the two seas of dimensions sufficient for ships of the largest burthen. The chief clauses in the contract are, that the enterprise shall be possessed by American citizens; that to them alone shall belong the exclusive right to inland steam navigation, and that the line of the said canal may be from any one of the ports of Nicaragua on the Atlantic to any one deemed feasible on the Pacific; whereas, as we have before seen, except the temporary holding of Grey Town by unjust invasion, Nicaragua never had a port on the Atlantic, its territory lying in a quite different direction. It is further enacted, that the canal will be open to the ships of other nations, on equal terms with those of the United States, "provided such nations shall first enter into such treaties, stipulations, and guarantees, respecting said canal, as may hereafter be entered into between the State of Nicaragua and the United States." In reference to which contract it has been remarked by the New York correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, that this transit will be or may be made one peculiarly and exclusively tending to give privileges to American interests. The vague clause above is capable of application to any sort of subsequent arrangement by which foreign commerce may in the end find itself mulcted; and the same thing applies itself to the clause as reiterated in the President's message.

The bills reported by the committees of Congress and introduced into both Houses, in favour of an annual grant for the Panama Railroad, in favour of a shipping canal through the Mosquito and Nicaraguan territories, and in favour of a Tehuantepec shipping route, did not pass last session: and it is sincerely to be hoped that the United States' government will, before it does pass any bill of a selfish and monopolising character, duly consider the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the responsibility of the mission which its own greatness imposes upon it; and that it will not, by yielding on every occasion to the claims of faction, forego the respect and consideration of the whole of the Old World.

The *Times* has justly remarked upon the question in litigation, that

If the execution of the Nicaraguan Canal by the New York Company, or by any other body of capitalists prepared to complete so useful an undertaking, were the only question at stake, it might be easily resolved, for the Mosquito government would readily participate in a concession or grant so favourable to its own prospects. But the circumstances of the case lead us to the conviction that this scheme of the canal is by no means ripe for execution, and it appears to have been taken up as a blind for some political project, rather than as a mere commercial enterprise. Nicaragua wants the support of the United States against England in order to enforce her pretensions to an outlet on the side of the Atlantic; the United States are not sorry to plant their flag on the Isthmus which unites the northern and southern continent of the New World. It is at least an unusual circumstance that the charter or grant of this canal privilege made by the State of Nicaragua should have assumed the form not of an ordinary con-

cession between a state and a private company, but of a treaty negotiated with the State of Nicaragua by an accredited envoy of the United States. In what capacity does the American government intervene in this affair? It makes no concessions, and it claims no rights; the contract exists between a government and a company, not between the two nations, and it is difficult to discover what direct interest the government of the United States is to acquire by the arrangement.

The fact that the settlement of Belizo, or British Honduras, was ceded to this country by Spain in 1786, upon the express condition of the protectorate of the Mosquito coast being withdrawn, so strongly insisted upon by the same paper, in a subsequent article, neither affects the independence of the Mosquito territory, nor the resumption of the protectorate. We have already seen that when, in consequence of the withdrawal of that protection, Spain undertook hostile expeditions upon the river, that she was defeated by the unaided Mosquitos in the most definite manner. After the destruction of the dominion of Spain in Central America, the King of Mosquito himself sought the alliance of Great Britain, and the protectorate was once more established. It is upon that protectorate, and the positive recognition by our government of the authority of the Indian sovereign, that we are bound not to permit of any encroachment upon the rights and territory of our friend and ally—the King of Mosquito.

It is truly fortunate, under the circumstances, that it is not that small, but active and noisy, party in the United States who are ever ready for an act of aggression and to plunge into every tumult, who clamoured for the whole of Oregon, and would wrest Cuba from Spain, that raised General Taylor and his friends to power. Under the more democratic administrations of the two last presidents, this party succeeded in hurrying the nation into two great acts of violence and aggression—the seizure of Texas and the invasion of Mexico; but the maxims of this party are not those which have given dignity and stability to the Union, or those which General Taylor and his friends are prepared to stand by. Although not perfectly clear or satisfactory upon the question of the Nicaraguan claims, it is impossible not to admit that the President of the United States has adopted in his first Annual Message to Congress that moderation of tone which best befits the opinions of his party and the position of his government. General Taylor thus expresses himself in regard to the important question now before us:—

A contract having been concluded with the State of Nicaragua, by a company composed of American citizens, for the purpose of constructing a ship-canal through the territory of that state, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, I have directed the negotiation of a treaty with Nicaragua, pledging both governments to protect those who shall engage in and perfect the work. All other nations are invited by the State of Nicaragua to enter into the same treaty stipulations with her; and the benefit to be derived by each from such an arrangement will be the protection of this great inter-oceanic communication against any power which might seek to obstruct it, or to monopolise its advantages. All states entering into such a treaty will enjoy the right of passage through the canal on payment of the same tolls.

The work, if constructed under these guarantees, will become a bond of peace, instead of a subject of contention and strife, between the nations of the earth. Should the great maritime states of Europe consent to this arrangement (and we have no reason to suppose that a proposition so fair and honourable will be opposed by any), the energies of their people and ours will co-operate in promoting the success of the enterprise. I do not recommend any appropriation from the

national treasury for this purpose, nor do I believe that such an appropriation is necessary. Private enterprise, if properly protected, will complete the work, should it prove to be feasible. The parties who have procured the charter from Nicaragua for its construction desire no assistance from this government beyond its protection; and they profess that, having examined the proposed line of communication, they will be ready to commence the undertaking whenever that protection shall be extended to them. Should there appear to be reason, on examining the whole evidence, to entertain a serious doubt of the practicability of constructing such a canal, that doubt could be speedily solved by an actual exploration of the route.

Should such a work be constructed, under the common protection of all nations, for equal benefits to all, it would be neither just nor expedient that any great maritime state should command the communication. The territory through which the canal may be opened ought to be freed from the claims of any foreign power. No such power should occupy a position that would enable it hereafter to exercise so controlling an influence over the commerce of the world, or to obstruct a highway which ought to be dedicated to the common uses of mankind.

After adverting to the question of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, as before quoted, the President adds, in reference to the line across the Isthmus of Panama—

We have reason to hope that the proposed railroad across the Isthmus at Panama will be successfully constructed, under the protection of the late treaty with New Granada, ratified and exchanged by my predecessor on the 10th of June, 1848, which guarantees the perfect neutrality of the Isthmus, and the rights of sovereignty and property of New Granada over that territory, "with a view that the free transit from ocean to ocean may not be interrupted or embarrassed" during the existence of the treaty. It is our policy to encourage every practicable route across the Isthmus which connects North and South America, either by railroad or canal, which the energy and enterprise of our citizens may induce them to complete; and I consider it obligatory upon me to adopt that policy, especially in consequence of the absolute necessity of facilitating intercourse with our possessions on the Pacific.

The tenor of the Message is upon the whole pre-eminently pacific; and with such a disposition on the part of the American government, there can be no reason to doubt but that Sir Henry Bulwer's mission will have the effect of uniting both countries in the prosecution of a common object of so much importance to the world.

The more recent occurrences which are said to have taken place on the Pacific coast of the Isthmus, and the alleged seizure of the Island of Tigre by order of Mr. Chatfield, are too imperfectly known to admit of any correct opinion being formed upon them as yet; but it is impossible not to feel that no unseemly altercations between British and American agents in Central America will be allowed to disturb the friendly relations of the two governments. It is sincerely to be hoped that the question of the San Juan River and "Grey Town" may be set soon at rest, by mutual concessions, as in the Oregon question; and that the opening of a shipping canal free to all nations alike may, in the words of the President of the United States, "become a bond of peace, instead of a cause of contention and strife, between the nations of the earth."

THE LOVE OF POETRY NOT EXTINCT;

ON HEARING IT ALLEGED THAT THE AGE OF POETRY, LIKE THE AGE OF CHIVALRY
WAS GONE.

BY MR. AND MRS. ALARIC A. WATTS.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The Poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

WORDSWORTH.

I.

It is not true, it cannot be,
That the love of Song is o'er;
Though the mightier masters of the lyre
May wake their harps no more!
Though cold are now their tuneful lips,
To us shall still belong
A heritage of priceless gifts,
Bequeathed in deathless song!

II.

Did love of country die with them?
Pride in our island birth?
Or Honour to the dust go down,
When they returned to earth?
Did the heart's best affections cease
When they resigned their breath?
Were Love, Hope, Loyalty, and Faith
Extinguished by their death?

III.

No;—in immortal verse embalmed,
Preserved from blight or chill,
Each loftier impulse of our being
Survives to bless us still!
Love,—that from earth can never fade,—
Each inspiration high,
That teaches us the way to live,
And tells us how to die!

IV.

Come, Mariners of England, forth!
Ye of the dauntless soul!
Who bear our conquering flag aloft
From Pole to farthest Pole;—
Ho! Soldiers of a hundred fights—
A household word each name—
Come forth, and battle for the Muse,
That imparts so oft your fame!

V.

Spirits of that devoted band,
On earth beheld no more,
Old England's chivalry that led
On sea and land of yore;—
Answer, from forth your storied tombs,
And shield the Muse from wrong;
Are not departed heroes' deeds
Recorded best in song?

* Partnerships in dramatic poems have been of frequent occurrence; but a division of labour in a lyric might appear to savour of affectation without a word or two of explanation. The subject of the above poem was suggested by Mrs. Alaric Watts, and several of the stanzas are the production of her pen. I would have averted the necessity for this note by prefixing her name, only, to the poem if she would have permitted me so to do.—ALARIC A. WATTS.

VI.

Saints militant! who fought so oft
'Gainst man's most stubborn foe;
And won ye crowns, more radiant far
Than earth could e'er bestow;
In your "Great Captain's" steps who trod,
No "Hope Forlorn" your fight,
And suffered bondage, stripes, and death,
To testify his might;—

VII.

Ye noble band of Martyrs, who,
In God's "whole armour" mailed,
The shining panoply of Faith,
O'er Sin and Death prevailed;
Hath not the Muse, with pious care,
Your glorious triumphs sung,
'Till your heroic deeds have grown
The theme of every tongue!

VIII.

Champions of Freedom! who have shunned
The ignis-fatuus ray
That mocks her sacred light, and leads
E'en noblest hearts astray;—
Ye, who her beacon fires have fed,
Her "meteor flag" unfurled,
And stayed the haughty despot's stride
Across a vassal world;—

IX.

Who joy the trampled soul to raise,
Unloose the captive's chain;
And Liberty's Heav'n-chartered rights
To strengthen and maintain;—
Prompt in the Council as the Field,
The weak to ward from wrong;
Was not your noblest daring learned
From the trumpet-voice of song?

X.

Heralds of Peace! still toiling on
To give the Heathen light;
Ye who would compass sea and land
To gain one proselyte;—
Have ye not raised the feeble up,
And bowed to earth the strong,
As, Moses-like, you struck the heart
With the charmed wand of Song?

XI.

Mourners! how deep soe'er the griefs
That weigh your spirit down;
A hearth, made desolate and dark
By Fortune's angriest frown;
The death of some long-cherished friend,
When friends, alas! are few;
The wild estrangement of a heart
You once believed so true:

XII.

Though "sorrows" in "battalions" come,
With which 'tis hard to cope,
And the sad soul, beleaguered 'round,
Hath nothing left but Hope;

The Love of Poetry not Extinct.

What spell can lull the tempest's rage,
 Appease the spirit's wrong,
 Like the precepts of the Poet's page,
 The solace of his Song?

XIII.

Votaries of Science! whose exploits
 The world with wonder fill,
 Who faster than the wind can speed
 The mandates of your will;
 Cross not the Poet's woodland path,
 He never did you wrong;
 Harvests of wisdom still go reap,
 But leave to earth its Song!

XIV.

Philosophers! so keen of sight,
 Inquisitive, and oh!
 So wise, men marvel how your heads
 Can carry all you know!
 Who dim each impulse of delight
 By diving to its cause,
 And will not give us leave to feel
 Save by your latest laws;

XV.

Still peer among the stars to find
 Some planet yet unknown,
 But leave that world, the human heart,
 And its mystic chords alone!
 Rob not the Poet of the right
 He hath maintained so long;
 The realms of earth and sky are yours,
 But leave him that of Song!

XVI.

Ye Mammon worshippers! forbear
 To vent on Song your spleen;
 Pactolus is your cherished fount,
 Your only Hippocrene!
 The Golden Age of peace and love,
 By poets hymned of old;
 Would have no charm for such as you,
 Who crave an age of gold!

XVII.

Still, to your Baal bend the knee,
 Your sordid homage pay,
 Till the base idol topples down,
 And proves but worthless clay!—
 For you the Minstrel's tuneful art
 Were ever plied in vain,
 Who centre every thought in self,
 Whose only god is gain!

XVIII.

He hath no wisdom in the lore
 With which *your* hearts are filled,
 A novice in the Halls of Pride,
 In the world's ways, a child!—
 Suffering, the badge of all his tribe,
 Is his—neglect and wrong;
 And sorrow teaches him, too oft,
 The burthen of his song!

XIX.

Yet from that dark and bitter spring,
 Like Marah's fount, of yore,

Flows many a sweet, and healing draught,
For thirsting hearts and sore;
And proud and thrilling strains had slept,
That now to earth belong,
Had not the kindling touch of Grief
Prompted, so oft, the song!

XX.

When he, the well-beloved of Heaven,
The Monarch Minstrel, sung,
Truths that come home to every breast,
Resound from every tongue;
Oppressed,—by "trouble" compassed 'round,
And foes, in falsehood strong;
The sorrows that subdued his heart,
But sanctified his song!

XXI.

The love of Song can never fade,
Whilst gentle hearts are rife,
To feel the sunshine and the balm
It sheds on human life!
Whilst Youth, fond, warm, ingenuous Youth,
In faith and hope so strong,
Finds his heart echo to its tones,
Can he choose but love the song?

XXII.

"Earth's Poesy is never dead;"*
'Tis breathing everywhere;
In the starlight stillness of the night;
In the bright, warm noontide air:
The grassy glade, the waving wood,
The broad, upheaving sea;
The intermittent flash and roar
Of heaven's artillery;

XXIII.

The mountain tops by sunshine crowned,
Whilst girt by clouds below;
The twin-notes of the cuckoo's shout;
The summer twilight's glow;
The corn, that sways with every breeze;
The river smooth, yet strong,
That glides like life away; all, all,
Are redolent of Song!

XXIV.

It is not sooth, it cannot be
That the love of Song is o'er;
That the strains that were our childhood's spell
May charm our sons no more!
Till Love grow pale, and Hope decline,
And Pity's self hath fled,
The love of Poesy can ne'er
In gentle hearts be dead!

XXV.

Then "blessings on the Sons of Song!"
"Eternal praise be theirs,"
"Who gave us truth and pure delight,"
And "nobler loves and cares!"
For the "still small voice of Gratitude"
Must cease, for aye, on earth,
Ere we forget or cease to prize
Their wisdom and their worth!

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BOLTING THE BADGER.

WHEN a man and his horse differ seriously in public, and the man feels the horse has the best of it, it is wise for the man to appear to accommodate his views to those of the horse rather than risk a defeat. It is best to let the horse go his way, and pretend it is yours. There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse.

We knew a young dumpling-shaped doctor, at Edmonton, who rode himself into considerable practice, by being seen flying about the country in all directions, on a run-away tit that he had bought at Tattersall's on the strength of its having no mouth.

"This is Lot 34," said Tat, as a wiry, sprig-tailed bay came wincing and hitching up to the hammer, looking sideways to see who she might kick at; "a bay mare, six years old, a capital hack, has carried a lady, and has no mouth. What will any gentleman give for the bay?—fifty guineas?—forty guineas?—thirty guineas?—twenty guineas?—ten?" and having got down to that sum without ever an eye being turned upon him, and having given her the usual flourish down the yard, he commenced running her up, so as to restore her handsomely to the stable. "Ten guineas bid," said he; "eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen—fourteen—fifteen."

"Hang it!" said the doctor, to himself, "she must be cheap at that: six years old—bright bay—black legs—no mouth—can't eat; cost nothing to keep—*sixteen!*" exclaimed he, in a state of excitement that caused the whole yard to turn upon him in astonishment.

The doctor, as he said, "stopped their gallop." Not another bid was made.

"Sixteen guineas," repeated Tat; "any advance on sixteen? All done at sixteen guineas?—*going* at sixteen guineas!"—*bang*—and the mare was the doctor's.

But, though the doctor had stopped the bidders' gallop, he couldn't stop the mare's; and many were the airings she gave him, whether he would or no. At first he fought with her—we are sorry to say with but indifferent success; for if the mare couldn't dislodge him by kicking and plunging and rearing, she had no scruples about coming back over upon him—a disagreeable position for any one, especially for a doctor with bottles in his pocket.

"Hang it!" said the doctor, as he picked up the remains of his third eight-and-sixpenny gossamer, and tried to restore it to the shape of a hat; "*this won't do*. I must walk to my patients" (he had two, one at each end of the town), "and ride when I've nothing to do." This was a wise resolution of the doctor's, and served him well. The next time the mare started as if she was shot, and wheeled round to be off, instead of checking and fighting her, he gave her her head, riding her with a slack rein, and saluting his friends as he passed as though it was all right, and the mare and he were both of a mind. The doctor's sugar-loaf hat being now seen bobbing about the country in all parts, people began

to talk about him and his practice—wondering who he was attending; must be a lady, or somebody that was very ill. Met the doctor galloping for hard life! Another said, “the young man seemed to have a lot of practice;” a third, “that he seemed a great economist of his time;” a fourth, “that he would get on;” and a fifth sent for him. This being a very follow-my-leader sort of world, others did the same, and the doctor soon established himself. But we digress.

Mr. Sponge, having scattered Lord Scamperdale in the way described in our last chapter, very prudently followed the doctor's example, and let the chestnut gallop away, consoling himself with the idea that even if the hounds did hunt, it would be impossible for him to show his horse to advantage on so dark and unfavourable a day. He, therefore, just let the beast gallop till he began to flag, and then he spurred him and made him gallop on his account. He took his change out of him, and arrived at Jawleyford Court a little after luncheon time.

Brief as had been his absence, things had undergone a great change. We mentioned that certain dark hints respecting his ways and means had worked their way from the servants' hall to my lady's chamber, and into the upper regions generally. These had been augmented by Leather's, the trusty groom's, overnight visit, who, our readers may remember, had positively refused to take the hack-hunter on for the cross-roads, on the ground of its unfairness on his master's, Mr. Buckram's, “valuable oes,” but in reality because he was engaged to sup with the servants as aforesaid. Nor was Mr. Leather's anger abated by the unceremonious way Mr. Sponge rode off with the horse, leaving him to hear of his departure from the ostler. Having broken faith with him, he considered it his duty to be “upsides” with him, and tell the servants all he knew about him. Accordingly he let out, in strict confidence of course, to Spigot, that so far from Mr. Soapey being a gentleman of “fortin,” as he called it, with a dozen or two hunters planted here and there, he was nothing but the hirer of a couple of hacks, with himself as a job-groom, by the week. Spigot, who was on the best of terms with the “cook-housekeeper,” and had his clothes washed on the sly in the laundry, could not do less than communicate the intelligence to her, from whom it went to the lady's-maid, and thence circulated in the upper regions generally.

None but the married know the real merits of a lady's-maid. Let any Benedictine reader recall his bachelor's opinions of certain houses, and see how they were put to flight by the discoveries and revelations of his wife's maid. Let us go to a country-house. Let us suppose the weary review of plate, linen, and china of a “set party” at length over, and the “happy couple” again in the enjoyment of their own apartments, my lady in her——, we'll not say what,—but my gentleman still in his shiny shoes and laced-tipped Joinville, sitting, say on the high fender, warming himself. The maid having retired—

“Well, my love, and how do you like Mrs. Fricasee?” asks Benedict, rubbing his hands with glee at the idea of the charming party being over.

Bride.—“Oh, I think she's a very agreeable woman,” is the general answer.

Benedict.—“And the girls?” But we'll say “ditto” for them and be

done; very "agreeable girls," leaving it open to abuse them or not, as circumstances may require.

"Capital dinner! I told you we should have a capital dinner," continues Benedict (the sagacious reader will perceive that they are visiting at the house of one of *his* friends, and of course he wishes to make the best of them).

"Capital dinner! Mrs. Fricasee has an undeniable cook," says he.

"Very good dinner," assents the fair one, "if the plates had only been hot; but it isn't their *own* cook, you know," adds she.

"Not their own cook, my dear!" exclaims Benedict, starting from his fender; "not their own cook, my dear. Why, I've visited here for the last dozen years, and the cookery has always been the same."

"That may all be," rejoins madam; "but she's not *their* cook for all that."

"Well, but, my dear, I surely ought to know better than you," observes Benedict, feeling that his own consequence is rather involved in keeping up the consequence of his friends.

"Well, but if I tell you where she comes from, perhaps you'll think not," replies the fair one, archly; "she comes from the head inn at Guzzleby, and their own cook is only a twelve-pounder."

Let us take another glance at the beneficial workings of a lady's-maid.

Yonder goes young Mr. Spoonington, of Spoonington Green, bowling along in his yellow dennet at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, hat cocked, hair curled, shirt studded, waistcoat gold-edged, coat irreproachable, and boots resplendent. He is going to dine and sleep at Woodbine-Bower Lodge, where there are some most angelic creatures, in the full feather of high accomplishments, corded petticoats, crinkled hair and crinoline.

He will be received at the door by an obsequious, bulky, bald-headed butler, with a pair of plushes at his heels. Spoonington will be galvanised. He is unused to such splendour, such plate, such lights, such viands, such eyes. What can he do but make love to the lady "set out" for him, Miss Seraphina.

"There *must* be money," says he, "or how *could* they live in such style."

At it he goes like a man. We need not follow him further.

In due time mamma appears upon the scene—mamma no longer wreathed in smiles and smirks; but mamma a very formidable fat old woman, with a flaxen front and a fixed determination about her compressed mouth—not at all the sort of mamma he had been accustomed to contemplate.

She's a "widdler," and, like some "widders," desperately timid and bold; timid lest the gentlemen should not have enough, and bold in forcing her "darters" upon them when they have. Of course she can't afford to give up anything in her lifetime, but the dear girls will have all she has when she goes. Poor Spoonington is an orphan, and she gobbles him up.

To the same party came Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Napoleon Dapper of the Leatherhead Hussars, accompanied by Cornet Blucher Browne, one of the most desirable young men in the regiment, with *great* expectations from an uncle. The Dappers sleep where they dine, but the cornet returns to the barracks at Clampington.

He is as green and as soft as a globe turnip, and is perfectly enchanted with everything—Mrs. Mainchance, Miss Mainchance, Sophy Mainchance, Maria Mainchance, and Seraphina Mainchance. He loves them all, bald-headed butler into the bargain.

His fair partner, Maria, having given him clearly to understand that she has no brothers, an advantage that calculating men have set down as worth a thousand pounds, even when a girl has no money, Blucher Browne, we say, considering that fact, reviewing all the circumstances of the case in the calm, dispassionate way a lad of eighteen over head and ears in love does, comes to the conclusion that there can't be less than ten thousand a-year; and supposing the amiable old woman gave up only half of her income to her daughters during her lifetime, his share of that, with his pay and double allowance from his uncle, would enable them to rub on very comfortably till it pleased Providence to take one or both of the old uns. These, and many other prudent calculations and reflections passed through his mind as he lay in his tiny bed in Clampington barracks, and, being what Mrs. Mainchance would call "a spirited young man," he determines to act on the impulse.

As Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Napoleon Dapper were grinding their way home in their *fe-a-ton*, as Mrs. Dapper calls it, what should the colonel spy floating above the hedge of the field road-side but the yellow-tipped feather of the Leatherhead Hussars. The colonel pulled the old *fe-a-ton* horse up with a jerk that nearly pitched the tawdry maid behind in between them.

"By jingo!" exclaimed he, standing erect in the vehicle, "but there's young Browne, full fig, riding his first charger, with a groom after him, along the bridle-road. I'll be bund to say he's after one of the Mainchance girls."

"Poor young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Dapper—for women always feel for young men under such circumstances; "poor young man!" repeated she, recollecting how her mamma had caught dear Dapper for her. "I saw Mrs. M. had a design upon him," added she.

"Well, he might do worse," replied the colonel, eyeing him curvetting over the grass, and the soldier groom dashing forward to open him the gates. "He might do worse," repeated he; adding, "they'll have money, I suppose."

"I don't know that," replied Mrs. Dapper, with a knowing nod.

"Oh, yes, there *must* be money," rejoined the colonel, resuming his seat, and driving on; "there must be money—the house, the establishment altogether bespeaks money."

"Didn't you tell me it was a rented house?" asked Mrs. Dapper, turning half round on the tawdry maid behind. "Shock—Miss Shock."

"Mem?" replied Miss Shock, pretending not to hear, though it was impossible in such a jumped-up vehicle not to do so; "mem?" said the prim barrack-maid.

"Didn't you tell me that Woodbine-Bower Lodge was a rented place?" asked Mrs. Dapper, slowly and distinctly.

"Oh yes, mem—certainly mem—rented place, mem—belongs to Sir Timothy Tomkins, mem—old gent, mem—in the city, mem."

Mrs. Dapper looked triumphantly at the colonel, as much as to say, "Who's right, I wonder!"

The colonel raised his eyebrows and stuck out his lips with a most in-

credulous sort of sneer. Mrs. Dapper was a peppery little woman, and didn't choose to be *poo-poo-h-ed* before her maid any more than the colonel would before the regiment, so she resumed the charge.

"And the butler—what did you say about the butler, Shock?" asked she.

"Oh, the butler, mem—yes, the butler—that's the gent out of uniform—I mean to say out of livery, mem."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Dapper, with a look and an encouraging nod.

"Oh why, mem, he's not their butler, mem—he's a borrowed butler, mem—he belongs to Mrs. Mainchance's brother, mem—Mister—Mister Huggup, mem—he's away at Bagnigge-Wells, mem—for the benefit of his 'ealth, mem; and being on board wages at 'ome, mem, he's glad to go there for his keep, mem."

"And the footman?" continued Mrs. Dapper, who had now got her witness well under way.

"The footman," repeated Shock; "the footman—there are two footmen, mem—or rather there are not two footmen, mem. One, the young man with the light air, is a footman, mem, that's Mrs. Mainchance's own man, mem; the other is a gardener—he goes out to wait, and Mrs. Mainchance has a suit of livery for him. He was in fustian, with a blue apron round his waist this morning, mem."

As this information came dribbling out of Shock's mouth as they jolted along the rutty road, the colonel's physiognomy became considerably lengthened, till at length he indulged in a prolonged sort of railway whistle—a noise that might be either indicative of astonishment at the revelations, or total disbelief of what was said. The colonel, like a great many of us, had a monstrous contempt for twaddle and the gossip of servants, and always remonstrated with Mrs. Dapper for talking to Shock, after he had heard all Shock had to say.

As the colonel of the gallant Leatherhead Hussars, it was not for him to hear things at second-hand; but though he would not give Mrs. Dapper the satisfaction of knowing that he acted on her information, he nevertheless sent for young Blucher Browne, and gave him a hint to mind what he was about at Woodbine-Bower Lodge, for that Mrs. M. was a "very wary old woman."

She *was* a very wary old woman—too wary for the colonel—and having established young Browne with Sophia, she gave Browne to understand that she was living greatly within her means; and having both Spoonington and him in tow, she kept up the war establishment of two footmen, at least during the busy sweetheating hours of the day—say from two o'clock till five or six in the evening.

The Bagnigge-Wells waters having for once failed to work a miracle, Mr. Huggup still remained at that delectable retreat, and the bald-headed butler continued his service at Woodbine-Bower Lodge, so that all things continued to retain the imposing appearance of the outset. Blucher Browne, feeling satisfied that the colonel was all wrong in his conjectures, persevered most ardently, notwithstanding the colonel's repeated remonstrance; and continuing contumacious, as they say at the Commons, the colonel took exception to the point of his dickey-string staring above his stock, and placed him under arrest for appearing on parade in a manner unbecoming the dandified character of the Leatherhead Hussars, and kept him in confinement till he communicated with

the uncle, who forthwith made him exchange into the Hot and Heavy Squashtails, in India.

But bless us! what a digression the subject has led us into. Instead of heading this chapter "*BOLTING THE BADGER*," we should have had it "*THE MERITS OF A LADY'S-MAID*." A man's pen may run away with him as well as his horse. We have got somewhat wide of our subject, but the foregoing will give the uninitiated a pretty good idea of what took place at Jawleyford Court.

Juliana, the maid, finding Miss Amelia less indisposed to hear Mr. Sponge run down than she expected, proceeded to add her own observations to the information derived from Leather, the groom. "Indeed, she couldn't say that she thought much of Mr. Sponge herself; his shirts were very coarse, so were his pocket handkerchiefs; and she never yet saw a real gent without a valet."

Amelia, without any positive intention of giving up Mr. Sponge, at least not until she saw further, had nevertheless got an idea that she was destined for a much higher sphere. Having duly considered all the circumstances of Mr. Spraggon's visit to Jawleyford Court, conned over several mysterious coughs and half-finished sentences he had indulged in, she had about come to the conclusion that the real object of his mission was to negotiate a matrimonial alliance on behalf of Lord Scamperdale. His lordship's constantly expressed intention of getting married was well calculated to mislead one whose experience of the world was not sufficiently great to know that those men who are always talking about it are the least likely to get married, just as men who are always talking about buying a horse are the men who never do buy one. Be that however as it may, Amelia was tolerably easy about Mr. Sponge. If he had money she could marry him, if he hadn't she could let him alone.

Jawleyford, too, who was more hospitable at a distance, and in imagination than in reality, had had about enough of our friend Soapey. Indeed, a man whose talk was of hunting, and his reading "*Mogg's Cab Fares*," was not likely to have much in common with a gentleman of taste and elegance, as our friend set up to be. The delicate inquiry that Mrs. Jawleyford now made, as to "whether he knew Mr. Sponge to be a man of fortune," set him off at a tangent.

"ME know he's a man of fortune! *I* know nothing of his fortune. You asked him here, not *ME*!" exclaimed Jawleyford, stamping furiously.

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Jawleyford, mildly; "he asked himself, you know; but I thought, perhaps, you might have said something that——"

"ME say anything!" interrupted Jawleyford; "*I* never said anything—at least, nothing that any man of a particle of sense would think anything of," continued he, remembering the scene in the billiard-room. "It's one thing to tell a man, if he comes your way, you'll be glad to see him, and another to ask him to come bag and baggage, as this Mr. Sponge has done," added he.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Jawleyford, who saw where the shoe was pinching her bear.

"I wish he was off," observed Jawleyford, after a pause. "He bothers me excessively—I'll try to get rid of him by saying we are going from home."

"Where can you say we are going to?" asked Mrs. Jawleyford.

"Oh, anywhere," replied Jawleyford; "he doesn't know the people about here: the Tewkesbury's, the Woolerton's, the Brown's, anybody."

Before they had got any definite plan of proceeding arranged, Mr. Sponge returned from the chase.

"Ah, my dear sir!" exclaimed Jawleyford, half gaily, half moodily, extending a couple of fingers as Sponge entered his study; "we thought you had taken French leave of us, and were off."

Mr. Sponge asked if his groom had not delivered his note.

"No," replied Jawleyford, boldly, though he had it in his pocket; "at least, not that I've seen. Mrs. Jawleyford, perhaps, may have got it," added he.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sponge; "it was very idle of him." He then proceeded to detail to Jawleyford what the reader already knows, how he had lost his day at Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill, and had tried to make up for it by going to the cross-roads.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jawleyford, when he was done; "that's a pity—great pity—monstrous pity—never knew anything so unlucky in my life."

"Misfortunes will happen," replied Soapey, in a tone of unconcern.

"Ah, it wasn't so much the loss of the hunt I was thinking of," replied Jawleyford, "as the arrangements we have made in consequence of thinking you were gone."

"What are they?" asked Soapey.

"Why, my Lord Barker, who is a great friend of ours—known him from a boy—just like brothers, in short—sent over this morning to ask us all there—shooting party, charades, all that sort of thing—and we accepted."

"But that need make no difference," replied Soapey; "I'll go too."

Jawleyford was quite taken aback. He had not calculated upon so much coolness.

"Well," stammered he, "that might do to be sure; but—if—I'm not quite sure that I could take any one——"

"But if you're as thick as you say, you can have no difficulty," replied Soapey.

"True," replied Jawleyford; "but then we go a large party ourselves—two and two's four," said he, "to say nothing of servants; besides, his lordship mayn't have room—house will most likely be full."

"Oh, a single man can always be put up; shake down—anything does for him," replied Soapey.

"But you would lose your hunting," replied Jawleyford. "Barkington Tower is quite out of Lord Scamperdale's country."

"That doesn't matter," replied Soapey; adding, "I don't think I'll trouble his lordship much more. These Flat-Hat gentlemen are not over and above civil, in my opinion."

"Well," replied Jawleyford, nettled at the thwarting of his attempt, "that's for your consideration. However, as you've come, I'll talk to Mrs. Jawleyford, and see if we can get off the Barkington expedition."

"But don't get off on my account," replied Soapey. "I can stay here quite well. I daresay you'll not be away long."

This was worse still; it held out no hope of getting rid of him. Jawleyford therefore resolved to try and smoke and starve him out. When our friend went to dress, he found his old apartment, the state-room,

put away, the heavy brocade curtains brown-hollanded, the jugs turned upside down, the bed stripped of its clothes, and the looking-glass laid a-top of it.

The smirking housemaid, who was just rolling the fireirons up in the hearth-rug, greeted him with a "Please, sir, we've shifted you into the brown room, east," leading the way to the condemned cell that "Jack" had occupied, where a newly-lit fire was puffing out dense clouds of brown smoke, hiding almost everything except the gilt letters on the back of "Mogg's Cab Fares," as the little volume lay on the toilet-table.

"What's happened now?" asked Soapey of the maid, putting his arm round her waist, and giving her a hearty squeeze. "What's happened now, that you've put me into this dog-hole?" asked he.

"Oh! I don't know," replied she, laughing; "I s'pose they're afraid you'll bring the old rotten curtains down in the other room with smoking. Master's a sad old wife," added she.

A great change had come over everything. The fare, the lights, the footmen, the everything, underwent grievous diminution. Our old friend Snell was snuffed out altogether: the lamps were extinguished: and the transparent wax gave way to Palmer's composites, under the mild influence of whose unsearching light the young ladies sported their dashed dresses with impunity. Competition between them, indeed, was about an end. Amelia claimed Mr. Sponge, should he be worth having, and should the Scamperdale scheme fail; while Emily, having her mamma's assurance that he would not do for either of them, resigned herself complacently to what she could not help.

Mr. Sponge, on his part, saw that all things portended a close. He cared nothing about the old willow-pattern set usurping the place of the Jawleyford-armed china; but the contents were bad, and the wine, if possible, worse. Most palpable Marsala did the duty of sherry, and the corked port was in constant requisition. Jawleyford was no longer the brisk, cheery-hearted Jawleyford of Laverick Wells, but a crusty, fidgetty, fire-stirring sort of fellow, desperately given to his *Morning Post*.

Worst of all, when Mr. Sponge retired to his den, to smoke a cigar and study his dear cab fares, he was so suffocated with smoke that he was obliged to put out the fire, notwithstanding the weather was cold, indeed turning to frost. He lit his cigar notwithstanding; and, as he indulged in it, he ran all the circumstances of his situation through his mind. His pressing invitation—his magnificent reception—the attention of the ladies—and now the sudden change everything had taken. He couldn't make it out somehow, but the consequences were plain enough. "The fellow's a humbug," at length said he, throwing the cigar-end away, and turning into bed, when the information Watson the keeper gave him, on arriving, recurred to his mind, and he was satisfied that Jawleyford was a humbug. It was clear Mr. Sponge had made a mistake in coming; the best thing he could now do was to back out and see if the fair Amelia would take it to heart. In the midst of his cogitations Mr. Puffington's pressing invitation occurred to his mind, and it appeared to be the very thing for him, affording him an immediate asylum within reach of the fair lady should she be likely to die.

He wrote to volunteer a visit.

Mr. Puffington, who was still in ignorance of our friend's real character,
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and still believed him to be a second "Nimrod" out on a "tour," was overjoyed at his letter; and, strange to relate, the same post that brought his answer jumping at the proposal, brought a letter from Lord Scamperdale to Jawleyford, saying that, "as soon as Jawleyford was *quite alone* (scored under) he would like to pay him a visit." His lordship, we should inform the reader, notwithstanding his recent mishap, still held out against Jack Spraggon's recommendation to get rid of Mr. Sponge by buying his horses, and determined to try this experiment first. He thought at one time of entering into an explanation, telling Mr. Jawleyford the damage Soapey had done him, and the nuisance he was entailing upon him by harbouring him; but not being a great scholar, and several hard words turning up that his lordship could not well clear in the spelling, he just confined himself to a laconic; which, as it turned out, was a most fortunate course. Indeed, he had another difficulty besides the spelling, for the hounds having had a great run after Mr. Sponge had floored him—knocking his right eye into the heel of his left boot, as he said—in the course of which run his lordship's horse had rolled over him on a road, he was somewhat in the predicament of the railway people—unable to distinguish between capital and income—unable to say which were Soapey's bangs and which his own; so, like a hard cricket-ball sort of a man as he was, he just pocketed all, and wrote as we have described.

His lordship's and Mr. Puffington's letters diffused joy into a house that seemed likely to be distracted with trouble.

Here then endeth our thirty-third chapter, and a very pleasant ending it is, for we leave every one in perfect good humour and spirits. Soapey Sponge pleased at having got a fresh billet, Jawleyford delighted at the coming of the lord, and each fair lady practising in private how to sign her christian name in conjunction with "Scamperdale." If then "all's well that ends well," this indeed must be a capital chapter!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. PUFFINGTON; OR, THE YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MR. PUFFINGTON took the Mangeysterne, now the Hanby hounds, because he thought they would give him consequence. Not that he was particularly deficient in that article; but being a new man in the county, he thought that taking them would make him popular, and give him standing. He had no natural inclination for hunting, but seeing friends who had no taste for the turf take upon themselves the responsibility of stewardships, he saw no reason why he should not make a similar sacrifice at the shrine of Diana. Indeed, Puff was not bred for a sportsman. His father, a most estimable man, and one with whom we have spent many a comical evening, was a great starchmaker at Stepney Green; and his mother was the daughter of an eminent Worcestershire stone-china maker. Save such ludicrous hunts as they might have seen on the brown jugs, we do not believe either of them had any acquaintance whatever with the chase. Old Puffington was, however, what a wise heir esteems a great deal more—an excellent man of business, and amassed mountains of money. To see his establishment at Stepney one would think the whole world was going to be starched. Enormous docktailed dray-horses emerged with ponderous waggons heaped up to the very skies,

while others would come rumbling in, laden with wheat, potatoes, and such other stuff as they make starch of. Puffington's blue roans were well known about town, and were considered the handsomest horses of the day; quite equal to Barclay and Perkins's pye-balds.

Puffington was not like a sportsman. He was a little, soft, rosy, round-about man, with stiff resolute legs that did not look as if they could be bent to a saddle. He was great, however, in a gig, and sat like a sack.

Mrs. Puffington *né* Smith, as they say in France, was a tall handsome woman, who thought a good deal of herself. When she and her spouse married, they lived close to the manufactory, in a sweet little villa replete with every elegance and convenience—a pond, which they called a lake; labour-nuns without end; a yew, clipped into a docktailed waggon horse; standing for three horses and gigs, with an acre and a half of land for a cow.

Puffington, however, being unable to keep those dearest documents of a British merchant—his balance-sheets, to himself, and Mrs. Puffington finding a considerable sum going to the “good” every year, insisted, on the birth of their only child, our friend, upon migrating to the “west,” as she called it, and at one bold stroke they established themselves in Heathcote-street, Mecklenburgh-square. Novelists had not then written this part down as “Mesopotamia,” and it was quite as genteel as Harley or Wimpole-street now. Their chief object then was to increase their wealth and make their only son “a gentleman.” They sent him to Eton, and in due time to Christ Church, where, of course, he established a red coat, to persecute Sir Thomas Mostyn's and the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, much to the annoyance of their respective houndsmen, Stephen Goodall and Phillip Payne, and the aggravation of poor dear old Griff Lloyd.

What between the field and college, young Puffington made the acquaintance of several very dashing young sparks—Lord Firebrand, Lord Mudlark, Lord Deuceace, Sir Harry Blueun, Captain Cutitfat, and others, who he always spoke of as “Deuceace,” “Blueun,” &c., in the easy style that marks the perfect gentleman.* How proud the old folks were of him! How they would sit listening to him, flashing and telling how Deuceace and he floored a Charley, or Blueun and he pitched a snob out of the boxes into the pit. This was in the old Tom-and-Jerry days, when fistycuffs were the fashion. One evening, after he had indulged us with a more than usual dose, and was leaving the room to dress for an eight o'clock dinner at Long's, “*Buzzer!*” exclaimed the old man, clutching our arm, as the tears started to his eyes, “*Buzzer!* that's an amaaazin instance of a poplar man!” And certainly, if a large acquaintance is a criterion of popularity, young Puffington, as he was then called, had his fair share. He once did us the honour—an honour we never shall forget—of walking down Bond-street with us, in the spring-tide of fashion, of a glorious summer's day, when you could not cross Conduit-street under a lapse of a quarter of an hour, and carriages seemed to have come to an interminable lock at the Piccadilly end of the street. In those days great people went about like great people, in handsome hammer-clothed, arms emblazoned coaches, with plethoric three-corner hatted coachmen, and gigantic, lace-bedizened, quivering-calved Johnnies, instead of rumbling along

* Query, “snob?”—Printer's devil.

like apothecaries in pill-boxes, with a handle inside to let themselves out. Young men, too, dressed as if they were dressed—as if they were got up with some care and attention—instead of wearing the loose, careless, flowing, sack-like garments they do now.

We can assure our readers, that to be patronised by a swell of the first water, by a man with his hair frizzed, waxed, and oiled, his bearing-rein tightened, his waist nipped into the hour-glass form, his whole person looking as if he had been blown into his clothes, was an honour not accorded to every one, and we are obliged to Mr. Ainsworth for allowing us space in the *New Monthly Magazine* to record our gratitude. We remember the day as if it were but yesterday; Puffington overtook us in Oxford-street, where we were taking our usual sauntering stare into the shop windows, and instead of shirking us, instead of slipping by when our back was turned, he actually ran his arm up to the hilt in ours, and turned us into the middle of the flags, with an "Ah, Buzzer, old boy, what are you doing in this debauched part of the town? come along with me, and I'll show you what's what!"

So saying he linked arms, and pursuing our course at a proper kill-time sort of pace, we were at length brought up short at Vere-street end, along which there was a regular rush of carriages, cutting away as if they were going to a fire instead of a finery shop.

Many were the smiles, and bows, and nods, and finger kisses, and bright glances, and sweet glances, and languishing glances, that the fair flyers shot at our friend as they darted past. We were lost in astonishment at the sight. "Verily," said we, "but the old man was right. This is an amazin instance of a poplar man."

Young Puffington was then in the heigh-day of youth, about one-and-twenty or so, fair-haired, fresh-complexioned, slim, and standing, with the aid of high-heeled boots, little under six feet high. He had taken after his mother, not after old Tom Trodgers, as they called his father. At length we crossed over Oxford-street, and taking the shady side of Bond-street, were quickly among the real swells of the world—men who crawled along as if life was a perfect burden to them—men with eye-glasses fixed and tasselled canes in their hands, scarcely less ponderous than those borne by the footmen. Great Heavens! but they were tight, and smart, and shiny; and Puffington was just as tight, and smart, and shiny as any of them. He was as much in his element here as he appeared to be out of it in Oxford-street. It might be prejudice, or want of penetration on our part, but we thought he looked as high-bred as any of them. They all seemed to know each other, and the nodding, and winking, and jerking, began as soon as we got across. Puff kindly acted as *cicerone*, or we should not have been aware of the consequence we were encountering.

"Well, Jemmy!" exclaimed a debauched-looking youth to our friend, "how are you?—breakfasted yet?"

"Going to," replied Puffington, who they called Jemmy because his name was Tommy.

"That," said he, in an undertone, "is a *capital* fellow,—Lord Leg-bail, eldest son of the Marquis of Loosefish—will be Lord Loosefish. We were at the Finish together till six this morning—such fun!—bonneted a Charley, stole his rattle, and broke an early breakfast-man's

stall all to shivers. Just then up came a broad-brimmed hat, above a confused mass of great coats and coloured shawls.

"Holloa, Jack!" exclaimed Mr. Puffington, laying hold of a mother-of-pearl button, nearly as large as a tart-plate,—“not off yet?”

"Just going," replied Jack, with a touch of his hat, as he rolled on; adding, "want aught down the road?"

"What coachman is that?" asked one.

"*Coachman!*" replied Puff, with a snort; "that's Jack Linchpin—Honourable Jack Linchpin—son of Lord Splinterbars,—best gentleman coachman in England."

So Puffington sauntered along good morning "Sir Harrys," and "Sir Jameses," and "Lord Johns," and "Lord Toms," till seeing a batch of irreproachable dandies flattening their noses against the windows of the Sailors' Old Club, in whose eyes, he perhaps thought, our city coat and country gaiters would not find much favour, he gave us a hasty parting squeeze of the arm, and bolted into Long's just as a mountainous hackney-coach was rumbling between us and them.

But to the old un. Time rolled on, and at length old Puffington paid the debt of nature—the only debt, by the way, that the old man was slow in discharging, and our friend found himself in possession, not only of the starch manufactory, but of a very great accumulation of consols—so great that, though starch is as inoffensive a thing as a man can well deal in, a thing that never obtrudes itself, or, indeed, appears in a shop, unless it is asked for; notwithstanding all this, and though it was bringing him in lots of money, our friend determined to "cut the shop" and be done with trade altogether.

Accordingly, he sold the premises and good-will, with all the stock of potatoes and wheat, and whatever they used for adulterating the article, to the foreman, old Soapsuds, at something below what they were really worth, rather than make any row in the way of advertising; and the name of "Soapsuds, Brothers, and Co." reigns on the blue-and-whity-brown parcel-ends, where formerly that of "Puffington" stood supreme.

It is a melancholy fact, which those best acquainted with London society can vouch for, that her "swells" are a very ephemeral race. Take the last five-and-twenty years,—say, from the days of the Golden Ball and Pea-green Hayne down to those of Molly C——l and Mr. D—l—f—ld,—and see what a succession of joyous, careless, dashing, sixty per centing youths we have had.

And where are they all now? Some dead, some at Boulogne-sur-Mer, some in Denman Lodge, some perhaps undergoing the polite attentions of Mr. Commissioner Phillips, or figuring in Mr. Hemp's periodical publication of gentlemen "who are wanted."

In speaking of "swells," of course we are not alluding to men with reference to their clothes alone, but to men whose dashing, and perhaps eccentric exteriors are but indicative of their general system of extravagance. The man who rests his claims to distinction solely on his clothes will very soon find himself in want of society. Many things contribute to thin the ranks of our swells. Many, as we said before, outrun the constable. Some get fat, some get married, some get tired, and a few get wiser. There is, however, always a fine pushing crop coming on. A man like Puffington, who starts a dandy (in contradistinction to a swell), and adheres steadily to clothes—talking eternally of the cuts

of coats or the ties of cravats—up to the sober age of forty, must be always throwing himself back on the rising generation for society.

Puffington was not what the old ladies call a profligate young man. On the contrary, he was naturally a nice, steady young man; and only indulged in the vagaries we have described because they were indulged in by the high-born and gay.

Tom and Jerry had a great deal to answer for in the way of leading soft-headed young men astray; and old Puffington having had the misfortune to christen our friend "Thomas," of course his companions dubbed him "Corinthian Tom;" by which name he has been known ever since.

A man of such undoubted wealth could not be otherwise than a great favourite with the fair, and innumerable were the invitations that poured into his chambers in the Albany—dinner parties, evening parties, balls, concerts, boxes for the opera; and, as each succeeding season drew to a close, invitations to those last efforts of the desperate, boating and white-baiting parties.

Corinthian Tom went to them all—at least, to as many as ever he could—always dressing in the most exemplary way, as though he had been asked to show his fine clothes instead of to make love to the ladies. Manifold were the hopes and expectations that he raised. Puff could not understand that, though it is all very well to be "an amaaazin instance of a poplar man" with the men, that the same sort of thing does not do with the ladies.

We have heard that there were six old ladies, bowling about in their barouches, at the close of his second season, inuendoing, nodding, and hinting to their friends, "that, &c.," when there wasn't one of their daughters who had penetrated the rhinoceros-like hide of his own conceit. The consequence was, that all these old ladies, all their daughters, all the relations and connexions of this life, thought it incumbent upon them to "blow" our friend Puff—proclaim how infamously he had behaved—all because he had danced three supper dances with one girl; brought another a fine bouquet from Covent Garden; walked a third away from her party at a pic-nic at Erith; begged the mamma of a fourth to take her to a Woolwich ball; sent a fifth a ticket for a Toxopholite meeting; and dangled about the carriage of the sixth at a review at Wormwood Scrubbs. Poor Puff never thought of being more than an amaaazin instance of a poplar man!

Not that the ladies' denunciations did the Corinthian any harm at first—old ladies know each other better than that; and each new mamma had no doubt but Mrs. Depecarde or Mrs. Mainchance, as the case might be, had been deceiving herself—"was always doing so, indeed; her ugly girls were not likely to attract any one—certainly not such an elegant man as Corinthian Tom."

But as season after season passed away, and the Corinthian still played the old game—still went the old rounds—the dinner and ball invitations gradually dwindled away, till he became a mere stop-gap at the one, and a landing-place appendage at the other.

Here let us leave him for a month.

THE COLONIAL REFORM PARTY.

WHAT is the Colonial Reform party going to do in the present session of Parliament?—*A party* they have declared themselves to be. They have formed themselves into an association, published a faith, and announced that “a ready and constant preparation for proceedings in Parliament, as circumstances may require,” is one of the objects for which they have banded themselves together.

There can be no question that the session of 1850 will be memorable in the annals of the colonial empire of Great Britain. Two distinct aspects of the subject deeply agitate the public mind at the same moment; the one as regards our own country, the other as regards the colonies. The opinion that the population of these islands has increased, and is increasing, faster than the means of finding it remunerative employment within the limits of our own shores, is no longer the doctrine of a few; it is the conviction of multitudes. The great misery to which many of the lower orders are subjected, not in times of scarcity alone, but uniformly, and, under present conditions it would seem, necessarily, has of late found a public voice. It is received as a fact, which must, if revolution is to be averted, be speedily and bravely dealt with; and a general belief is taking hold of the public mind, that the only practical remedy is to be found in the direction of the surplus labour, which is held in idleness at home, into those new channels for employment which exist in the unoccupied lands of the colonies. This growing conviction, that our own country demands some larger field for the expansion of its increasing population and capital, brings the question of colonisation home to us as a matter of self-interest; and anything which tends to obstruct that expansion becomes a national grievance which all are interested in removing.

But just at the moment when the public is beginning to be impressed with the necessity of relieving their own country, by means of the facilities which the colonies afford, we are rudely startled by loud and angry murmurings from the colonies themselves. Whilst the mass beneath our own feet is heaving with discontent, the winds are bearing to us voices of disaffection from our dependencies in every quarter of the globe. There can be no deception or fiction in this. It is not the interest of men, nor is it natural to them, especially to brave and enterprising and self-relying men, such as colonists usually are, to grumble and complain without some cause; nor is it likely that there should be an unanimity of dissatisfaction in all parts of the world, unless some general grievance were the occasion; and therefore the doctrine that the colonies have some really just cause for complaint, that they are in fact badly governed, that there is a necessity for some radical amendment, has also made its way, from having been the theory of a few, until it has become the persuasion of many.

But although public opinion is very general as to the necessity of emigration on the one hand, and of reform in the government of the colonies on the other, yet, in the whole range of political questions, there are none upon which so much difference of opinion exists as to the source of the grievance and the nature of the remedy. Respecting the principles on

which emigration should be conducted, and the source whence the requisite funds should be derived, every conceivable variety of opinion has been put forward; and in matters of government, there are advocates of every system, from that of a military despotism over a colony, to that of its entire independence. In a free constitution like our own, such a state of affairs is extremely dangerous, because the government becomes practically all-powerful. The machinery which a free constitution provides for limiting the power of the government by the will of the mass of the people, is held in abeyance. There is no organised opposition to any measures which may be proposed; and the doctrines of the minister or the crotchets of his secretaries pass into law, without a searching investigation into their merits, and without the hearty and advised acquiescence of the people.

The history of our colonial legislation has proved that this is not an imaginary danger. There has never yet been propounded any *party policy* at all in respect to the colonial question. Whigs have never asserted one view; nor Tories opposed another; Radicals have been equally indifferent. No party in Parliament has had any direct interest in colonial matters, and therefore the colonial secretary has come to be, practically, despotic. A colonial question has, indeed, occasionally been made the battle-field of party, but, like other battle fields, it has been trampled to pieces equally by both combatants.

It is, then, a prospect not to be viewed without some alarm, that Parliament is about to be compelled to deal with a question which has assumed a vast importance, and in respect to which there is no definite public opinion, no basis for legislation, except a vague impression that something must be done without delay.

"What, then," we began by asking, "are the Colonial Reformers going to do?" We asked the question because, in the general uncertainty of the public mind, it is a matter of deep importance—a matter for hopeful congratulation, that a recognised party has arisen, consisting of independent men who have studied the colonial question, prepared with something like a distinct faith, and advocating a definite course of action. Now we may hope that an end will be put to that mischievous indifference, that meddling indolence, which has characterised our colonial legislation. We are to have a philosophy promulgated, a faith preached, a policy proposed.

We do not know whether the "Society for the Reform of Colonial Government" have contemplated to the full this responsibility, but we know that the public will charge them with it. Let us not be mistaken. Their council comprises men of all shades of political party; and the most has been made of this fact to shake the public confidence in them. If those gentlemen were to meet in consultation on questions of domestic policy, there might indeed be some doubt as to their unanimity. But can any one honestly pretend to define the difference between a Whig colonial policy or a Tory colonial policy? If, then, there has always been as wide a difference of opinion between two Whigs, two Tories, or two Radicals, upon matters of colonial policy, as between any members of opposite factions, we cannot perceive why there should not be a corresponding coincidence, upon that one subject, between men in other matters differing in opinion. The principles involved in our colonial policy have little or nothing to do with those which are the ordinary occasions of strife in our domestic politics; and it is in those matters of policy which are peculiar to

the colonial question, that we look to the council of the new Society to direct and guide the public mind.

In the brief prospectus which has been issued, we discover two cardinal points of belief. First, that the true colonies of England ought to have the sole management of all their own local affairs. Secondly, that the mother country ought to be relieved from all the expenses of their local government.

Now, first, what is meant by the "true colonies of England?" We quite agree with the *Times*, that these gentlemen "should deal frankly" with the public, in stating what it is which they want to do. It is, however, a little too soon to charge them with a want of frankness: it is not to be expected that, in a few lines, all the intricate and complicated questions which arise with respect to colonial government can be fully dealt with. We shall expect that the Society will come forward with some more full and explicit avowal of their principles. Indeed, if they fulfil their duty in promulgating their faith, they must do so. But a due attention to the meaning of this significant expression, "a true colony of England," would have saved some writers the trouble of imitating the childish arguments of the Colonial-office, that, because Ceylon is unfitted to receive free institutions, they ought therefore to be withheld from New Zealand.

The British dependencies may be divided into three classes:—1. Military Stations; 2. Settlements which we will call *Plantations*; 3. True Colonies.

In the first class are included such places as Heligoland, Bermuda, St. Helena, Malta, Gibraltar, &c. These places are in no sense colonies. They are fortified, and occupied by the military and naval forces of Great Britain upon grounds of imperial policy, which may be right or may be wrong, but which have nothing whatever to do with the colonial question. It would be quite as right or quite as wrong to hold Gibraltar or Heligoland, as we do, at considerable expense to ourselves, if we had not a colony in the world.

Again, what we have called *Plantations* are countries which have come into our possession by conquest or by treaty, in which the great mass of the population are native inhabitants of the soil; in which the British, although few in number compared to the natives, are the dominant race, are possessed of the government, and are frequently the proprietors of the land. In many of our plantations the whole native population were recently slaves; in almost all of them our own race has been prevented, by the physical circumstances of the country, from increasing to any extent by propagation, from becoming the tillers of the soil, and therefore from supplanting the original inhabitants. Hence plantations are for the most part unsuitable for emigration. In this class are the West Indian colonies, Ceylon, Mauritius, &c.

A "true colony of England" we take to be a colony which has been made by *Englishmen*,—a settlement in a country belonging to Great Britain, in which the great mass of the population are settlers, or the descendants of settlers, who have emigrated from our own country, and who therefore have carried with them, at least in theory, all those liberties and privileges which belonged to them as Englishmen, when they or their fathers lived amongst us. Such are the colonies of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand. Canada must also be placed in this class, although a great part of its population is composed of

foreigners ; but foreigners who have long been our naturalised fellow-subjects ; who have in theory been amalgamated with the English settlers, and who are as capable as ourselves of appreciating and enjoying free institutions. The Cape of Good Hope has hitherto partaken more of the character of a plantation than of a colony ; but the great unanimity which its inhabitants have recently displayed, their courage and determination in repelling the endeavour to injure the moral character of their community, most certainly entitle them to be esteemed a true colony of England, and to be governed as such.

We assume that it is only to such colonies as these that the colonial reformers intend to apply their two dogmas—self-government, and self-support.

It may be quite true that Ceylon is badly governed, or that Jamaica is discontented: but no one in his senses will say, that the same form of government is applicable to these colonies and to New South Wales. There are a multitude of elements which enter into the problem of governing a *plantation* which do not appear in the case of a true colony. To keep our argument perfectly clear, let us assume that we are only speaking at present of a true colony of England.

Now let us first understand, what is the nature of the government at present existing in these colonies? We can then inquire, what it is proposed to substitute instead?

In the first place, there is a department of the government in Downing-street, called the Colonial-office, at the head of which is placed one of her majesty's principal secretaries of state. This minister, together with one of his assistant secretaries, is compelled by custom to have a seat in one of the Houses of Parliament, and is changed with every change of the administration, and sometimes oftener ; so that, practically, the individual at the head of this department is never in office above two or three years. In the last twenty years there has been a new colonial minister, on an average, every year. Under this system it happens that, as soon as the minister begins to learn something about the various countries which he has to govern, he is removed from his office, and a new man succeeds, by whom the same knowledge has to be acquired over again. This is a system which absolutely debars the person who dictates the government of the colonies, from ever acquiring that knowledge without which legislation is empiricism.

The governors of all the various colonies report to the colonial minister. He has to give them instructions as to what they are to do in all cases, and to approve or disapprove of what they have done without instructions. All the laws which are made in all the colonies are transmitted to him; and he has to signify his assent to, or disapproval of, every one. In his hands, too, is placed all the patronage of the colonies : the most gigantic system of patronage which has probably ever been created. All the governors, lieutenant-governors, secretaries, treasurers, chief justices, magistrates, attorney-generals, and a host of subordinate officials, who are to administer government and law to tens of thousands of her Majesty's subjects all over the world—all are appointed by, or with, the consent of this one official—the colonial minister.

It may be thought that the colonial minister, being compelled by custom to have a seat in Parliament, is responsible to the country for his actions, and especially for his patronage ; that his responsibility to Par-

liament is a sufficient guarantee for an uncorrupt exercise of power. The reverse is the case. If the despotic power of the colonial minister were directly recognised, if it were entrusted to an honest and good man, irresponsible and irremovable, there would be a better chance of good government for the colonies than under the present system. It is obvious that as long as the colonists are not represented in Parliament, the responsibility of the colonial minister is practically no responsibility at all. Parliament knows nothing, it has no official means of knowing anything at all, about the affairs of colonists. All official information from the colonies is sent to the Colonial-office, which discloses or conceals as much as suits its own convenience. There may be an accidental member of Parliament who happens to be possessed of private information respecting the colonies, and he may compel the minister to disgorge information from time to time; but, until the colonists are represented in Parliament, as the inhabitants of the half-settled territories in the United States are represented in Congress, there will be no official necessity for Parliament knowing anything at all about their condition; therefore the responsibility of the colonial minister to Parliament is, *practically*, no responsibility at all.

But his connexion with a responsible ministry, and with Parliament, has a most injurious effect in this way: that the offices in the colonies are filled without the least respect to the welfare of the colonists, who are deeply concerned in having good and upright governors and judges, but are selected, fit or unfit, as the case may be, in order to secure parliamentary interest. Now parliamentary patronage is frequently the most pernicious and the most corrupt. The Government are compelled to place appointments at the disposal of their adherents in the House, as a sort of legal bribery for support; the members of the House give these appointments to their constituents from the same motives; and the class of constituents who successfully pester members of Parliament for places are, of the whole community, the least fitted to fill them. Now the colonial patronage especially is abandoned to these creatures; because in home appointments, a disagreeable risk of notoriety acts as a bar to unworthy claimants, whilst in the colonies this inconvenience is obviated by the distance of the sufferers and the difficulty of exposure.

Hence the system by which officials are provided for the colonies is one which is well calculated, under Providence, to insure them the most worthless individuals who can be found in their respective professions.

So far with respect to the central power. Now as to the government situated in the colonies themselves.

Our "true" colonies are governed for the most part by governors, appointed by the colonial minister, who, with the assistance of a council appointed by or with the consent of the same personage, makes law for the community. In New South Wales there is a representative assembly, but one-third of the members are appointed by the governor; an invention which gives the governor the power of turning the scale any way he pleases between different parties, or, in other words, which makes his will law. In no part of the colonies have the people the power, as in England, of assenting to, or dissenting from, the laws by which they are to be governed. Besides all this, the laws which are made in the colonies are not final; they must first be transmitted to the secretary of state, who may, if he pleases, annul them; and who does so frequently. After a

law has been passed, nearly a year must elapse before the colonists know whether it is to be permanent or not; and the decision is to be made by a person who is manifestly far less capable of judging of the necessity of the law than the persons who made it. It is like an appeal from a higher court to a lower.

This foolish practice has been kept up in order to secure to the Crown the same prerogative of the veto, with respect to the laws of the colonies, which it has, according to the ancient constitution, in this country. But in this country the exercise of the veto has been most wisely discontinued; having been superseded by the more convenient machinery of a responsible ministry, who never advise the Crown to disallow bills, because they must have found it practically impossible to carry on the business of the country, long before the period when they would be called on to tender such advice.

But the veto of the colonial minister is of a different kind. In England it is a veto by the Crown on laws passed by the people. But in most of the colonies the people have nothing whatever to do with passing laws. In England it is used by the advice of a ministry who are responsible to the Parliament which has passed the laws. In the colonies it is the act of the colonial secretary, who is directly responsible to no one. Besides, the veto on colonial ordinances is a veto on the acts of the governor, who is the creature and representative of the power exercising the veto. The system of governors, therefore, is a system for advising the colonial minister what laws ought to be made. It is a mere machine for bestowing the attribute of ubiquity on the official in Downing-street: and the whole operation is as rational as if a man were to make a clock, and then insist on constantly turning the hands himself.

It is impossible and unnecessary to enter upon all the details of the present absurd system of governing the colonies. We have dwelt upon that which is at the root of the evil—the central power and the irresponsible government.

Every one must agree that the *liberty*, of which Englishmen are so fond of boasting, is not a geographical distinction, but a personal right. That to deprive Englishmen of their liberties because they move from one part of the empire to the other, is a gross injustice; and, above all, to deprive that class of Englishmen who, by bravery and enterprise and self-relying endurance, are adding new countries to our empire, and are spreading the dominion of their race—to deprive those of their inheritance who have given the best proof that they are fitted to enjoy it,—this is monstrous absurdity as well as injustice.

Now, what do we mean by the rights and liberties of Englishmen? Plainly this: an immunity from all laws and all taxes, except those to which they have given their assent by their representatives in Parliament assembled.

This is a doctrine to which neither Whig, nor Tory, nor Radical can lay exclusive claim. It is common to all the political creeds of Englishmen. It existed before, and it will outlive, all party factions. And when the question is fairly and candidly placed before the minds of the English people, it is quite impossible but that they will acknowledge the injustice of the present system, and the need of a remedy. They will say, "Our fellow-countrymen in the colonies shall not be governed by laws which have been made without their opinion having been asked, nor

shall they be made to pay taxes to which they have not given their assent."

The power of the Colonial-office, then, must be destroyed. But what is to be substituted? We are not without a precedent in this matter. Our early American colonies flourished so that they have become a great empire. It was not under the care of a colonial-office that their vigorous youth was cherished. The Crown, being aware that it was absurd to govern such distant provinces by a machinery which was only fitted to govern our own island, most wisely delegated to those communities the municipal powers requisite for governing themselves. But now, when there are about forty different dependencies, comprising many nations, people, and languages, we expect one man in this country to decide what laws are necessary and what unnecessary for all these countries. Can there be anything more absurd than this?

Therefore the colonial reformers say, "Let us give those colonies which are fitted to receive free institutions, the right of managing their own local affairs."

But honest, old-fashioned politicians start back and say, "If you give the colonies their own government, what is the difference between that and declaring them independent?" The greatest difference. The colonies ought not to have the right, and do not want the right, of meddling with matters which relate to the whole empire. They want to manage the matters which relate to themselves. There is no difficulty in determining what matters refer to the empire and what to the colony. The United States' constitution has defined what matters shall be dealt with by the separate states, and what by the federal government; therefore we could do the same.

The question is simply this: Is not municipal independence compatible with imperial allegiance? Take the case of a municipal charter granted to a town in England. Certain limits are laid down, within which the municipality is quite free to act. It elects its officers, taxes itself, and is responsible to itself. It does not require the assent of the secretary of state, or of any one in the world, to its actions. It is quite free within its limits. If it steps beyond its limits it renders itself amenable, not to the crown, but to the law.

So let it be with a colony. The colony wants to be permitted to do certain acts which affect itself alone and nobody else. The limits within which the colony should be free to act are necessarily wider than those of the town in England; because the inhabitants of the town are represented in Parliament, whereas the colonies are very distant, and are not represented. It would be right that functions, in this country exercised by Parliament, should, in the colony, be delegated to its own local legislature; but the question of degree, in the limits within which the colony should be free to act, is one of detail, and does not affect the principle in the smallest degree. But there is, unfortunately, an irresistible answer to those who confound the delegation of municipal powers with the dismemberment of the empire. What will happen if we do not grant free institutions to the colonies? Simply this. They will revolt. And if they revolt they will hate us as the Americans did. It is not a question,—Shall matters continue as they are, or shall the colonies have free institutions? The question is, Shall these institutions be granted in a manner which will ensure their affectionate loyalty to ourselves, or

shall they be goaded into rebellion—be driven to win their total independence, and to detest us for ever after?

Unhappily, there is no time to be lost. The Australian colonies are ripening for revolt. The insolence of Colonial-office officials and the delay in granting long-promised English institutions, are eating away the patience and loyalty of the colonists.

Colonists are naturally extravagantly loyal. The old country is hallowed in their minds by the recollections of their childhood or by the traditions of their fathers; and they love to indulge in an honourable pride in belonging to an outlying portion of the greatest empire in the world. But they have inherited the indomitable independence of their race; and the continued vexations of a distant and despotic power, quite unknown to that ancient and venerable constitution under which they used to live, or of which their fathers have told them, galls and irritates them to the last degree.

Nothing could surpass the loyalty of the North American colonies as long as we pursued that wise policy by which "a generous nature was permitted to find its own way to perfection;" but when we said we had a right to tax them,—immunity from arbitrary taxation being esteemed as the most sacred badge of liberty,—it took but a few months to change their loyalty into the bitterest derestation.

The Cape of Good Hope has set a fearful example of how a bad government may be defeated. The first false step which a colonial minister makes in Australia or New Zealand will ensure the same result.

Now, if (which God forbid) there should be a violent disruption between this country and any of her colonies, and if so much of the ancient spirit of our race be yet left in Englishmen that they would not see their mighty empire torn to pieces without a struggle, let us at least know for what we should be fighting. Would it be for liberty? or for justice? or for truth? or for any cause which can sanction or excuse the horrors of war? Nothing of the kind. It would be for the maintenance of an absurd authority over our fellow-countrymen 12,000 miles distant, in matters in which they are deeply interested and are thoroughly informed, and which we have no kind of concern in and are wholly ignorant of.

What the Colonial Reform party *will do* we do not know. But we have endeavoured to show what it will be *expected of them* to struggle for.

The same honest good sense, which, placing patriotism above party, has induced working men of all political creeds to join in the endeavour to reconstruct the colonial government, will, let us hope, carry them with unanimity through their task.

The colonies do not want Whig government or Tory government. They want a constitution upon the English model, in which their own political factions—Whig, Tory, and Radical—may fight their own battles in their own way, as we do in this country.

T H E C R A D L E S O N G.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜCKERT.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Dreimal mit dem weissen Kleide, &c.

THREE times with a robe of white
Has thy mother deck'd thy bed,
Thrice, with garments green bedight,
Has thy place of rest been spread.
She has look'd, in silent woe,
If her child still sleeps below.
But thy rest still dost thou keep
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Thrice, in spite of winter's wrath,
Snowdrops came and violets blue,
From their bed, to lure thee forth:—
Thrice came pinks and roses too,
Asking thee, with wooing tone,
If thy slumbers were not flown?
But thy rest still dost thou keep
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Three times—and three hundred more—
Sun and moon came, as of yore—
Looking on with joyous blaze,
Looking on with mournful gaze—
Asking with their flickering light
If no ray will end thy night?
But thy rest still dost thou keep
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Thrice has gentle zephyr's sigh
Play'd around thee tenderly;
Thrice, with angry breath, the blast
Roughly o'er thy cradle past—
Each the post intent to gain;
Both are warring now again!
But thy rest still dost thou keep
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

THE DUKE OF BORDEAUX AT FROHSDORF, AND PROSPECTS OF THE LEGITIMISTS IN FRANCE.

BEFORE proceeding with the late French Revolution as portrayed to us by the Legitimist historian, Capefigue, we shall glance at an interesting publication that has issued still more recently from the press, which may be considered as most characteristic of the feelings of Legitimists and the state of their party in France. It is a new work by the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, bearing the significant and chivalrous title of "Place au Droit," which gives a striking contrast of "La Revolution et L'Elysée" and "La Royauté et Frohsdorf."

While Capefigue reveals in the sober language of thoughtful inquiry and deep meditation the secret springs of action, and the co-ordination of events in the late revolution, the author of "Dieu le Veut" dashes with a spirited and sarcastic pen at people and things as they are. Nothing like quotations, says M. d'Arlincourt, to make men known.

There is no nation in the world (said Charles Quint) that does more to ruin itself than the French nation; yet, nevertheless, everything ends by being in its favour, God having the king and the kingdom under His especial protection.

Charles Quint, when thus expressing himself, did not foresee a republic in France.

The republic, it is true, according to M. Guizot, has not as yet taken rank among the serious governments of the country.

Be it so, and yet what can be more legally serious than universal suffrage having given more than six millions of votes to Louis Napoleon!

True; but, on the other hand, what can be more singularly irrelevant than the nomination of a president of a republic submitted to the sanction of the people by whom the republic itself had never been accepted.

To this M. Proudhon has answered,

The republic is placed above an universal vote by the reason that a people has not the right to will a republic.

This is the sublimity of burlesque.

The republic itself, according to M. d'Arlincourt, is no more in favour with its proselytes than it is with those upon whom it was forced.

M. Proudhon has depicted the republic as follows—an incapable president; a powerful ministry; an ignorant assembly; enough to ruin ten nations.

That is to say, ten republics. Ten! The exact number of the plagues of Egypt.

What is our republic? Ask the men of the red flag—"It is an empty puppet, which will be the object of laughter and contempt, unless the people come to place themselves within this puppet to give it body and soul."

General Cavaignac also acknowledged that the government that had been extemporised by the *quinquennat* of the provisional executive had a long and dolorous *couche*. "Happily," he added, "I used the forceps, and that saved the child." (Sitting of the National Assembly, Sept. 1848.)

Unfortunately, notwithstanding the surgical success of this painful labour, neither the mother nor the child are at the present moment doing at all well.

But General Cavaignac, who attaches no blame to terror, who grants national recompenses to assassination, and who says he is proud of his father; he also has remarked that many people found the accouchement of February a sad affair. "Against such," he exclaimed, "we will carry on a war of extermination; we will even sacrifice for it our honour!"

Very good, but it is a plagiarism. Citizen Cavaignac! you ought not to have robbed Citizen Marat of his expressions, although it is our first republic, the one

which, according to the author of the "Girondins," "had only one institution—the guillotine: and whose government was only one long assassination," that excited so much enthusiasm in Citizen Marat, that he exclaimed, "I will sacrifice everything for it, even to my reputation, to my honour."

The honour of the executioner Marat!

June, 1848, would be, it might have been thought, incontestably, a terrible and a fatal page in our annals. But what does the laureat of Robespierre and the author of "Elvira" think of these massacres? "These slaughters were evidently only a great popular blunder." (De Lamartine at the Court of Bourges.)

Enough indeed to make reason itself blunder.

The distribution of landed property is the essence of democracy, wrote Montesquieu in 1748. Since that, Rousseau has said, "The government of the people, democracy, is impossible in great states; and I doubt if it ever existed anywhere." A publicist of our own times has expressed himself in the following words: "A republic desires a democracy; a democracy, socialism. Socialism is death, hence a republic leads to destruction." (Lourdoueix, "De la République Démocratique, Paris, 1849.")

M. d'Arlincourt is as felicitous in his ridicule of the absurd pretensions, so nauseatingly and incessantly put forth by French democrats, to novelty and progress, as he is in respect to the painful accouchement of a republic.

Give anything that is new to France, indeed!

New! Alas, the Cabets, Proudhons, Pierre Leroux, and their abettors, have as yet gratified us only with worn-out rubbish and turned-off old clothes.

Athens had its distributors. Aristophanes laughs at them in his comedies. Rome had its agrarian law. Florence in the middle ages was ravaged by socialist ideas. Communism is as old as this world; Pythagoras busied himself with it. It is to be found at Sparta, in Judea, in Italy, even among the Buddhists of India. Plato spoke of it in his "Republics," Campanella in his "City in the Sun," Harrington in his "Oceana," Pechmeja in his "Telephe," Morelli in his "Code of Nature," and Babeuf in his "Egalitaires."

"My dear friends," wrote Marat on the 25th of January, 1793, "meet together in overwhelming numbers, and divide among yourselves lands and riches."

What! we proclaim progress, and yet nothing can be more retrograde than February! What did it offer us that was new? The superannuated imitations of clubs, of sections, banquets, and tennis games, the places of the Dantons, the Marats, the Saint-Justs, and the Camille Desmoulins, filled even more trashily than upon the first occasion; a ridiculous repetition of democratic processions with Phrygian caps, Roman pikes, red flags, and other tinselled fragments of Robespierre's wardrobe; a gloomy revival of the plantation of patriotic trees, an unharmonious Marseillaise, a plastered-up Mountain, a worn-out Jacobinism, and the decrepitudes of crime.

"What do you think of the French Republic?" some one asked of Kossuth before his defeat.

The Hungarian shrugged his shoulders, and, with a smile of pity, answered in these laconic words:

"Let the old woman die in peace!"

A brief review of the past, the Duke of Lancaster crowned at Paris, the Cardinal of Bourbon, the League and the Fronde, furnish M. d'Arlincourt with examples of previous restorations, under circumstances as adverse as those of Henry of Bourbon. France, he argues, is in a state of transition; and he proves this with his usual syllogistic acuteness by demonstrating that every party in France is terrified at the other, and that all France is terrified at everything. General Cavaignac is next compared with General Changarnier; the former as wishing to arrive at a dictatorship by the terrors of military despotism, the latter as using the same powers, not to establish a dictatorship, but to liberate a nation. It is evident from the pages of Capefigue and D'Arlincourt alike, that Changarnier is the chosen lieutenant of legitimacy. But who can predict the changes in estimation in which the same power may be held

two consecutive years in Paris? In 1848 a prefect received the following telegraphic despatch:—

"Arrest, by every possible means in your power, citizen Louis Napoleon if he should appear in your department.

"(Signed) LEDRU ROLLIN."

In 1849, the same prefect received another despatch, to the following effect:—

"Arrest, by every possible means in your power, citizen Ledru Rollin, if he should appear in your department.

"(Signed) DUFAURE, Minister of LOUIS NAPOLEON."

Who can say whom the same prefect may receive orders to arrest in 1850?

M. d'Arlincourt says that the National Assembly wished to elect "Cavaignac, son of a regicide," President of the Republic; but Louis Napoleon owed his success to the *National* having announced that "all those who voted for Louis Napoleon would vote against the Republic." Six millions of voices answered. But was the election of the 10th of December, he adds, a solution of the question? No. It was an episode. Is it an empire that is sought? The very idea sleeps in the sepulchre of the Invalides, where the conquered of Waterloo reposes. "The empire," he says, shortly afterwards, "was conquest, glory, genius; it was Europe subjected, legions conquering, France saved,—the empire, in one word, was the emperor; it was Napoleon promenading round a subjected world to the sound of drums and trumpets, but who could now dare to say, I am, or even I shall be, Napoleon." Be he Legitimist, Orleanist, Napoleonist, or Republican, a French writer it will be seen is always French in a certain acceptation of the word, and which cannot be better illustrated than by the sublime spectacle of Napoleon promenading round a subjected world to the sound of drums and trumpets! Egypt and Russia, Saxony and the Peninsula, Waterloo itself, were trifling obstacles to a "promenade," in which Europe's island stronghold of progress, civilisation, and constitutional liberty, was never even included. Perhaps some may also differ with M. d'Arlincourt as to whether, among the six millions of voters, there are not many who dream daily and nightly of a revival of the era of imperial "conquests and glories."

If the French armies were, as M. d'Arlincourt avers, *dans toutes les capitales étrangères* (one surely excepted?), the armies of the same capitals were also congregated in Paris; but a Frenchman's *amour-propre* is incapable of being subjected like his person. Facts or reason are alike of no avail. When Cabet was condemned to two years' imprisonment as a cheat, he exclaimed—

"The founder of Icaria condemned as a cheat! It is impossible to think of such an event without remembering the condemnation of Socrates and of Jesus Christ! Jesus was crucified between two thieves." (*La Voix du Peuple*, 8th and 9th October.)

Blasphemous vanity of an infamous man! One of the most disgusting traits of the late, as of the former French Revolution was, that the most ardent promoters of social disorder had always the most sacred name on their lips. When these vagabond emissaries of destruction spread themselves over the continent, *Le Christ nous envoie* was their shibboleth;

and in June, 1849, Paris had actually a paper denominated *Le Christ Républicain*.

After revolutions come festivals. After the barricades rejoicings. Such has been at all times the custom in Paris. During the reign of terror, the *carmagnole* was danced under the guillotine. Bacchanalian festivities were got up in honour of the goddess of Reason. After the revolution of February there were *lampions*, and then the pompous burial of the dead. "Ridiculous immortalities!" exclaims d'Arlincourt; "sepulchral mockeries, of which the bodies of human beings were made the object." Then there were trees, of which it was epigrammatically written—

Il aurait fallu que le chêne
Fût l'arbre de la liberté;
Ses fruits auraient nourri sans peine
Les citoyens qui l'ont planté.

Next came the military festival of Fraternity, followed up by the still more imposing spectacle of the festival of Concord. Those who figured in the latter as *charmantes vierges*, M. d'Arlincourt assures us, were neither the one nor the other; and those who exhibited their august presences to the assembled multitude as the men of the time, had passed away before the next festival that followed, upon the dictatorship of Cavaignac—that of the Constitution. The said Constitution was declared to be *sabrée*; but, according to MM. Marrast and Senard, it was not the less entitled to be inaugurated in the light of the sun. Alas! the sun would not shine upon it; it snowed that day; and the 100,000 officials of the Republic had to listen bareheaded to the 116 articles of the 12th Constitution that has been given to France within the last sixty years. We cannot omit another epigram, suggested by this untoward circumstance—

De cette promulgation;
Le résultat en deux mots se resume,
La France a maintenant sa constitution,
Et Monsieur Marrast un gros rhume.

The unanimous sneezing of ministers, generals, 44,000 mayors, 900 representatives, and innumerable *sergents de ville*, had, M. d'Arlincourt tells us, one good effect, that it gave to the whole an opportunity of exclaiming, as if to the Republic, "*Dieu vous benisse!*"

But although universal suffrage had given a certain *éclat* to the election of Louis Napoleon, the National Assembly voted on that occasion that there should be no festivities. A general silence would, they said, be more majestic. The modesty of the elect would not be put on trial. It would be more Washington-like. There might, also, be some imperialist demonstration. Fear had its word to put in here also.

Then, again, on the 24th of December there was an attempt to get up a review. "Paris in emotion rushed forth to see, in the shape of a little corporal with an historical hat, a new sun of *Brumaire* arise. Alas! there was neither corporal nor *Brumaire*, nor even a three-cornered cocked-hat."

The 4th of May was the anniversary of the Republic, and, according to M. d'Arlincourt, the solemnity was thus enacted:—

In the midst of the *Place Louis XIV.*, otherwise called that of the *Révolution*, or, if you like it better, *De la Concorde*, there arises an African obelisk; to this had been fixed a Chinese canopy with Gaulish pikes, and festoons of lanterns after the Japanese fashion; beneath this canopy was a kind of chapel, in the Russian style, surrounded by Greek statues, one of which held a species of English Bible in its hand to represent all kinds of worships; the raised floor was covered with a Turkish

carpet, and all this to receive a Catholic archbishop who came to bless a republic—of any kind.

It was the time to sing a couplet from the Caliph of Baghdad—

De tous les pays, pour vous plaire,
Nous avons pris le caractère.

The Republic was definitively constituted, its president was installed in the national Elysée, and his ministry were in full activity. There remained nothing then for France but to repose peacefully in the glories and the prosperities that were to be the price of its sacrifices. Alas! alas! the work was there; but the prosperities! but the glories!

The first episode in the new order of things was the manifestation in favour of Rome. One of those national fraternisations, our author says, which precede a popular slaughter. The procession, which stretched like a long revolutionary reptile from the Château d'Eau to the Madeleine, was cut in two at the Rue de la Paix by the troops under the command of General Changarnier, and there only remained the meeting at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers to dissolve. The immortals of the Mountain were there assembled, with soldiers, artillery, arms, and ammunition at their command, prepared to decree the dissolution of the Chambers and the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, when a great outcry was heard—the other republic was coming. "*Par où se sauve-t-on ?*" suddenly exclaimed the chief of the new convention, and in a few moments the republic of beards was no longer in existence. It had been fairly whipped off the stage by its elder sister.

Since that period even universal suffrage has fallen into disgrace with its quondam admirers, the liberal party. "If universal suffrage is not suppressed," wrote M. Emile de Girardin in September, 1849, "if the excessive charges of the budget are upheld, a social revolution will inevitably spring from this monstrous alliance."

People fancied that courtly servility would disappear with the monarchy. Not in the least. Lamartine, the head of the provisional government, was declared to be an "Orpheus liberator." The dictator, who fired grape against the barricades of his brethren, was hailed in prose and verse as a Cæsar. The Sobriers, Barbés, Raspails, and Blanquis, before they were hurled back into the revolutionary gutter from whence they sprang, had also their flatterers. There is not a monster but has in his turn his altar. And now, Louis Napoleon has his at the *Elysée*. But before his ears were destined to be tickled by the language of adulation, how much that was of a different character had he been obliged to listen to!

"What has he done," every one inquired, "this nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte? Strasbourg and Boulogne! After the first a pardon; after the second a prison. Those were his Austerlitz and his Wagram."

Now the incense burns, the lyres sound, and the President of the Republic sees at his feet, *not all the kings of the earth, as in the days of the master of the world!* but the flatterers of every cause that is in the ascendant, or that has triumphed. And yet the nephew of Napoleon has little to be proud of in the strange position in which he is placed. "President of the Republic, he is responsible for all the faults committed by the National Assembly, and yet he can be put in accusation for carrying out those very measures. He gives orders to the army, and he cannot assume the chief command. He is only a moveable magistrate; he is not even independent. Finally, he has only the aspect of

power; the reality lies elsewhere." These sentences, it will be observed, were written before Louis Napoleon's successful attempt made to ensure at least some little authority to the President of the Republic. Louis Bonaparte has (M. d'Arlincourt remarks) the resource of *coups-d'état*, but he would stake in them more than his own fate; he would stake that of France.

Louis Napoleon has seen his saloons crowded by people of various opinions. He has been received in the provinces with regal solemnities. There has been no want of bell-ringing, gun-firing, and shouts, yet the latter have never been so frantic as those which greeted the citizens Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, and Flocon, when they paraded the boulevards in the train of the triumphal chariots of the dead.

But Louis Napoleon (elsewhere adds the viscount) would not be the nephew of a great man if he did not know how to raise himself above the adulations of power and place. Noble emissary of Providence, he has a lofty mission to fulfil. Upon monarchical soil there is something greater than being a president to a transitory state of things; it is to sacrifice all considerations of personal interest, to reconstruct royalty, and to give way to the right (*place au droit*).

Alas! we fear, in answer to the honest aspirations of the viscount, that the days of the Curtiuses are gone by.

Ever since July 1830 (says M. d'Arlincourt, in the second portion of his work), I had only once seen King Louis Philippe: it was the 24th of February, at the foot of the obelisk of Luxor, at a moment when God's justice was made manifest. The saloons of the Elysée-National have no more seen me under the presidency of the Republic than the Tuileries under the citizen monarchy.

I had a right to go to Frohsdorf, so I started from Paris the 5th of September. The 750 kings, with twenty-five francs a-day, had gone to repose from the fatigues of the combats delivered in the legislative palace. Not a single Japanese lantern or Roman candle had illustrated the 15th of August—*la Saint Napoléon*. The Peace Congress had just dissolved. It was generally admitted, except by a few political charlatans, that the moment when almost all the governments of Europe were in arms to save society from a general overthrow was a period admirably selected for asking, no doubt, for the advantage of further catastrophes, a general disarmament.

The Count and Countess of Chambord had been for a short time at Ems, where a multitude of pilgrims, commoners as well as nobility, had hastened to pay their homage. At the same moment the Duchess of Orleans and her sons had visited the banks of the Rhine; but they passed in silence and sorrow; their presence excited neither interest nor enthusiasm—the wind of heaven blew in another direction!

At Vienna, Radetzki had just made his triumphal entry: the emperor had gone forth to meet him; and the enthusiasm of the Austrian metropolis was at its height. Vienna, as well as all the rest of Europe, had had enough of the glory of barricades and the prosperity of republicanism. The eyes of the people were beginning to open there as elsewhere.

The railroad took me to Neustadt. From thence I made my way to Frohsdorf, and I soon perceived in the distance the noble and peaceful retreat where the grandson of Saint Louis awaits, with the resignation of a great mind, the hour of God and of France.

I was expected at the château. Count de Montbel introduced me in the first place to the august daughter of a martyr king. With what a respectful emotion did I not once more incline myself before that holy exile, whose long adversities are so many perpetual palms!

The joys of earth lower human nature; the trials of God aggrandise it. The serenity of countenance of Queen Maria Theresa filled me with admiration; her voice has assumed a softer tone, her expression new charms. Old age recalls before that great and majestic figure, which seems to have taken, beforehand, the tints of that heaven which awaits her.

If the adulatory language of courtiers of olden time has survived time and events in the capital of Louis XIV.; if poetic laudation awaited in their turn Lamartine and Arago, Cavaignac and Marrast, Ledru Rollin

and Flocon, Louis Napoleon and Changarnier, so the Viscount d'Arlincourt appeared resolved that it should not be wanting at Frohsdorf, its more legitimate sphere. The viscount does not, indeed, appear unwilling that some of the same "divine light" should reflect upon himself, nor does he appear, in attaining this object, to have been chary of the reputation of others.

She addressed me in the language of good feeling. She questioned me upon the subject of France. I had much to relate: there is such a charm in speaking of one's country on foreign shores (the shores, we suppose, of the *Neusiedler See*, for there are none but lakes within upwards of a hundred miles of Frohsdorf), and before chosen beings! I was listened to as a voice from the native land, as an echo of happy days. I spoke to her of her olden friends in France; she smiled in approbation of all the names that had remained faithful; she did her best to excuse those whose devotion had appeared to totter. She can only love or pity: and to pity is still to love.

I had grieved her, for a moment, by the details of the last revolutionary excesses.

"And whither are we going?" she inquired.

"We are going back," I answered. "When power, floating at the will of popular capriciousness, ceased to be an immutable right, it became only a passing event. France, which for some time past has marched in a fatal direction, at length perceives its error and stops. When it stops, it returns."

The conversation having come to an end, the Duke de Levis showed me the way to the Count de Chambord's. I stood in the presence of Henry V. That moment, the happiest in my life, will never be effaced from my memory. The prince stepped forward to meet me; and, stretching forth his hand, with a smile full of affection and goodness,

"Welcome," he said, "I was waiting for you impatiently." And the most flattering words flowed from his lips. I dare not speak them out, but how often and with what a feeling of intense happiness have I whispered them to myself.

When the hand of this august heir of Saint Louis pressed mine with effusion, when his countenance, at once so sparkling and yet so sweet, surrounded me with its influence, when his masculine and sonorous voice, speaking to me of "*Dieu le veut*," and of the prosecution to which that work gave rise, returned to me thanks that I did not feel myself worthy of. Oh! that I would have wished to have had ten existences that I might have sacrificed them all for him! My heart beat violently. I would have made it speak; but that which was in its depths I could not find in my expressions. Ah! that those sceptics of the day, those men who no longer believe either in their God or their sovereign, and who laugh at bursts of enthusiasm as coins that have no value, should not comprehend all the power that there is in faith, all the enjoyment there is in sacrifice, and all the happiness there is in devotion, is simple enough—they have no souls. Let them blame me: as to me, I pity them.

It is unnecessary to follow M. d'Arlincourt in his descriptions of Frohsdorf, as we so lately had occasion to dilate upon that subject, so also of the person of the Duke of Bordeaux. M. d'Arlincourt, whose partiality is extreme, sums up his flattering sketch by what he calls "an mot charmant," a beautiful expression of the Queen of Saxony, "*Il est beau comme l'espérance*."

Surprised at his great intelligence, and at the gifts of all kinds which he has received from Heaven, an exclamation of grief escaped from me.

"And is it possible that France could proscribe you?"

"No, do not accuse France," answered the prince with promptitude; "she neither proscribed nor banished me. What could she have to reproach me with? Am I not one of her most devoted children? If there have been cruel days and fatal mistakes, where is the fault? The fault of circumstances."

"But," I replied, "so prolonged an exile!"

"It will have its advantages," he added smilingly. "It has given me time for study; one can work so well in quiet! I shall have learnt, removed from all intrigues, to render myself worthy of France. Then again misfortune is a great master; and it often happens that to judge correctly of men and events, it is better to be far off than near."

M. d'Arlincourt speaks in equally flattering terms of the Duchess of Bordeaux, dwelling more particularly on her grace, her goodness, her love of her husband, her French and perfect dress, and concluding with a line of Delille's—

Ah ! la grâce est plus belle encore que la beauté.

M. d'Arlincourt was a popular writer of novels some thirty or forty years ago. He quotes words written by himself in his "Solitaire" "ten years before 1830." "There is no really isolated being but he who is insensible; there is no really proscribed man but he who is forgotten." To these he now adds, "The august family is in such a case neither isolated nor proscribed."

Among the workmen who came to Ems, he relates there were two who were attracted by curiosity solely. On going away they said to the prince,

"We have been deceived, monseigneur; but we have seen you, we have heard you, we know you now; we will make you known to our companions, and you may rely upon us. Ah! why did we not know you sooner!"

The conversation would appear to have almost always taken a turn towards the one great and prominent idea of a restoration. This is as evident, as it is also that much that was said and communicated to M. d'Arlincourt was done so with the view to publication, if not to effect. Even at divine service, the one engrossing thought of the future was not passed by in silence. The Abbé Trobiquet officiated, and our author notices as part of his discourse,

How did God resolve that the career of the Saviour of man should commence? By expatriation. The flight into Egypt before the triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Trials before gain. The Calvary before the resurrection.

Then, turning round to the royal family, the abbé continued in these words:—

Alas! and we also! we are expatriated. That beloved land for which our hearts beat incessantly; that noble land to which our eyes turn from afar; that land of France out of which it seems that one cannot live! We no longer tread it beneath our feet.

M. d'Arlincourt describes the routine of life of the young prince pretty nearly as in the words we have before had occasion to use; but he attacks the writer of those descriptions in terms of deepest indignation that he should have presumed upon an acquaintance of a few hours to have decided that the Duke of Bordeaux was wanting "in initiative and in character." The extreme modesty of the furniture and decorations of Frohsdorf also excited the surprise of the viscount. The duke, remarking this, observed,

"I am but encamped here, upon a soil which is not that of our fathers, under a heaven which is not that of our country (?); one ought not to adorn one's house. I do not fix here, I am only a passenger."

The prince, it appears, receives everybody of whatsoever rank or position in life. He also answers any questions that are put to him. Some one asked him what institutions he would give to France in case he should ascend the throne?

"I have not the right," he answered, "to compromise the future of France. If I was called to the throne, I would move onwards with the epoch. I belong to all and to everything. That which may appear fit and proper one day may be fatal the next. I wish to see national liberty. I wish to revive the glories of France; and if I return to that country I shall have no other desire than so to act as to bring back, with order and peace, prosperity and happiness."

The country around Frohsdorf is exceedingly picturesque; and M. d'Arlincourt enjoyed many rides and drives in company with the prince,

who took him to see some of the most interesting sites. Among the first of these was the Château de Pitten :—

"Here we are in your domain," said the prince, with his usual smile of intelligence. "This country is full of legends. You will find here a world of marvellous traditions. Do you see yonder rock? it is called the Turk's Leap. From thence, in 1532, several battalions of *mécréants* were cast down the precipice; they had lost the battle of Engersfeld. As to Pitten, it was called in the middle ages *le château du diable*. You see that there is enough here to write upon."

"Yes, monseigneur," I replied, "but there is something here still better for my pen."

The next point visited was the fort of Sebenstein :—

We attained the citadel. There were only wanting knights in armour upon its battlements to receive worthily one of the successors of Philip Augustus. We stopped at the drawbridge; and the Marquis de Pissy rang the bell of the keep.

No one answered. Everything was silent, and the castle remained closed.

The bell was again rung several times, but in vain; we began to think of retiring, but the Count de Chambord, persevering in his ideas, would not leave the place.

"Open!" he cried from without.

"Open!" I immediately repeated. "It is the fortune of France!"

The prince turned towards me, and, in a firm and prophetic tone, said,

"Have patience, it will open."

And although not the slightest noise was heard, the door opened at the very moment. The effect was magical.

"The young prince," remarks further on M. d'Arlincourt, "in the enjoyment of a good fortune, handsome, redolent of talent and wit, in perfect health, in the midst of a family that he adores, and endowed with the most amiable character, has received all the gifts of providence; he has all that can give a charm to life. I remarked all this to him; he looked at me sorrowfully; and with a tone of deep emotion,

" 'Monsieur d'Arlincourt,' he said to me, 'it was at the Tuileries I was born. The air of my country is wanting—my native air, that is true life. A name is a destiny; mine will not allow me to breathe freely and easily out of the route that it marks out for me, and of the sphere in which it calls me; and then, when one was born under the sun of France, can one be happy elsewhere!'

" 'Monseigneur!' I replied, after a moment's silence, 'there are people in France who circulate the most reprehensible accusations against the elder branch of the Bourbons. They endeavour, in the interest of their intrigues, to persuade France that with Henry V. there would also be established a government of nobles and of priests.'

The prince shrugged his shoulders, with a movement of impatience.

"What!" he exclaimed, "the most enlightened and the most intelligent nation in the world give faith to such absurdities! Is such a government possible in the present state of Europe? They are abominable calumnies. Believe me that, if I exercised sovereign authority, birth would be in my eyes, in order to arrive at the higher state functions, neither a privilege nor an exclusion; preference, in the first place, should be given to personal merits. As to religious authority: in order that it may have a claim to the respect which is due to it, it ought to be, according to my view of the subject, at the foot of the altar of mercy, and not in the field of political contests. Definitely, I would only wish to see at the head of the affairs of the country, talent, merit, and services rendered; provided always that, to these titles, were added an upright mind and a conscientious spirit. Honour and integrity before all things! that is what is necessary for a great people."

Who would not have applauded the wisdom of such language! I would have wished that the whole of France should have heard it.

"You are right," I replied, "but the factions which divide France."

He at once interrupted me.

"I do not recognise any factions in France; I only see diversity of opinions. It is these opinions which must bring us back to unanimity; France will then be happy within, and strong without. There is a lofty mission to accomplish, it is to work by persuasion and mildness to a general reconciliation. Let all my friends at my desire labour towards this great end, and this country will be saved."

In a conversation that followed upon the question of organisation of labour,

"Monseigneur!" I continued, "you have joined example to precept; you opened workshops at Chambord to give employment to the necessitous."

"Yes," replied the prince quickly; "but unfortunately I was only able to do what my present position and limited income would allow. Ah, if I had greater power!"

These last words affected me, there was so much truth in the accent, so much charity in the regret!

Upon a more interesting subject, the viscount observed:—

A lady of great distinction, returning from the Duchess of Orleans, assured me lately that the mother of the Count of Paris was ready to make any sacrifice that could ensure the repose and the happiness of France. In the month of August I was on the railroad from Blois to Amboise, when I met the Duke of C—, who had lately returned from London.

"Louis Philippe," he said to me, "entertains the most noble feelings upon the subject; he most anxiously wishes, as well as Queen Marie Amelie, a general reconciliation."

The Count of Chambord interrupted me. The answer was—

"I wait."

How truly noble and dignified was the answer! What thoughts and feelings did it comprise! There were in it appeal and dignity, hope and faith. "I wait"—expression of peace, of security, of promises to the future; words emanating from God, and addressed to the hearts to which they appealed.

The reader will best feel how far these politico-moral conversations bear out the hopes of advantages so much dwelt upon as resulting from long seclusion and study. Upon one point there cannot be two opinions, that it is difficult for an enthusiastic partisanship to chronicle its feelings and impressions without exposing itself at times to the charge of a tendency to flatter. A little anecdote which follows is to us more pleasingly characteristic of the prince than any that precede it, and is indicative of genuine quickness on the part of the noble exile. A ride was proposed into Hungary, the frontiers of which unfortunate country are not far removed from Frohsdorf.

"Are you a horseman?" inquired the prince.

"Monseigneur," I answered, "I began life in the exercise of military functions. I was for a time upon the staff in Spain. I was at the assault of Tarazona, and one of the first to ascend the scaling ladders . . ."

"Yes; but not, I suppose, on horseback," interrupted the prince, laughing heartily.

The visit to Forckenstein, a seat of Prince Esterhazy's, "a living vignette of the reign, now for ever gone by, of feudal times," is full of interest, but not in relation to the subject now before us. Suffice it that M. d'Arlincourt quitted Frohsdorf convinced, as he tells us, that "the present is absence—the future will be the return." And, as he travelled along, he resolved to plead for "*Place au droit*."

The Legitimist historian, Capefigue, any more than M. d'Arlincourt, does not acquit General Cavaignac from complicity in the social war of June. A plot, he says, had been formed as early as the 26th of February, to push the brother of Godefroy and the son of the Conventionalist into the presidential chair, and Marrast into that of vice-president. The democratic party of *La Réforme*, represented in the Executive by Ledru Rollin and Flocon, had separated itself from that of the *National* as early as the 24th of February; and although the events of the 15th of May had placed the latter party in power, still the party of

the *Réforme* having leagued with that of Lamartine, it could only be conquered by a further development of the victory of the 15th of May. or a battle which should bring with it a dictatorship as the reward of victory. In proof of this view of the question, Lamartine, it is to be observed, tells us that the Executive were aware from the 5th of June there existed a wide-spread conspiracy, and that a battle was inevitable; but that when, with the hopes of preventing so sad a catastrophe, Cavaignac had been charged with the duty of bringing more troops into the capital, he had not done so. Arago and Garnier Pagès, other members of the Executive, bear testimony to the same fact. It is, however, difficult of belief; and, considering the profound hostility which the members of the Provisional Government must have borne to the man who superseded them, it would be easy to account for such a charge, whether true or unfounded. There was another and a more prominent reason for the success of the general, and that was the union of the small party of true republicans with Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Charras, and others of what was justly called the African party, and the party of the *National*, to combat at once the ultra-democratic and the Bonapartist factions.

The pretext for insurrection was the dissolution of the national workshops; but everything had been long studied and prepared; and Capefigue asserts that, had it not been that, it would have been something else: for example, the two-penny-halfpenny dinner of Père Duchêne, which was still always looked forward to as the great opportunity. The most incredible mystery in the history of public agitation, our author declares to be, that all these preparations for civil war, perfectioning in the art of barricades, manufacture of powder, and public discussions of means, should have been carried on without the slightest interference on the part of the Executive.

The night of the 22nd saw Paris agitated as on the eve of a great social struggle. Everywhere groups of combatants were seen, each with its banner and each with a chief, among whom were Caussidière and Louis Blanc, but the best known were Pujol, Grandmenil, and Lebon. Captain Chamier, we have before seen, mentioned the first on the list as the chief leader of the insurrection of June. No attempt was made during the night to seize the leaders; yet so publicly was every step taken, that every one of them, Capefigue asserts, might have been arrested in the act; and, the leaders once seized, what would have become of the insurrection? That the Executive did sign writs of arrest, which were not put into execution by the minister Trelat and Trouvé Chauvel, who had succeeded Caussidière at the Préfecture, Capefigue deems to be another certain proof that Cavaignac and the party of the *National* were desirous of bringing about a state of things which would lead to a dictatorship.

Barricades began to be erected, M. Capefigue tells us, on the morning of the 23rd, when everything was perfectly quiet. At the sound of a whistle, men in blouses issued forth from the wine shops in the Rue de St. Denis, and plied their "art" with skill and alacrity. In the street of St. Jacques, at the Pantheon, in the heart of old Paris, in a hundred other positions, as previously arranged, the same work was begun at the same moment. A battalion of the 3rd Legion of National Guards advanced against the barricade of the Porte St. Denis, and carried it with the loss of a few men. This occurred, Capefigue points out as well worthy of remark, actually before the rappel had been beaten. But, at the sound of musketry, the shops closed their shutters, drums beat,

the National Guard ran to arms, the whole of Paris assumed the sinister aspect of a moment of great insurrection. Cavaignac was now named military chief by the Executive, which was thus forced at the very onset to confide the defence of the city to the party of the *National*. Capefigue makes a great deal too much of this party of the *National*. It is probable that at such a moment there was not an African general who would not have led guards, national and mobile, and whatever available forces there were in Paris, against the enemies of order; and that, solely as a point of military honour, and in defence of the true liberties of society, Lamoricière, Bedeau, Damesne, Duvivier, Brea, Le Breton, all gathered around the chief at such a moment—alas! how many destined to perish in the conflict!

The plan of defence adopted by Cavaignac is well known. He had not a mere street-row to contend against; all Paris was in a state of open insurrection, and he resolved to isolate the two wings of the capital from the centre, and thus to put down the insurrection by ordinary military measures. Capefigue, in his uncompromising hostility to Cavaignac, actually goes so far as to say that this plan was adopted in order to give time to the insurgents to erect more barricades, so that by a prolonged resistance they should make a dictatorship the more indispensable. Truly, times of civil war are times of great popular passions, and history written under such influences is seldom either just or even sagacious. Cavaignac, as he himself said, had a far more important reason for not subdividing his troops and attacking each post in detail; he was not confident in the loyalty of his men; he did not wish to see the same scenes enacted as on the king's abdication and the invasion of the Chambers—soldiers fraternising with the populace—but by acting as he did, he kept his troops under his hand. And Cavaignac was in the right, and future history will probably do him justice.

M. Capefigue is more just when he says that it is only by a knowledge of how far vulgarity of mind can mix itself up even with politics, that it is possible to explain M. Flocon's address to the Assembly, the first day of insurrection, in which he declared, that in the disorders then going on, if the thread of the conspiracy could be unravelled, it would be found that the money of foreigners had more to do with it than the hand of a pretender, or of workmen led astray. "What," inquires Capefigue, "had English or Russian gold to do with a simple question, the insurrection of workmen, and of the national workshops?" At this celebrated meeting there was nothing but contradictions and cross purposes. The reports of the police aggravated anxiety: the Executive declared that there was nothing to apprehend; Cavaignac announced that the army had nearly mastered the insurrection; reports kept pouring in from every quarter of officers and officials wounded; requests for assistance followed one another incessantly; now it was a church, next a mayoralty, and then a railroad terminus. The Assembly wished to give help; Cavaignac wished to keep his troops together, Capefigue says, for the reasons before detailed. Captain Chamier may meditate now upon the why and wherefore his message for succour to a railway terminus was so travestied by the commander-in-chief. Even the Mountain felt its position to be one of a most unpleasant character. If the party of order triumphed, they would be compromised; if the insurgents carried the day, what could be done to calm the conquerors? They offered to

mediate. "Do you want to see all Paris cut one another's throats?" exclaimed Caussidière; "if not, let us mediate between the combatants." Cavaignac was, however, resolved to suppress the Red Republicans by force of arms, and no offers of mediation were accepted.

The next day one-half of the city of Paris was in the hands of the insurrectionists; but that very morning, by the first break of day, Cavaignac's plan of suppression began to be put in force. Paris, the abode of luxury and civilisation, became the seat of a frightful civil combat. It is needless now to recapitulate. "Our poor country," exclaims Capefigue, "had attained such a height of depravity, that the most horrible warfare was being carried on among Frenchmen. So much for the freedom of the press!" M. Capefigue says he was "*témoin oculaire des évènements*." He entered Paris by the Barrière de St. Etoile, and advanced as far as the Place Louis XV., where Cavaignac had established his head-quarters! As an observer, he certainly kept himself at a safe distance from anything that might disturb his contemplations. That morning, however, the succour which the departments, wearied with the capricious omnipotence of Paris and disgusted at the reception given to their representatives, were sending in from every point, began to arrive and to strengthen the hands of the party of order. The first thing the Assembly did on meeting in the morning was to place Paris in a state of siege, to put all power in the hands of General Cavaignac, and also to do something sentimental. "The country adopted the widows and the children of those who died for the common safety." Thus, remarks Capefigue, the revolution of the 24th of February passed into an absolute and military power; it is the end to which all revolutions lead. Admitting that intrigue had paved the way to the state of siege, and had assured absolute power to General Cavaignac, Capefigue admits, nevertheless, that in presence of so formidable an insurrection, nothing else could have saved society. "Whenever there is a national crisis," he remarks, "a character springs up, and that almost always at the hour fixed, at the moment that he is wanted: what was the immediate want of the situation?—the sword! The history of the Maccabees is always young, always new; a diseased state of society is saved only by the sword."

General Cavaignac, our author, however, goes on to say, effective as a soldier, was not so as a statesman, all his sympathies were enlisted by one flattering phrase, "He is a good Republican." The first acts of the military dictatorship were the suppression of certain journals, the arrest of a few editors, and the closing of the clubs. "I am very simple in my ideas," says M. Capefigue; "I do not believe a government possible in France while there is liberty of the press." M. Girardin had published articles which were calculated to increase a thousandfold the difficulties of a situation already so perilous to society. Yet his arrest contributed more than anything else to the fall of the new dictator.

The most cruel episodes of the great drama that was enacting, to use our author's expression, were the death of the Archbishop of Paris and the murder of General Brea. But how many generals, officers, and soldiers had to be wept for on those two fatal days, the 24th and 25th of June? The insurgents aimed chiefly at the officers; and, as it has been often remarked, more generals fell in that sad conflict than in any one of the great battles of the empire. "We must," says Capefigue, indignant

at the murder of General Brea and the tortures inflicted on his aide-de-camp, "for the honour of a nation cast a veil over these horrible scenes of civil war. The League and the Sixteenth Century can now be understood." "Such was the perverse action of the press and the clubs, that they had succeeded in corrupting the hearts of the populace, and in filling the bosoms of honest workmen with uncontrollable passions." Never had Paris witnessed a civil war of so desperate and so bloody a character. The League, the Fronde, the Great Revolution, had presented nothing like it. Acts of cruelty and sanguinary reprisals took place, which our author truly remarks did not belong to "civilisation!"

There was a general shout of joy among the *bourgeoisie* when at length it was announced that Paris was delivered, and that the insurrectionists had capitulated in their last strongholds. General Cavaignac feared even that there might be reprisals, such angry passions had come into play; and he issued a proclamation, wherein, in the declamatory style so beloved by Parisians, he declared that "he saw in Paris conquerors and conquered, but might his name be cursed if he should see victims." This proclamation had, however, a good effect, and prevented many acts of cruelty and barbarity; but the National Guard, if we are to believe Capefigue, had already revenged itself upon many of the prisoners during the night of the 26th of June.

The worst of all was, that, the battle won, it became necessary to arrest and try as criminals those who had hitherto been looked upon as heroes. Muskets furnished by the Provisional Government had been found behind the barricades; the mayor of the 12th arrondissement, appointed by M. Arago, had sided with the insurgents; the 12th Legion of the National Guard, commanded by Barbès, had fought with the same party. The poor workmen suffered and were imprisoned. Those who had given them the impulse and goaded them on remained in power, or at all events unimpeached. But public opinion marked out the accomplices in high situations, even in the Provisional Government; and the Assembly was obliged to appoint a committee of inquiry. General Cavaignac proceeded at the same time with the organisation of his ministry, several members of which are severely criticised by M. Capefigue. The same author, after discussing the leading measures of the new government, the suppression of the clubs, the extinction of national workshops, the prosecution of conspirators, and the relief of an embarrassed state of finances, proceeds upon the principle, that the victory which the army had just won in the streets of Paris had been not only profitable to France, but to all Europe, and had given courage and power to the *bourgeoisie* of Vienna and Berlin, to discuss, at considerable length, what he calls "the diplomatic situation of Europe after the insurrection of June."

History presents few examples of so absolute a power as was enjoyed by General Cavaignac, from the 25th of June, 1848, to the 10th of September, a period when his dictatorship began to decline. He lived in the splendid hotel of the Rue des Varennes, adopting the manners and the habits of a monarch. "The Parisians," Capefigue remarks, "are either seditious, turbulent, stopping at nothing, not even their own interests, or they are weak, adulatory, and ready to humble themselves to the dust, and to submit to anything that is imposed upon them. It was quite a sight to see them hastening to the *salons* of General Cavaignac; the homage which they had often taken a pride in refusing to a king was lavished

upon a dictator, because they were afraid, and the sword held the sway. If the general gave a few *fêtes*, people of all ranks hurried to his *salons*—there was not a hyperbolic flattery that was not addressed to him. The dictator was cold, somewhat haughty: his sickly appearance, his nose, his falcon-like eye, expressed many secret passions; among them the ambition to command without control, the other the love of ardent distractions: every evening in his box at the opera, his lorgnette immoveably fixed, he followed the light and fugitive dancers in their envelopes of gauze. He was the object of universal admiration. No prince was more flattered than General Cavaignac, the armed chief of the democracy.”

As to M. Marrast, having also achieved the height of his ambition, he also enjoyed a quasi-royal state. He had had the palace of the Condé's superbly decorated in the style of Louis XV. and XVI. He had folding-doors, and ushers, and mace-bearers innumerable, to herald every new comer. He aped the majesty and the luxury, all but the manners, of the aristocracy—the latter are not to be acquired at will.

Throughout, the author, whom no one will accuse of sympathising with the Red Republican party, never ceases to brand the real criminals, and to disclaim against the severity of punishment inflicted upon the poor ignorant and misled classes, while those who had led them astray, summoned before the commission of inquiry, made, with a few exceptions, an apocryphal submission to the existing powers, and were received once more into the arms of the Assembly.

General Cavaignac was not one of those men to whom great destinies were reserved by Providence. While 9000 misled youths and men were transported to Algiers, and every prison and fortress in France had its exiled insurgents, the real criminals, Ledru Rollin, Victor Considérant, Pierre Leroux, Proudhon, and a host of others being left in power, they soon succeeded in overthrowing a dictator who had risen upon the temporary annihilation of their party. To oppose the ever-active Socialists and Montagnards the government party met in the *salons* of the Rue de Poitiers, from whence issued those well-known anti-Socialist tracts to which we had frequently occasion to call attention during the progress of events. But the dictator spoiled things by his own weakness. Upon one occasion he approached Ledru Rollin at the conclusion of an address that demagogue had made to the Assembly and shook him warmly by the hand, to testify his approval of his doctrines. Upon another, he openly declared to the Assembly that he gloried in and was proud of his father and of his brother Godefroy. From that moment the fall of the dictator became a mere question of time. For six months all the various forms of a republic had been tried, provisional government, executive commission, military dictatorship, all with the same want of success; credit, commerce, finances were daily getting into a more and more grievous and embarrassed state. The lower classes and the provinces had already shown their partisanship with Louis Napoleon, the same feeling began to spread itself among the middle classes, and half the *bourgeoisie* of Paris were ready to give him their votes. The Red Republicans detested the man who had exiled their brethren by thousands, and had not feared to implicate Louis Blanc and Caussidière, and to cast into prison Sobrier, Blanqui, and Barbés. But the most effective hostility was that of ridicule, the weapon used by Cavaignac's most uncompromising enemy, Emile de Girardin, and never used without effect in Paris. Day after day

the most satirical notices appeared of the acts and doings of the *Marquis de la République*, till the proud, but not ready-witted soldier, was positively covered with ridicule. The great point to which Capefigue also gives his adhesion was now brought against Cavaignac, that he had, during the first days of the insurrection, allowed the National Guard and some battalions of the line to be sacrificed for his own purposes. There was also the support given to the memory of his father, one of the worst men that figured in the time of the Convention; and there were certain national rewards which had been distributed by the dictator to persons, among whom, strange to say, were assassins, thieves, and returned convicts. All these were made the subjects of incessant attacks in the adverse papers. The publication of this list, M. Capefigue tells us, was a mortal blow given to the election of General Cavaignac.

The *Constitutionnel* was a no less powerful adversary than the *Presse*. M. Veron, the editor, had been annoyed by the dictator's conduct towards himself, and he went over to the Bonapartist party. The *Assemblée Nationale* was still more virulently hostile even than these leading organs of public opinion. Cavaignac had only the temporizing policy of the *Débats* and the real advocacy of the *Siccle*."

The ceremony of adopting the Constitution having been gone through, there was some question of postponing the election of a president; political parties were not agreed; but general Cavaignac, with that love of straightforwardness which even his enemies allowed to him, but which is never appreciated in France, was opposed to any delay. Certain political measures of an electioneering character were not, however, neglected. Mons. B. St. Hilaire was charged with the nominal mission of bringing the dictator's conduct in the days of June before the Assembly. Cavaignac successfully defended himself, and his triumph produced a great impression both within and without. At the same time, pamphlets calumniating and ridiculing Louis Napoleon were assiduously distributed throughout the country. They could not, however, affect the fanaticism that existed for a name. The portrait of the great emperor was in every cottage; many thought that he was even still alive. The prince also paved his way by his letter to the nuncio, whom he addressed as monseigneur, and in which he declared that he had no community in feeling with the Bonaparte then at Rome.

When, however, the fact that Prince Louis Napoleon was a candidate for the presidency was openly announced to the Assembly, all the journals of the Republic of the 24th of February declared themselves opposed to him. The greater part of the army, indeed the whole of the cavalry, on the contrary, were with him. They had been exposed to nothing but humiliations ever since the days of February, and nothing galled them more than that the Garde Mobile, so favoured by the dictator, should enjoy a pay of thirty sous a day, whilst they did not receive a fourth of that sum. Then the usual means brought to bear upon elections could not be made to tell where there was universal suffrage. A word from the village priest or an old soldier went further than a pamphlet. Even the proprietors of mansions, although Legitimists, had had enough of the democratic system, which threatened fortune and interests, and most were prepared in the existing state of things to vote for the prince. No popularity could engage in a struggle with that of Napoleon. The *Nationale* and *Réforme* were at once sarcastic, spiteful, and vindictive, but to no purpose.

The Parisian clubs, which had, ever since the days of February, aspired to rule France, but without success, were divided in opinions. The Montagnards selected as their candidate Ledru Rollin; the Socialists put M. Raspail in nomination. The result, as is well known, was that Louis Napoleon obtained 5,950,800 votes, Cavaignac 1,362,499. Ledru Rollin, Raspail, and Lamartine, also received a few thousand votes. This result was so decisive, so complete, that there was no combating it; all opposition to an opinion so nearly unanimous of the country at large, was vain and futile. The democratic party, says Capefigue, found that it was deceived: a country may be surprised by an act of violence and desperation, but in such a case you must not appeal to universal suffrage for its opinion, for the public feeling will always express itself adverse to political outrages. France was not democratic; and, by its vote of the 10th of December, it placed a strong power in the hands of a firm and moderate man.

At this point Capefigue terminates his great work upon the late revolution. It is almost unnecessary to point out that the main objects which he has had in view have been to show that that revolution was not an accident, as many have supposed, but the result of a state of things, which render it a matter of gratitude that it went no further. The publicists, the journalists, the historians, who for thirty years have been labouring at the little-enviable task of corrupting the people; the orators, who gave the example of revolt and sedition; the teachers at the universities, who have filled the heads of the rising generation with false and impious doctrines, are the real criminals. The revolution of February, if it had no political martyrs, distinguishes itself from all that preceded it by its far more dangerous character; it attacked the whole social state; its theories brought into contempt not only faith, the religion of the country, as the philosophical school of the seventeenth century had also done, but the ties of family, property, and the hierarchy of the state. If it did not raise up a scaffold, it proclaimed civil war. The country was saved for the time being by the peasants, among whom the doctrines of anarchists had not spread; but the causes which produced the troubles of February, Capefigue would have us believe, are not only still in existence, but, as the democratic party knows that all power must spring from universal suffrage, it never ceases to labour at the corruption of the lower classes, and at the fatal task of setting the poor against the rich, the workman against his employer, the portionless against his proprietors. The lessons of misery and of suffering will soon be lost; and what a future! "But when the cup of enjoyment is going round, the ballad of death is importunate, and the voice of the aged minstrel is drowned when he sings of a catastrophe to barons and knights."

HOW TO GOVERN A MIDSHIPMAN'S MESS; OR, SCENES AFLOAT, IN EGYPT AND ASIA MINOR.

BY CAPTAIN MACKINNON, R.N.

BEAUTIFUL to behold was the English blockading squadron off Alexandria in November, 1840. During several weeks six huge two-deckers "patrolled" before the entrance of this classic port. The weather was settled and delightful—the sea as smooth as a sylvan lake.

The Egyptian fleet, outnumbering our blockading ships threefold, apparently made every preparation to come out and force the blockade—a manifestation which sometimes proceeded so far that their royals were set and head-yards braced for casting. This looked as if the enemy were really in earnest, and caused most intense anxiety on our part for the fulfilment of what was thus threatened. *Old Charley*, snuffing-up with delight the gentle breeze blowing directly out of port, hugged closely and in compact line of battle, the hostile shores bristling with batteries.

Thousands of eyes from the blockading ships were directed towards the enemy's movements. In that magnificent squadron there was not one man who would not joyfully have given a year's pay to insure the longed-for "scrimmage." But it was not to be: Mehemet Ali had too great a regard for the safety of his ill-gotten fleet; and all his threatening preparations ended in "moonshine."

Our expectation of a brush with the Egyptians being thus disappointed, an unusual portion of ill-humour prevailed afloat; and, as if no additional cause for grumbling should be lacked, our fresh provisions were exhausted by the prolongation of the blockade. We had, consequently, a dreary prospect of "short commons" and *ennui*.

In this state of things not much surprise was felt at hearing that the midshipman's berth in the — had been the scene of a violent commotion on the part of the "young gentlemen," who were agast on finding one day nothing to cover their ample table but four scanty dishes of salt horse. Midshipmen are not, in general, the most patient or reasonable of human beings; and, on this occasion, the anger of the youngsters in question was unbounded, and could scarcely find adequate vent, although the maledictions levelled against the caterer (who, unfortunately for himself, was a civilian) were exceedingly ingenious in their variety, including some choice specimens of novel vituperation, in the contrivance of which sailors surpass every class of men on earth.

When downright hunger is the subject of debate, the suggestions of reason are faint indeed. The unfortunate caterer tried to justify his administration by pleading necessity, and by urging every other argument dictated by good sense and prudence, and warranted by truth. All was of no avail: borne down by the clamour of the middies, he took refuge in the sick bay, followed by a general shout of "Down with the doctor's mate! No starving caterer! Hurrah for a radical mess! Republics for ever!"

Having thus compelled the flight of *Æsculapius* the younger, a very turbulent discussion took place in the gun-room. Many orators rose at once—different schemes were simultaneously proposed—all were speakers and no hearers—every one declaimed with peculiar nautical eloquence, but no one would listen; and the hubbub and din were bewildering.

Suddenly, however, the well-known signal to quarters was heard. This, in an instant, stilled the tumult. There was a quick rush to the door; all strove and scuffled to get rapidly to their stations in different parts of the vessel; and, in an incredibly short time, the ship, a huge eighty, was cleared as if for action. Her magnificent lower deck showed to great advantage a formidable row of sixty-eight and thirty-two pound guns, manned by a crew in a perfect state of discipline. Well might an Englishman be proud of that ship, and of her efficiency. She was a counterpart in order and discipline of nearly every one of the Mediterranean fleet, which, at that time, consisted of seventeen sail of the line. Never before had England so well-equipped and efficient a fleet at sea.

After quarters a meeting of the radical portion of mates and midships was held on the fore part of the main-deck, to take into consideration what measures should be adopted towards a reform of the mess. As a preliminary, it was put to the vote that "the doctor's mate be deposed." This was carried by acclamation; but so wide was the difference of opinion touching the other proposed resolutions, that none of them were approved, and not even a successor was named to the former caterer. Nothing, therefore, could ensue but perfect independence and liberty, delightfully evidenced the next time the mess sat down to dinner, when potatoes, books, junks of salt horse, &c., did duty as missiles, and were hurled across the table from the hands of one to the head of another, as a pleasant and graceful fancy might dictate. Every member of the company seemed resolved, by exhibiting his individual proficiency, to justify the old injunction—"Go to sea and learn manners."

All this was vastly agreeable for a time, until it was discovered that the viands were frequently waylaid on their road to the gun-room dinner-table; and then it was suspected that "radical institutions," however specious in their origin, might possibly not promote the comfort of communities, and that disorder, however fascinating in itself, was not altogether free from inconveniences. Be this as it may, it is certain that the poor republican middies were half starved, and that their democratic leaders grew proportionately plump. We shall see by-and-by that the old march from rebellion to despotism was repeated in the instance before us. At present, however, other matters claim our attention.

One morning the squadron in line of battle was standing to the northward. Longing eyes were fixed on the classic city of Alexandria, about five miles under the lee. Pompey's Pillar (improperly thus called), defying the wear of ages, attracted the curiosity and admiration of officers and men. The next conspicuous object which excited the attention of the numerous lookers-on in the squadron was the Schuna, or range of warehouses for the reception of the surplus produce of Egypt. According to the pasha's monopolising system the entire growth of the country comes into his hands at prices fixed by himself, and the grower is not permitted to resort to other markets. Not only does this restriction apply to the commodities of Egypt, but to those of adjacent countries wherever the pasha's influence extends, embracing the coffee of Mocha, the gums and drugs of Arabia, the tobacco of Syria, feathers from the interior, elephants' teeth, &c.; all of which are purchased for him in the first instance. Thus did the wily Mehemet Ali combine the tyranny of the ancient time with the commercial spirit of the present day.

With the admirable spy-glasses in the —, the most minute objects

could be perceived on the enemy's batteries. An English line-of-battle ship is better supplied with these instruments than the shore-going reader can imagine. The most costly glasses are "plenty as blackberries." The author possessed at that time a capital Dollond, which was supposed to be absolute perfection, and yet this glass having recently undergone the process of "illuminating" by Mr. Knight of Southampton, has been improved thirty-three per cent. A knowledge of this is of obvious importance to naval officers.

To seaward, and about five miles to windward, was her Majesty's steam-ship *Medea*, under easy sail *without steam*. Slowly and majestically did our huge leviathans of the deep pursue their course in such close and compact order, that to an uninitiated observer they would appear in dangerous proximity. The mate of the — fore-castle, perched upon the Jacob's ladder of the fore-rigging, was noting the wide difference in the sailing qualities of the squadron, and hugging himself with a sailor's glee, in the conviction that the —, with only her three top-sails, could easily preserve her station, while the vast machine ahead, with double the sail on her, could hardly keep her hinder parts clear. Suddenly the order was given, "After-guard and mizen-top men, trim sails! Square the cross jack-yard!"

The yards were instantly squared—the giant ship felt the check, and gradually increased the distance (somewhat too short) from the vessel ahead. The mate's triumphant smile at this clear proof of his pet ship's speed was changed by the boatswain exclaiming, "Mr. —, there's summut to do now, I'll bet my seven-bell tot. Look at *Old Charley's* buntin' agoing up. I'm blest but the steamer's afire!"

This was too true. On glancing to windward smoke appeared issuing from the steamer, though her boilers were not at work. (Qy.) Simultaneously the answering pennants of all the ships were running up to the commodore's signal, "Boats to proceed to assistance of ship in distress!"

The ponderous yards were instantly squared, and the ships, which before appeared calm, silent, and almost sluggish, were now, as if by magic, transformed into the most intense activity. In a few minutes the barge and pinnacle of the — were suspended high in air: a succession of loud splashes announced the reception by mother ocean of these boats and the two cutters; and, a moment after, thirty or forty other boats belonging to the squadron were pulling, as if for life, in the direction of the steamer. A double stimulus actuated the crews: not only did they desire to outrun the boats belonging to their own ships, but were tenfold more desirous to get ahead of the boats of others.

The mate (to whom allusion has already been made) being in the barge, and having seen everything to rights in his boat, turned round to look at the ships. They were now under a cloud of canvas, striving, by beating to windward, to approach the unfortunate steamer. His delight, and that of the boat's crew, was extreme, to see their ship gradually draw away from and distance the rest, as though they were at anchor.

As they approached the steamer all sorts of conjectures were hazarded. It certainly appeared very strange that both ensign and pennant were flying, as if nothing had happened. At length she was reached, boarded, and the cause discovered. It appeared that a gunner's mate or bom-

bardier had been screwing, or unscrewing, the cap of a shell-fuse; the composition had ignited, and the shell, of course, exploded. As, at the moment, it was quite impossible to know what effect this might have on the magazine, the signal of distress had been made. A better idea of the effect of these destructive projectiles cannot be given than in describing the scene at this moment below the deck of the *Medea*.

The shell had burst on the lower-deck, just above the shell-room, killing the unfortunate bombardier who had meddled with the fuse-cap. The explosion had thrown down all the bulk-heads from the captain's cabin to the boilers; several planks in the upper-deck were forced up; and a large mass of the shell, apparently two pounds in weight, had half buried itself in an upper-deck beam. A part of the poor victim's brains were driven against an officer's book-shelves, and several men were wounded. One extraordinary escape deserves notice. An officer was driven up the skylight, and found himself on deck unhurt.

The vessel was now surrounded by boats, and the decks crowded with officers, all congratulating the *Medeas* on their extraordinary and providential escape.

The above, however, was not the only instance of fool-hardy carelessness in the squadron. A few days previously, the gunnery-lieutenant of one of the line-of-battle ships had occupied himself during church-time in doing the self-same thing on the orlop-deck, exactly under the spot where the mass of the ship's company were assembled for divine worship—an unconscious Guy Fawkes. It makes one shudder to think of the dreadful carnage which must have ensued had an ignition similar to that on board the steamer taken place. And, by a curious coincidence, on the arrival in England of a report of the *Medea's* disaster, another poor man was killed in trying the same experiment. Precautions are now adopted to prevent accidents of the like nature.

Soon after the above occurrence we had a taste of the celebrated Syrian gale, which lasted several days. The motion produced by it was no trifle. It has been the lot of the present writer to make acquaintance with heavy gales and furious seas in all parts of the globe. He has been in a cutter near Cape Horn; in a small yacht in the Pentland Firth, the Sunburg Roost, and the Race of Alderney; but the worst tossing he ever remembers was in this very gale, and in this large two-decker. As a specimen of the extreme violence of the motion, a lee-lurch submerged the muzzle of a fore-castle gun, and, at the same time, jerked the carriage up off the deck. At the precise time this movement occurred, a seaman fell from the weather-side, slid rapidly down, and was entrapped (on the weather-roll of the ship) by the gun-carriage falling down upon his legs: his thigh was broken. Perhaps this excessive violence of motion may be partly accounted for by the fact, that a few minutes prior to the above accident the close-reefed maintopsail was blown clean out of the bolt-ropes; the main-staysail shared the same fate in setting; consequently the ship for a time was without any sail whatever.

As soon as the gale moderated, we bore up for the Bay of Marmorice, much to the satisfaction of the mates and middies, who looked forward with delight to what they called "a full-bellied place." In a few days the squadron was snugly moored in the above magnificent harbour of Asia Minor; but, to the infinite annoyance of the hungry expectants,

the first day passed without the savoury additions they expected. This again raised in the mess the spirit of rebellion, which was only dormant, not dead. Loud and angry were the complaints; but when the second and third days passed with like scarcity, the empty, and therefore furious, stomachs broke out again into open and violent revolution.

Peremptory calls were now made for universal suffrage and vote by ballot to elect a caterer who would administer to popular wants. But even in the prosecution of their own designs the agitators made so desperate a tumult, that for half-an-hour nothing could be heard. The old difficulty in effecting a change of things was therefore renewed. At length, to the disgust of the universal-suffrage men, the franchise was limited to those who had been two years at sea. Though at first denounced as an illiberal restriction, this was ultimately confirmed, especially as, by a compromise between the parties, the ballot was ordained as the mode of voting.

The election immediately took place, and the elder members of the mess pledged themselves to accept the office, if chosen. On examining the ballot-box, it appeared that the majority of votes had fallen on an old mate of some sagacity, who at once perceived that to keep thirty riotous messmates of all ages in any degree of order, it was necessary to possess extraordinary authority: the old amount of privilege was clearly not sufficient. Cromwell had more irresponsible power than Charles, whom he deposed for imputed tyranny. Why, then, should not our old mate strive to imitate Cromwell's example?

"Well, gentlemen," said the newly-elected ruler, "you have, it seems, elected me caterer of the mess."

"To be sure we have," was responded, with loud cheers.

"You know," continued the old mate, "that you are a very difficult set to keep in order."

"Yes, yes, we know that," replied the young gentlemen; "but we want a good mess. Our constitution has been perverted. Reform! reform!"

"Well, then," pursued the mate, looking as if his brain were full of schemes for the general good, "if I am to be caterer, I must have extra powers."

"By all means," was universally responded. "Any powers you like, as long as we have lots of grub."

"Well, but I must be despotic," urged the mate. "I must exercise the privilege of levying fines whenever, and for whatever I please. My word must be law, against which there can be no appeal."

"We consent that it shall be so," replied the middies. "Do you stipulate for anything else?"

"No," answered the mate; "and to show you my liberality, I will grant you a tribunal, to be elected by myself, to which you may appeal against my decisions whenever you may hold them to be unjust."

"Hurrah, hurrah! the new caterer for ever!" was vociferated by the assembly.

"Gentlemen," continued the mate, "I name as the Committee of Appeal, Brown, Barry, Jones, and Robinson; myself president."

"Bravo!" was shouted. "Can't be better."

"The committee, however," added the mate, "must not be called together for nothing. If any one appeal to it, a bottle of champagne

will be drunk, and either the appellant or the mess must pay for it, as the committee may decide."

This, being considered a violent stretch of absolutism, excited the first symptoms of dissent. Much confusion prevailed in the meeting, amidst which arose exclamations of "Oh, ah! You are carrying things, you know, with *rather* too high a hand! 'Twon't do. We shall be worse off than ever. So much for a protector!"

The caterer saw that the time had arrived when it became necessary he should strike a decided blow; his newly-assumed authority was at stake; it must perish, or be enforced by a *coup-de-main*. He resolved, therefore, to take the first opportunity that might present itself of bringing things to an issue. This was speedily afforded by one of the youngsters, nick-named "Cheeky," shying his cap at another across the table.

"Mr. Cheeky," said the caterer, rising, and looking very solemnly, "I commence the duties of my office by fining you one shilling for shying your cap at Mr. Kilderbee's head." (Immense uproar, laughter, and cheers.)

"I'll see you hanged," said the offender, "before I pay any fine. I appeal to the committee."

"Bring a bottle of champagne!" exclaimed the caterer. "Gentlemen of the committee, you hear the appeal. Please to arrange yourselves round this end of the table." Then, addressing the steward, he added, "Holmes, produce the glasses."

A dead silence prevailed. The "young gentlemen" perceived that the reform for which they had clamoured was carried beyond what they had bargained for. The bottle and glasses were brought, and the whole mess assembled round the "board," wondering what would come next. Filling up the five glasses for the committee, the old mate looked smilingly round. He well knew the great struggle for authority had commenced. Should he, on this occasion, be successfully opposed, the mess would once more, and for ever, be disorganised.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I drink this wine at somebody's expense, not my own, to a just decision of the committee—to a good and vigorous government of the mess, and to abundance of savoury dishes for us all." (Great cheering.) Then turning to the committee, "Gentlemen," pursued he, "you have been present at the whole scene. Is Mr. Cheeky fined justly or not?"

"We approve! we approve!" simultaneously shouted the committee.

"Then, Mr. Cheeky," pursued the caterer, "you are not only find one shilling, but are amerced also in the cost of this champagne. Holmes, put the wine down to Mr. Cheeky's account."

This sentence excited uproarious applause, accompanied by derisive cries, such as, "Halloa, Mr. Cheeky, how does the wine taste?" "Cheeky and champagne!" The victim lifted up his voice in indignant remonstrance; but it was speedily drowned by the shouts and screams of the whole mess, and the old mate safely achieved the first step on the road to despotism.

The news of so "strong a government" in the midshipmen's mess flew like wildfire through the ship. The champagne-punishment received abundance of comments, and the unlucky offender was greeted wherever he went with mock commiseration and ironical questions. Meanwhile the infliction, which not only covered the transgressor with

ridicule, but invaded his pocket, produced a marvellous effect. The old mate now took care that the table should be well spread. Some degree of regularity was soon attained, and, the first time for weeks, the mess-table could boast of decency and decorum. The members of the committee had been wisely chosen; they were the *élite* of the mess, and determined to uphold the caterer. There was something that prodigiously tickled their fancies in legislating to the taste of champagne; they had seen, moreover, the beneficial effects of the initial measure of the new authority. At first the old mate took especial care to bring forward only glaring cases, and to pounce exclusively on those who had little or no influence aboard.

Brown and the caterer were walking the deck one night, when their conversation turned on the reformed government of the mess.

"I do not think," said the former, "that you will be able to carry out your plans with the committee."

"Why not?" demanded the old mate.

"Because, when I was in the *Rodney*," replied Brown, "old Parker sent for several of the seniors of the mess and tried to form them into a committee. But it did not answer. If, therefore, such a body failed under the auspices of so mighty a man as the captain of a line-of-battle ship, how can yours hope to succeed?"

"I'll tell you," replied the mate; "old Parker, although a very 'cute hand, did not take the right steps. He ought to have chosen *one person*, such as yourself, and then desired *him* to form a committee. If *five men* are told to do anything nothing will be done. A committee is helpless without a head. I wish to have a 'board' merely to back my authority—nothing more."

"Nevertheless," responded Brown, "I think you will fail."

"You may depend on it I shall not fail," replied the mate, "and for two good reasons; first, that I shall carry on my measures with perfect good temper; and secondly, that the majority are for *order*, a word which, according to their definition, means lashings of good beef-steaks with a yellow salvage to them."

Though the mess rapidly improved, our caterer perceived that rocks were in the way, to steer clear of which required skilful management. A principal obstacle was the high tone of some of the senior and stronger of the mess, who now began to consider themselves privileged. As yet the old mate had not thought it advisable to bring them to book; but as such a course would soon become absolutely necessary on account of the growing dissatisfaction of the weaker members, and in order to promote the "public good," he determined in future to pay no respect to persons.

One evening, a large smoking party had assembled on the port side of the main-deck forward; the chief topic of discourse was "Cheeky" and the champagne forfeiture. Our old mate listened to the observations, and set his wits to work to gain his end. Among the most jocosse of the company was Barry, a tall, herculean mate, good-tempered and popular, but extremely fond of having his own way. He was, moreover, invested with the dignity of a committee-man. This was the instrument our wily caterer determined to get hold of to consolidate permanently his power in the mess.

The party having separated, our two friends were left alone, and the caterer soon discovered, that though Barry was favourable to the new order of things, he was not aware of the dangers a-head. Having advised him of these, the old mate said suddenly,

"The only way, Barry, to keep our big fellows in any order is to fine you heavily."

"Fine me?" echoed Barry. "Come, I like that. What am I to be fined for?"

"Why," replied his companion, "you are the biggest and strongest in the mess, and nearly the senior. If I fine you, and you pay without a murmur, no one will dare resist."

"Not a bad idea," returned Barry. "But it depends, you know, on the amount. What sum do you propose?"

"A mere nothing," was responded; "only a dollar and a bottle of champagne."

"The devil!" ejaculated Barry. "Do you call that nothing? Why, it will cost eight shillings and eightpence."

"Never mind," said the old mate; "I'll deduct it from your mess-money at the end of the month, and charge it in the accounts as secret-service money."

"Ha, ha! capital. I'll do it, by Jove!"

"Very well; but mind you don't laugh when I charge you, as I mean to do, in the middle of dinner to-morrow."

"What offence shall I commit?" demanded Barry.

"Let me see," responded the caterer. "I have it. There is a bad habit among us of leaving cocked-hat boxes, dirks, and swords, kicking about the mess-table. Leave one of your boxes there to-morrow. I will do the rest."

The following day a hat-box appeared on the table, just as the mess were sitting down to dinner.

"Gentlemen," said the caterer, "this nuisance has become intolerable. You all must see the necessity of abating it: an example shall be made. The owner of this box shall pay the piper, and no mistake. I care not who he is. He's fined a dollar. To whom does this box belong?"

After some hesitation, Barry, in a low voice replied, "I believe it's mine."

"Oh, ah!" was the general cry. "*He* won't pay! he's too big!"

"Yes he shall!" "No he shan't!" "Shame, shame!" "Down with all tyranny!" "O that infernal caterer!"

When, however, Barry rose to reply, the utmost silence prevailed. Every one was anxious to see what he would do, and all were ready to take the cue from him.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I acknowledge my error. I bow to the judgment of the caterer."

Such a reply from a man of his known influence and personal prowess excited astonishment, heightened by the caterer saying, "Sir, as you are a member of the committee I fine you, in addition to the dollar, a bottle of champagne." This little trick had a great effect, and assisted materially in reducing the mess to order.

Our caterer had to eradicate another bad habit into which the strong members of the mess had fallen, namely, of sending the servants on trivial errands, such as "How is the wind?" "What sail have we set?" and so forth. Too glad to make this an excuse for absenting themselves from the duty of the mess, the servants, in attempting to justify their fault, would say, "Why, sir, we were ordered to go: we dared not refuse—we must obey orders from our superior." Such excuses were unanswerable; but it was impossible not to see that the general business

of the mess was retarded by so idle a practice, and that it interfered with the comfortable preparation of the meals. The steward complained bitterly, and declared the work could not be done while the time of the servants was so invaded.

The old mate was rather puzzled at first in attempting to devise remedial measures; but at length he determined how to act. Calling all the servants together, he informed them that, although they were bound to obey the orders of their superior officers, yet, as caterer, and having command of the mess funds, he would stop a shilling out of their private pay every time they absented themselves on any pretence whatever; and that whoever informed against them should have half the fine, and go ashore in the beef-boat to market to spend the gratuity.

A few minutes after this regulation was made a huge Irish mate cried out, "Holmes, run up to the galley and make me an omelet."

"Please sir," said Holmes, "if I goes to the galley I shall be fined one shilling."

"Obey orders," retorted Paddy; "go directly."

Away started Holmes to the galley with half-a-dozen eggs. In a second, one of the boys rushed into the gun-room and informed against him.

"Steward," said the caterer, "let Tom go ashore to-morrow morning with you in the market-boat. Here, boy, is your sixpence."

Poor Holmes was immoderately laughed at by the other servants, and was persuaded to tell the Irish mate how he had been mulct. Paddy was bound in honour to repay him. This getting wind caused many jeers at the Hibernian's expense.

"Why, Paddy," said one, "I could get a message taken from Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park, to the bank for a shilling."

"O, Paddy, my boy!" exclaimed another, "twopence a piece for eggs is dear carriage to the galley."

"I say, Paddy," observed a third, "I could ride ten miles in a buss with a bushel of eggs for a shilling."

"Go to blazes with you all!" vociferated Paddy; "I wish the eggs were rotten and down your cursed throats."

Either out of devilment, or by chance, the eggs were very stale indeed. When, therefore, they appeared smoking hot in the shape of an omelet, the bad odour was so evident that all hands were obliged to hold all noses. This speedily attracted a host of Paddy's uproarious messmates, who, delighted that his wish was partly fulfilled, hovered about him like gnats, and stung him with unwelcome jests. His patience at last became quite exhausted; and, with an unpronounceable Irish oath, he flung the tainted morsel in their faces. This made them frantic with joy. Uttering screams of delight, they immediately demanded that he should be fined a dollar. As this was but fair, the old mate, who had all the time been *egging* on the tormentors, and was, moreover, enjoying the success of his *ruse*, issued his edict as was in that case made and provided.

Still burning with rage, the Irishman swore by all the powers he wouldn't pay a farthing more than the shilling, and concluded by appealing to the committee; which, meeting on the following day, confirmed the fine; so that poor Paddy was compelled to pay the dollar, and also to supply a bottle of champagne as the price of his appeal.

The old mate's dictatorship was now thoroughly confirmed; and the mess in a short time was not only in admirable order, but became very rich.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

CHAPTER VI.

A DARING AND CRIMINAL ACTION.

Two months had barely elapsed from the birth of Somerset's child, when a man in a light vehicle, which we may term a gig, put up at an obscure hostelry on a rather solitary road in Norfolk. He stated that he had travelled from Wells, although in reality he had come in an opposite direction—from London. His name, he said, was Smith—a name so abounding in all places, that very probably the good publican had usually a dozen customers called Smith within a week. Why the gentleman should have had recourse to these fabrications, a satisfactory reason no doubt existed; but we, who are well acquainted with his person, at once pronounce the counterfeit Smith to be Pike: yes, the little active frame, the sugar-loaf-shaped head, the great eagle nose, and the round brilliant sloe eye, could be Jeremiah Pike's nose, head, and eyes, and no other man's.

He intended to drive out in his gig every morning, his business being, as he affirmed, to collect small bills for the Wells merchant who employed him. The task might occupy him two days or double that time, the farmers who owed the money living widely apart. All this was very probable. The publican respected commercial men; so he provided everything very comfortable, and Mr. Smith was to pay his reckoning punctually each day before starting on his rounds.

We view Mr. Pike, for we must call him by his proper name, busy at his breakfast the first morning of his arrival. He occupied a private room. His appetite was usually keen even to voraciousness; but on the present occasion some secret anxiety appeared entirely to have destroyed his relish for good things. Indeed, he ate every morsel much like a man who fears being choked.

Having been satisfied with his scanty repast, he drew from his side-pocket a little Indian rubber bottle, and began to pour into it some new milk. While proceeding with the process of "filling," Mr. Pike whispered to himself, but in tones so low that no ear but a fairy's might have caught the words,

"Nay, nay, whatever Hartley may urge, I'll never do that. I'll not have the memory of a murder pressing on my soul. My nature is too humane, and endowed with principles too noble for an assassin. So, this will keep life in the babe until we reach town. I think I shall make a tolerable nurse—ha! ha! Twist the innocent's neck? Never! Yet if it will die through the moving, after all my exertions, it cannot be helped." A smile, that sought to express the soul's rectitude and mercy, flitted across the lean visage of the little attorney of St. Mary Axe; and with that smile fixed on his face, he bade the landlord good-day, and set forth in his gig.

The horse, a docile, but a remarkably strong and fleet animal, was

driven in the direction of Brookland Hall, that place being situated at a considerable distance. When, however, Pike arrived within three miles of Mr. Somerset's house, he alighted, and left his horse and vehicle in the courtyard of a pot-house. Here, again, he thought proper to have recourse to falsehood. He boldly informed the hostler that he was on the look-out for smugglers, and probably should be absent for some hours. Meantime his horse must remain feeding in the harness, since he should want his gig the instant he returned, his business requiring the utmost despatch. Five shillings made the hostler very courteous, and fully convinced him, in his simplicity, that the liberal gentleman was indeed a government officer.

The active attorney, now on foot, soon reached by a circuitous route the thick wood which bounded Brookland Hall towards the north. He was soon lost amidst its shades; but well acquainted with the ground by previous reconnoitres, he passed through the tall trees, and threaded the brushwood, entertaining no fear of losing his way. At last he found himself on the confines of the park, and springing into the deep turf ditch or fosse, which extended outside the palings, was completely concealed.

Whatever Mr. Pike's object might have been, he approached the house as near as possible without incurring the risk of discovery. The hall was now within a quarter of a mile, when, with his hat off, peering over the edge of the fosse, he seemed to consider his position an eligible one. Accordingly, taking out his handkerchief, he spread it on the turf at the bottom of the ditch, and sat down to—watch!

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the slight mist which had obscured the morning gradually cleared away. From his hiding-place Pike could see the entrance-door of the hall; the garden, too, in front, with its winding gravel walks, was entirely commanded by his eye, while a narrow footway, leading down the park, swept not more than twenty yards from the place where he sat.

Often rising and creeping up the bank, and casting around him his little brilliant eyes, then returning to his station, frowning and muttering, Mr. Pike was evidently in a state of much perturbation.

To any one who could have seen him there, he had offered a singular spectacle. From the nature of his low seat he was obliged to bend forward, his hands resting on his knees, so that his body, being nearly doubled, formed an acute angle. Those hands, in their long skinny length, resembled claws rather than human members. Having forgotten in his excitement to place on his hat, his red matted hair fell from his high-crowned head, covering his low, flat forehead nearly to his eyes; the last, incessantly turning about, and never winking, burned like sparks of fire. His old brown garments were drawn closely around him, and the thick pendant branches of trees, waving above his head, invested him in their deep shadows. Such a figure, seen in a tropical climate, would have suggested but one idea; the traveller would have thought him an ourang-outang.

Between his risings up and sittings down, Mr. Pike held a running dialogue with himself, the object of which seemed chiefly to be the quieting of his conscience, and the setting forth of certain arguments in justification of his conduct.

"Does Mr. Hartley act wrong? No doubt of it, very wrong. His motive is black revenge, unnatural black revenge. Am I right in assisting him? I think I am. If I refused to do his business some other party would be sure to undertake it for that three hundred a-year; some scoundrel perhaps—some unprincipled, hard-hearted villain—who would even more than carry out Hartley's orders. Now I, yes I, will blunt the edge of his hatred, and temper each act with mercy. Any one else, no doubt, would murder this child, but I will be its preserver; it shall not perish. Ah! who knows"—he had begun to nibble at a biscuit, for he felt hungry—"who knows but I shall be even doing Mr. Somerset's child an essential service? If left here, surrounded by superfluities and luxuries, very probably she would grow up proud, haughty, and even vicious—ay, reprobate in this life and lost in the next. Now, by carrying her off from the scene of temptation, and dropping the babe at that—workhouse, she may become hereafter a good, modest, virtuous servant, marry an honest labourer, and be loved, respected, and happy."

Pike was not altogether a hypocrite, but one of the large family of casuists and deluded quieters of conscience. A placid, self-approving smile was diffused over his countenance. He was charmed by the vision his fancy had conjured up—charmed by the idea of his own amiability. In short, he wished to feel, while undertaking a most criminal and cruel deed, how philanthropic and merciful in reality he was.

But his biscuit being finished, the little man took out his pinchbeck watch to consult the hour. It was past one o'clock. Again he peered cautiously over the brink of the fosse. His quick eye perceived a female figure descend the steps of the terrace in front of the hall and enter the garden. She bore something in her arms. It was the nurse with the child, taking the accustomed airing.

Pike's eyes followed her motions like those of the boa-constrictor watching its prey. He was in a fever of expectation and eagerness.

Suddenly a cloud came over his face and he muttered an oath, for a serving-man made his appearance, and Mr. Somerset himself entered the garden, slowly walking, and reading a book.

"Nothing is to be done to-day, that's certain," said the little attorney, shaking his bony fist at Somerset in the distance. "That scoundrel has balked me this time. Never mind; I can wait."

Turning away, he indignantly quitted his lurking-place, cast another glance at the party, again anathematised Somerset, and plunged into the shrubbery.

The following day saw Mr. Pike at his post precisely in the same spot; but, as fate would have it, the weather being rather unfavourable, no one appeared. He was not, however, a man to be disheartened; the spirit of Mr. Pike was essentially a persevering spirit. We find him accordingly for the fourth time in the character of government officer, leaving his horse and gig at the little pot-house; for the fourth time ensconced in the deep ditch, watching, and peering about as anxiously as ever, and at intervals sitting in the same posture, his lean body stooping forwards, and his hands resting on his knees.

He had learnt that the master of Brookland Hall would be absent that day on business, and therefore it was that his black eyes beamed doubly bright, and his heart leaped up within him.

The weather was remarkably fine, the air being mild, and the sun warm and unclouded. All was propitious.

"Yes, yes, the woman will venture out to-day," whispered Pike, "and perhaps alone."

His smile was no longer bland, but had something ghastly and diabolical in it. It was a sneer that would have made you shudder.

He waited, and waited—counted by his watch the hours, the quarters, the minutes—looked and seated himself, and looked again. His restlessness and impatience increased every moment, until the perspiration stood in large beads on his forehead.

The birds were singing among the branches over head, the deer were standing in quiet groups in the park, and the old hall, half shaded by trees, and half in the sunshine, looked the image of repose. Ah! what a contrast to the calm scene was the tumult of feelings in that man's heart! Here were serenity and beauty; there, strife, storm, deformity—here was paradise, there was hell.

The starting eyes of the watcher, as he looked out of the ditch, intimated that he perceived something. A figure moved in the garden. He could not be deceived; it *was* the woman with the child, and a young groom, or page, a stripling of fifteen years, only was with her.

Now, man with the black, self-deceiving soul! thy time approaches. Somerset is from home; the invalid mother is confined to the house, and there, borne in careful but feeble arms to inhale the sweet breath of heaven, comes the helpless, unconscious victim. Oh! guardian angels of innocence! will ye behold the foul deed done and make no effort to avert the evil? or must ye, like mortals, yield to destiny, whose purposes are to be worked out?

The stripling swung back the gate which opened into the park. They passed through, and, lured by the beauty of the morning, the woman proceeded slowly onwards with her charge. A path, we have observed, wound through the park, approaching in its serpentine course to within some twenty yards of Pike's hiding-place. A row of trees stood opposite to him, shading the footway, so that parties who walked beneath their low drooping branches would not be visible to gazers from the windows of the hall.

Pike now hastily made his preparations. He buttoned his garments closely about him, drew a small silk mask across the upper part of his face, to prevent the possibility of future recognition, and grasped firmly a short thick stick—short, for it was no more than three feet long, but it was knotty, and loaded at one end with lead.

Would they enter the path just alluded to and approach his lair? that was the question. The hideous spider had spread its net and was watching the unsuspecting fly. The tiger, crouching amidst the jungle, meditated his deadly spring upon the defenceless antelope. Pike looked no longer the little crafty, smiling attorney of St. Mary Axe; his situation had converted him into a savage, a worse than beast of prey.

He thought of the resistance which the young groom might possibly make, but the uneasy idea was instantly removed by a glance at his heavy stick. Everything like fear was merged in wild and anxious expectation. His nerves seemed strung by a supernatural energy. In a word, he felt himself equal to the undertaking.

The youth and the female bearing the child had entered the path. They approached nearer and nearer. Fearful was the excitement manifested by him who watched them; each limb trembled; every muscle, in its quivering action, sympathised with the intense eagerness of the spirit. His red hair bristled, his yellow teeth, like fangs, were apparent through his thin parted lips; his bony hand grasped the end of his stick, relaxed its hold, and again closed on the cudgel like the iron sides of a vice.

Already Pike's glittering eyes measured the distance between himself and his prey. Forty yards—thirty yards—closer still. When they have reached the trees, and their backs are slightly turned from him, then must he bound upon them. The moment was come! Up from the ditch he sprang—over the palings, light as a wild cat of the mountain, he leaped. His staff was raised in the air—it descended upon the head of the youth, who at once fell to the ground stunned. The woman had no time even to shriek, for she was struck down by the same formidable weapon. Then the assailant snatched the infant from her arms.

The trees, by their hanging branches, hid the atrocious scene; but Pike, to make certain that an alarm should not be raised too soon, and himself pursued before all traces of him might be lost in the neighbourhood, struck the boy and the woman again on the temples as they lay on the ground. In truth, his heavy cudgel did all but beat in their skulls. Self-preservation was the only plea our conscientious friend could urge for such cowardly and cruel conduct. But Pike tarried not to reason or philosophise now. The prize was won; and his income of three hundred pounds a-year was doubly assured to him.

Like an arrow from a bow he darted with Somerset's child into the thick grove. Rapid must be the foot, and fleet even the steed, that would overtake the flying miscreant. The wild Indian, who, on his native prairie, outstrips the wind, might have found a rival in the lean and nervous dweller of the city of the civilised. In half an hour from that time, even before his victims had recovered from the stunning blows they had received, Pike was galloping off in his gig, urging his powerful horse to the top of his speed. His course was unhesitatingly and boldly directed towards the metropolis. He had taken his measures, arranging beforehand the places for feeding the animal that served him so well. It would be a dark and moonless night; what horseman, even if it were known which way the delinquent had fled, might hope to overtake that desperate man?

A DRIFT-LOG ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ZEBEDEE HICKORY.

CHAPTER VII.

ADrift.

Man, on the dubious waves of *fortune* toss'd,
His rudder broken and his compass lost.

COWPER (altered).

It was with the feeling a mariner might be supposed to experience when in the situation described by the poet in the lines above quoted, that our hero went in search of Mr. Snag. He felt himself surrounded by foes of whose previous existence he might be said to be barely conscious; foes who seemed to spring up and disappear, to inflict injuries and elude his grasp. With a momentary bitterness he felt quite forlorn, as if he were a solitary rock in the ocean of humanity for every capricious sea to break upon, and he reviled fortune in round terms. He had worked himself to a tolerable pitch of irritation when he reached Mr. Snag's warehouse.

Mr. Snag was a produce factor, and received consignments from folks up river. When Selborne entered, he was seated with one foot on the desk and the other dangling over the arm of his chair.

"Well, old boy," said he, "what's in the wind to-day? Take a seat."

Godfrey sat down as he was desired, and then, in as succinct a manner as he could, narrated the events which had befallen him, not altogether omitting the cautions of his fair monitor.

"And the worst is," said he in conclusion, with extreme vexation, "that I have no clue, that I have not a friend in the world to help me, and that now of all other times I have no leisure of my own."

"Hold hard," said Mr. Snag; "you must make the time your own. The matter looks serious. You must take leave of absence from your general. And don't say you ha'n't got a friend in the world so long as this 'coon is tolerable bright and spry. Look here, old horse. We meet by chance. I take a kinder liking to you. Your prospects look most almighty slim, I reckon; but if they were a most eternal sight slimmer, I'll stand by you, by —, I will. Come along with me," said he, rising. He took Selborne by the arm and dragged him out.

They went to the government office, and explained the necessity of leave of absence, which after some demur was obtained. They were again in the street.

"Now," said Mr. Snag, "I expect we shall have a long cruise to-day. You'll get walked off your feet. Suppose we try locomotives. A man here keeps some tidy cattle. We'll try how a horse acts."

Mounted on a pair of tolerable beasts, they set off for Mr. Forrest's. On their way there, Selborne suddenly reined in his horse, and came to a dead stop.

"Why, it is shut up!" said he.

"What is shut up?" said Mr. Snag, stopping in some surprise.

"This shop," said our hero.

"Oh, never mind shops," replied his friend, setting off again.

Selborne made no remark, but spurred his steed and joined his companion. An idea had just occurred to him, but as it was rather undefined he kept it to himself. The shop was the artificial flower place. The shutters were closed, and a notice was affixed announcing, "*Ce magasin á louer.*"

They called at Mr. Forrest's, and rode again to the hotel. On inquiry from the clerk they found that Mr. Jones had paid his bill and left the day before, without any message. They called on Mr. Wright, who was engaged in another part of the city, and who was unfeignedly surprised at Jones's departure, but could give them no information.

"Where next?" said Mr. Snag.

"I think we should try the rooms of these adventurers, and then the police-office," said Selborne.

"Right," said his companion. "Stop!" said he, suddenly. "I never thought of it before. There was a man with you at breakfast one morning —"

"Mudge?" suggested Godfrey.

"That's the man. His name ain't Mudge. I guess he has had so many names he don't know his own. This is the only city in the Union that is not too hot to hold him. He is one of a lot of darned rowdies, blacklegs, and swindlers, every cussed one of them. We must get hold of him."

"But he has gone to Texas," said Selborne.

"Gone to Texas? Then we'll go too. It'll be hard but I'll raise the country there, and we'll lynch him by —"

On arriving at the rooms where Godfrey had been the preceding evening, they were informed that the whole party had left that morning by an early boat for St. Louis, having altered their route in consequence of intelligence of the disturbances in Mexico. And Mr. Underwood had not been there since the night before. Baffled at this point they were leaving the house, when the little girl before-mentioned intercepted Godfrey, and, motioning him aside, displayed a ring, at the same time placing her finger on her lips to enjoin silence. He looked round, and perceiving his companion busy tightening his saddle-girth, turned to the girl and said, anxiously, "What have you got to tell me?"

She put a small slip of paper into his hand, and ran back into the house, closing the door after her.

The paper contained these words:—

"If you will be helped in your search, follow to St. Louis. It is your only chance."

"What is that—a bill?" said Mr. Snag, observing our hero carefully fold up the document before placing it in his waistcoat-pocket.

"Ride on a short way, and I will tell you," said the latter.

He then handed him the paper, and told the outlines of the warning he had received the night before. When he had done, his friend looked aside at him with a half-smile on his face.

"Oh," said he, "I thought you hadn't a friend in the world?"

"Don't you know the writing?" asked our hero.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Snag; "I guess you don't; oh no!"

Selborne tried hard to learn what his friend knew about the chaplet, but he apparently had some motive for silence, and was impregnable.

"I tell you," said he, at last, "this is more like business than anything we have seen yet; you must go, and I'll go with you."

The steamer *Chippewa* was wending her way up the river that evening. Domes and spires were disappearing from sight. The smoke from the busy city was fast ceasing to point out the spot where like a mighty fungus it lay; having sprang up in a soil rank with the decay of surrounding nature, pregnant with materials for the support of vegetable and the destruction of animal life.

The haze suspended over the swampy forest arose from an alluvial bed, the deposit of centuries, which was exhaling its moisture in a cloud of steam, creating an atmosphere charged with those gases produced by vegetable decay, which are considered inimical to human life. There lay the great city, like a log which had drifted down the stream and accidentally taken root; flourishing with the sickly vigour of an exotic, planted in an ungenial climate and soil.

For some hundreds of miles above the site of the crescent city, the great "Father of Waters" rolls his muddy volumes through regions of marshy forest, broken only on the margin to allow of the location of sugar plantations, which dot the line of view in pleasing variety, and give an omen of the future triumphs of art over nature even in this region, hostile as it is to the efforts of cultivation. To give an idea of the labour of forming locations such as these, it must be understood that the annual occurrence of floods on this mighty river, caused by the periodical freshets and meltings of snow on the mountains, renders it necessary for the safety of the crops and the inhabitants to erect embankments along the shore, sufficiently high and strong to resist the highest flood. These plantations consequently, in the spring of the year when the floods are highest, are beneath the level of the river, and are in reality reclaimed from what would otherwise be an inhospitable and intractable swamp. During the periods referred to, the planters are under apprehension for the strength and soundness of the levees, which sometimes become undermined by the washing away of the substratum, and permit the inroad of the floods. In the season just gone by, these apprehensions have been realised by an almost total submersion of the lower country, which event has entailed much suffering and injury throughout the district.

It may naturally be supposed that such a country (beyond the casual intervention of a sugar plantation, with its village of negro huts) presents no object of interest in the way of landscape scenery, and has the appearance from its commencement of one interminable forest on almost a dead level, with the river flowing through it, the outline only broken by some variety of form or colour in the dense mass of foliage.

The *Chippewa*, we have said, was pursuing her way through this tract of country on the evening in question. She had "wooded up," and was breasting the current at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Evening was setting in on the landscape round, a slight mist was hanging over the surface of the water. The red gleam of light from the cabin windows spoke of comfort within this floating tabernacle. The boiler fires in front emitted a fierce and angry glare, while the impatient and perpetual roar through her funnels seemed like the throes of a mighty creature subjugated to the use of man, and, coming voice-like from a boiler at a high pressure of eighty pounds to the square inch, said, as plainly as a machine could speak, that it was acting under compulsion, and only re-

quired the aggravation of a few more "chunks" in its furnaces to blow up and shatter its pigmy tenants to the winds.

Within the saloon upon the hurricane deck the evening meal had been finished, and the table cleared. Groups engaged in talk were seated at various parts. A merry party was congregated in the ladies' boudoir, and at one end of the table a number of men were engaged at the game of "poker." The stakes appeared to be considerable, for there was a large pile of half eagles and dollar notes in the pool. There are two persons in the garb of sportsmen in this group, and they are clad in suits of rough grey. On a close inspection we should discover these to be no others than our hero and Mr. Snag. The former had sat down under protest, and out of courtesy to his friend. Immediately behind Selborne stood a demure-looking person clad in clerical black, and muffled in a white tie. He might and did pass for a methodist parson, but he was in reality a confederate of the professed gamblers with whom they were playing.

The game had progressed for some time with varying success, when the man who was seated opposite Mr. Snag, apparently enraged at his indifferent run of luck, produced a bag full of gold and silver. Setting it down with a bang, he drew forth his bowie knife, and driving it through his hand of cards which lay before him, pinning it to the table, said that there were two hundred dollars in the bag, and he staked them on his hand.

Something in the air and manner of the man told upon the others, and they threw up their hands. But on holding his knife with the cards sticking to it, in view of the table, he displayed a miserably poor hand. The bowie knife and bag of money had done the business. Mr. Snag whispered to our hero that they were being played upon, desired him to sit still and play a little longer, and, after a few moments, threw his cards from him with apparent disgust, and rose to go. He did not go however, but stationed himself opposite our hero, and, though apparently with his eyes on the cards, was watching the reverend gentleman opposite. The game had not gone far before he cried out "Stop!" at the same time laying his hand on the arm of one of the players.

"Stop!" said Mr. Snag. "Foul play here!"

"Foul play where?" said one of the men.

"Here," said Mr. Snag, seizing a hand of cards; "and there," said he, pointing to the parson. He continued—"We don't have any telegraphing to confederates in our part of the diggins. It don't answer. Folks get chawed up mighty quick when they try that game, they do. It won't shine in this crowd, anyhow."

The man rose up without more ado, laid his hand upon the hilt of the knife concealed in his breast-pocket, and seized Mr. Snag by the throat. Several others who had been sitting near, apparently as unconcerned spectators, rose with him and closed in a group round the two. Our hero without hesitation jumped across the table, and parting the crowd, stood beside his friend. To say that his pulse beat no higher than usual would be to be guilty of exaggeration, but his lip was compressed, and his hand clenched, and he was resolved to share his friend's fate whatever that might be. But matters were speedily changed by the arrival of the captain and a lot of stout Kentuckians, all personally known to Mr. Snag. It was then politely intimated to the players, that if they did not make themselves scarce from the cabin, they should be chucked into the Missis-

issippi, an intimation they did not think it worth while to dispute, and consequently repaired to the boiler deck, where they remained for the rest of the passage.

The parson, who had not joined in the affray, probably from a dislike to fighting, remained in the cabin after the others had left, and seized a book with which all at once he appeared greatly interested; but Mr. Snag, advancing towards him and seizing him by the nose in a manner calculated to put to flight any pious meditation which might have been summoned for the occasion, administered a severe kick from behind which sent the book flying from his hand, and then mildly addressed him in the following manner:—

“You d——d sneakin’ son of a stump preacher, if you’re good enough for one, make tracks out of this place while you’ve a bone in your body, or I’ll jump down your throat like greased lightning and stamp on your vitals. You canting, sanctified hypocrite, your religion is darned small beans. I’ve a mind to give you the benefit of a tar-barrel and a bag of feathers, and let you cool your heels in the Mississippi, I have.”

The sham parson took his departure without delay. No further incident worthy of notice occurred until the town of St. Louis hove in sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

SNAGGED.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?

GAY.

OUR two travellers arrived safely at St. Louis as intimated in the preceding chapter, and, under the direction of Mr. Snag’s experience, after taking up their quarters at a hotel, proceeded to a bar-room, which it is not necessary to name, known far and wide as the resort of trappers, mountain men, and traders, servants of the American Fur Company, and hunters “on their own hook,” who congregated there to meet with congenial society, and, for a few weeks or days, to spend in senseless carouse the hard and precarious earnings of four times as many months. Here, amidst the most uproarious noises, in an atmosphere reeking with fumes of Monongahela and tobacco smoke, would be found the hardy mountain man, who had brought his peltries to a good market; and was seated beside his old comrade whom he meets now for the first time, perhaps for years, and to whom he may be recounting his numerous hairbreadth escapes, and perils by flood and fire. In the closest amity and brotherhood, the two no doubt are protesting eternal friendship, and projecting some new expedition in company.

It was to this place that our two friends resorted without loss of time, making certain that here they would obtain intelligence of any expedition of consequence starting from this point.

Into this motley assemblage they penetrated on the evening in question. The tumultuous uproar which prevailed was sufficient to bewilder a stranger on his first entrance. They made their way to one of the side tables, whence to observe the persons whom the room contained.

They had agreed to represent themselves as sportsmen in search of a

few weeks' hunting on the prairie, and desirous of availing themselves of the company of any chance trappers making for the west. For this purpose Mr. Snag called the bar-keeper, and requested to know if there were any such within. He received answer in the affirmative, and a half-drunk, weather-beaten old sinner was brought to them as answering the description. The readiest mode of access to his heart was presumed to be down his throat, and he was accordingly invited to drink "some."

Selborne stared at the wild and shaggy mountaineer in unaffected surprise; his withered face, tanned by exposure almost into leather, was worn into innumerable deep furrows through the action of the elements. The old fellow wore a hunting frock and moccasins, and slouched into a seat as he shook hands with our two travellers.

"Well, stranger," said the trapper, in reply to a question from Mr. Snag, "I reckon our people ain't over fond of making for the Rocky Mountains at this season; no one but a pretty green hand would think of setting out now."

"Well, but green hands sometimes come this way; for instance, ourselves," said Mr. Snag.

"Very like, but not bound on so long a journey," said the veteran.

"But we do not know how long our journey may last."

"Ay!" said the old fellow, becoming interested.

"Why the fact is," said Mr. Snag, "that we want to overtake a party journeying in that direction."

"Maybe you'll want a tolerable smart old crittur to look out for Redskins and keep the trail?"

"Most undoubtedly we shall, provided we can meet with any one that can give us information of this party."

"Then I'm your man," shouted the old trapper, dashing his fur cap on the floor. "They were trying to trade with me, but we couldn't agree about dollars, so I left them."

Selborne was eager to learn more of the adventurers, but the utmost he could ascertain was, that there was a person answering to the description of Mr. Underwood in the party. More than this the trapper either could or would not communicate. The bargain was, however, struck, and they awaited a favourable opportunity, which shortly after occurred.

A steamer was about to start for the mouth of the Yellow Stone River laden with stores, and carrying on board officers and men bound for one of the frontier forts at the place named. In this conveyance our voyagers embarked.

Above the junction of the Ohio, and beyond the place where the confluence of various mighty streams pours the accumulated floods of gigantic tributaries into the comparatively narrow channel of the Mississippi, the waters of the latter lose their turbid and muddy appearance, and flow in purer streams and less rapid motion through a tract of country, the beauty of which surpasses description. Nature here, as if lavish of her charms, attracts and almost fatigues the eye with a profusion of scenic magnificence. Lofty and towering bluffs, craggy and precipitous to the top, crowned with dome-like summits of geometric symmetry, overhang the mighty river, and, but for their silent and awful solitude, would remind the traveller of the architecture of a great city. The great Architect of these fabrics has made them superior to the elements of decay and dissolution; for, while the rains and floods, and frosts and snows, yearly and

monthly invade their mountain forms, and abstract huge fragments from their bulk, the reduction of size, instead of impoverishing their grandeur, resolves them into new outlines of grace and beauty. At intervals, green and grassy slopes fringe the coast of the river for miles, and these are clad with luxuriant verdure, periodically bathed in the fruitful and overflowing waters that are hourly rushing by towards the ocean.

The navigation here, as every one knows, meets with frequent obstruction. The huge logs which get detached from the soil in which they have grown, are floated down in immense numbers. Some of them travel for thousands of miles, and even reach the ocean; while others are arrested by an accidental bend in the river, or the formation of a bank underneath the surface, where they become fixed, and leave only a short end protruding above water. In this position they are denominated snags, and are objects of serious apprehension to the various craft which navigate these waters, as a steamer coming in contact with one of them would infallibly get stove in and sunk. In the lower part of the river, which flows through a settled country, the United States' government has attempted to remedy this evil by the appointment of snag boats for the extraction of the logs, and in the district to which their operations extend the course has been kept tolerably clear, but beyond the settlements this process is not considered necessary, and the accumulation of these impediments goes on without interruption.

Our travellers had been ascending the river for many weeks. The settlements had long been left far behind. No domestic chimneys poured forth their volumes of smoke, but occasionally stray, thin, spiral columns would be seen stealing away through some hidden crevice in the forest, to be lost in the pure atmosphere above.

There were no traces of dwellings or inhabitants but wore an appearance of stealth; and if occasionally an Indian's dark and plumed form by accident came in sight, it disappeared almost instantaneously. The steamer was proceeding one evening at her accustomed speed through this district; her hard-breathing funnels and labouring piston seemed to indicate that she put forth her energies under protest.

Night had set in. A thick and heavy mist hung over the surface of the water, extending for some distance in shore. Save where the summit of some tree taller than ordinary, or the peak of an unusually high hill protruded through the cloud, no object was visible to the voyagers.

The captain had given his opinion that they could not be many days' sail from their destination, and was meditating the propriety of coming to anchor for the night, and waiting for daylight to navigate these unknown and dangerous waters. On a sudden a breeze sprung up and swept away the mist. At the same moment an almost universal exclamation was uttered,—“Lights ahead!”

It might be about the distance of a couple of miles that a number of fires was seen on the left-hand bank of the river. All the passengers and men on board rushed out to observe; our hero and his friend among the number. A swivel at the bows was charged and fired. Scarcely had the smoke cleared off, and the last reverberating echo in the distant hills died away, when the look-out man almost screamed, “Hard a-port; a snag under the bows!” The steersman, in his haste or terror, put the helm the wrong way. The men might have spared themselves the execration with which they greeted the carelessness of the man, for at

that instant she struck with a concussion which took every one from his feet. Selborne was momentarily stunned with his fall, and then, partially recovering, was conscious that the steam was escaping from the boiler with a frightful roar. The next moment the vessel had disappeared, and he was battling with the foaming current on a plank, though how, in the confusion of the moment, he had been able to grasp it he could not tell. For full twenty minutes he was drifted down the stream, till, with the cold, he was well nigh benumbed. At length the plank ceased to move. Becoming sensible of this after a while, he scrambled to the end, and found bottom with his feet.

Shaking his dripping garments, he walked a little way from the beach. He seated himself on a fallen log, and tried to penetrate the darkness. Here was a change of prospect he had not anticipated. The whirl of his ideas gave place to a calm infinitely more terrible. He had drifted out of sight of the lights. There was no sound but the rippling of the water as it rushed by, and the croaking of the bull frogs, as they revelled in marshy luxury.

On a sudden he thought he heard the crackling of a twig. He had barely turned his head in the direction of the sound, when a loud and piercing yell rent the air, and fifty stalwart and dusky forms burst through the thicket.

COMPENSATION.

BY W. BRAILSFORD.

THE never-tiring hand of ancient Time
 Makes desolate the grandeur of the Past !
 His withering fingers err not : stern and fast
 That grasp remorseless, though effects sublime
 Oft follow in his course. Lo ! ivies climb
 Around the trunk of the old forest oak,
 Whose aspect, brightened by the unsought yoke,
 Revives the glory of its leafy prime.
 Thus, too, the couplet on a Poet's shrine,
 Wrought ere the hearts of friends forget his song,
 Will perish, but his name will soar along
 The immortal heights of fame, as a divine
 Outlives a human greatness. Stars may shine
 To fall, yet Truth defeats Time's wrong.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

"Les Oiseaux Savans"—Jerome Bonaparte a Marshal—"Une Tempête dans un Verre"—Mademoiselle Biron's Cheese—"Gabrielle," Regnier—"Les Mémoires du Pont Neuf," Espinosa—"Les Quatre Fils Aymon," Laurent—"Les Porcherons," Mademoiselle Darcier—"Lully," Déjazet—Mademoiselle Delorme—Folies Dramatiques, Mademoiselle Dinah—"Le petit Bonaparte"—Bird-gossip.

"COME to us on Monday evening next," said a hospitable lady-*com-patriote* to me not many weeks back; "we have engaged *les oiseaux savants*."

I had heard—traditionally—of the learned pig; I had *seen* the industrious fleas and the bow-wows of the Jardin Turc; but I confess, to my shame, that, as far as my own personal experience went, the capabilities of the feathered tribe in general were limited to flying, twittering, and picking up crumbs when there were any to pick up. In what, then, did the *savoir* of the birds in question consist? That was a poser. Could they whistle polkas, or turn up the king at *écarté*? Were they parrots, humming-birds, or owls? I thought of Minerva, and unhesitatingly adopted the latter opinion; in which, reflection so fortified me that I experienced not a little disappointment when Monday evening came, and with it a very smart cage, tenanted by about half-a-dozen tiny chirpers—canaries, *bengali*, and I know not what beside.

The cage was so contrived that every one of its occupants was accommodated with a separate exit; so that, as each door in turn was opened, the bird thus summoned skipped out, and, promenading up and down a plank adjusted for the occasion, replied to the questions of the exhibitress (of whom more anon) by picking out cards from a closely-packed row, conveniently placed within its reach. The day of the week, the month of the year, and other similar queries were successively responded to with more or less alacrity. But it must be owned that symptoms of insubordination occasionally manifested themselves; and that more than once we had to wait an unconscionable time for an answer.

In vain their presiding genius repeated in her most inviting tone, "Sortez, canari, cherchez bien, mon ami!"

The yellow *savant*, thus addressed, hopped out certainly, but hopped in again with the most provoking *nonchalance*.

The delinquent's door was immediately closed, and the adjoining one thrown open.

"Voyons donc, mon petit bengali, cherchez bien!"

Out came *bengali*, looked at the cards, executed a *pas seul* upon them, and, like his predecessor, beat a rapid retreat.

Bad examples seldom lack imitators; and, as a matter of course, the entire learned tribe, one and all, steadily declined to furnish the desired solution, and the exhibitress was, in consequence, forced to shut up shop for a time, while the guests availed themselves of this *entr'acte improvisé* to adjourn to the refreshment-room.

And now, that they are all safely engaged in demolishing ices and *marrons glacés*, I have no objection to tell my very confidential friends and readers that, in my own humble opinion, the *oiseaux savants*, if not exactly—to quote the pithy phrase of the elder Mr. Weller—"little humbugs," are, in truth, the exhibitors rather than the exhibited: their whole performance being a most ingenious *réclame* in favour of the

sprightly and coquettish damsel, who, while distributing cards and soliciting inquiries, is sily, and only too successfully, showing off her own killing eyes and trim seductive little figure. *Je puis me tromper*, as the *agents de change* say, when they are recommending a ticklish speculation, and wish to shift the blame off their own shoulders: *Je puis me tromper, mais voilà ma pensée* (or, as an autograph of Madame Moutin, of the Palais Royal, in my possession has it, "ma paucer").

The elevation of Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, to the rank of Marshal of France, has, as might have been expected, been much—and seldom favourably—commented on.

"A quel titre a-t-il été nommé?" asked some one the other day of a witty *journaliste*.

"Comme frère d'un ancien militaire," was the sarcastic reply.

M. Léon Gozlan has often been accused of diffusiveness, of a want of dramatic concentration, both as regards plot and dialogue. Many of his pieces which appear tedious in five acts, would be thought excellent if compressed into two; and if he would but give us a few more such one-act gems as "*Une Tempête dans un Verre*," he would very soon make Alfred de Musset shake in his shoes.

I do not know if the *proverbe* in question was ever offered to the Théâtre Français; but I am convinced, that if it had been accepted there and intrusted to Brindeau and Madame Allan, the "acknowledged" interpreters of such-like proverbial philosophy, it could not have been better played than it is at the Historique by Pierron and Madame Rey. These two excellent *artistes* ought really to be man and wife; their conjugal tiffs are so provokingly natural, and they kiss and make it up again so very pleasantly, that one would wager California to a nutshell that every word they utter, every look they exchange, have been correctly daguerreotyped from the breakfast-table of real life.

During the same evening I took a stroll for the first time through the spacious *coulisses* of this theatre, and visited the *foyer* and the principal dressing-rooms. Most of the latter are scantily furnished, and contrast disadvantageously with the tastefully decorated *loges* of the Vaudeville. The two largest (*côté des hommes*) have been assigned—*de droit*—to Mélingue and Laferrière; while the best on the ladies' side are as justly reserved for the accommodation of Mesdames Person and Rey.

Mademoiselle Biron, whose performance of a buxom farm-house maiden in "*François le Champi*" deserved especial notice for its frank and unaffected simplicity, has thrown up not only her part, but her engagement also. *Voici pourquoi*. Determined that nothing in his power should be omitted towards a true and correct interpretation—even down to the minutest accessories—of George Sand's *chef-d'œuvre*, the worthy director had originally conceived the idea of intrusting to the care of Mademoiselle Biron a *real* cream cheese, instead of the pasteboard compositions usually employed. The actress—doubtless inspired, like the manager, with a passion for the *couleur locale*—made no difficulty, and things went on smoothly enough for several representations. Cream cheeses, however, do not for ever retain their pristine freshness; and after a certain lapse of time Mademoiselle Biron thought herself justified in demanding—a de-

mand in which even the musicians in the orchestra fully concurred—a second edition.

"*Du tout*," said the manager; "my economical principles forbid any such extravagance. The cheese will run as long as the piece."

"*Et deux fois plus vite*," replied the actress, "if you keep it another day or two."

"*C'est ce que nous verrons*," said the director.

"*Pas moi, par exemple !*" retorted Mademoiselle Biron. "You must either find a new cheese or a new *Catherine*. Choisissez."

I do not know whether the cheese be changed, but the *Catherine* certainly is—and more's the pity.

A modern comedy in verse is, in nine cases out of ten, a very slow affair—an unmistakeable *corvée* both to see and to read; and for my own part, I never venture on witnessing anything of the kind without sending a pilot before me to take soundings. But there are exceptions to every rule, as those who have seen M. Émile Augier's "*Gabrielle*" will readily own; and they will own, I think, moreover, that seldom—*very* seldom—for many a long day, has a play of such genuine merit been produced on the French stage.

Its author has had the courage to take the bull by the horns, to hold up an injured husband—not to ridicule and obloquy—but to admiration and respect. The sentiments of his piece are as honourable as the language in which they are clothed is poetic; the beauty of the ideas is on a par with that of the versification. What can be more exquisitely touching than the following apostrophe of a doating father to his child?—

Elle (the mother) a constamment ouvert devant ses yeux
Le livre le plus pur et le plus gracieux
Que poète ait jamais tiré de sa cervelle.
Un enfant rose et blanc qui grandit autour d'elle!
—Tu ne me comprends pas, mais cela m'est égal.
Va, cher petit roman de mon destin banal,
Ma seule rêverie et ma seule aventure,
Ce n'est pas moi qui cherche un bonheur en peinture!
Ta présence suffit à verser largement
La gaité dans mon cœur et l'attendrissement;
Et la seule chimère à laquelle je tiens,
C'est de jeter ma vie en litière à la tienne.

One more quotation for the benefit of "persons about to marry," and I have done. *Julien* (the husband) is giving *his* idea of conjugal felicity:—

C'est le contentement du devoir accompli,
C'est le travail aride et la nuit studieuse,
Tandis que la maison s'endort silencieuse,
Et que pour rafraîchir son labeur échauffant
On a tout près de soi le sommeil d'un enfant.
Laissons aux cerveaux creux ou bien aux égoïstes
Ces désordres, au fond si vides et si tristes,
Ces amours sans lien et dont l'impiété
A l'égal d'un malheur craint la fécondité.
Mais, nous, autres, soyons des pères—c'est-à-dire,
Mettons dans nos maisons, comme un chaste sourire,
Une compagne pure en tout et d'un tel prix
Qu'il soit bon d'en tirer les âmes de nos fils,
Certains que d'une femme angélique et fidèle,
Il ne peut rien sortir que de noble comme elle!
Voilà la dignité de la vie et son but!
Tout le reste n'est rien que prélude et début;

Nous n'existons vraiment que par ces petits êtres
 Qui dans tout notre cœur s'établissent en maîtres,
 Qui prennent notre vie et ne s'en doutent pas,
 Et n'ont qu'à vivre heureux pour n'être point ingrats.

And yet these lines, beautiful as they are, lose half their effect on paper. It is only when spoken by Regnier that they can be really appreciated—really enjoyed. I defy any artist, ancient or modern, to have ever on any occasion carried his audience along with him more thoroughly, more triumphantly, than did this great comedian on the first performance of "Gabrielle." To say that there was not a dry eye in the theatre would be faint praise; the whole house literally hung on every syllable that fell from his lips; and when, at last, after painting to his wife and her lover the abyss into which another step would hurry them, he said, or rather gasped out—for his eyes swam with tears, and his voice was choked with emotion—

"J'ai fait, pour la sauver, un effort surhumain;
 Je laisse, Dieu puissant, le reste en votre main,"

there arose a hurricane of uncontrollable enthusiasm such as Rachel herself never conjured up. I always thought Regnier an admirable artist, but this last creation of his beats Banagher.

For the last twenty years, the interval of Messrs. Cogniard's management alone excepted, the Porte St. Martin has been a losing concern. For this many causes might be assigned, but two will suffice; first, the great extent, both as regards breadth and depth, of the stage, which necessitates the constant employment of a very large *personnel* in order to fill it; and secondly, the immense outlay consequent on the production of the ballets and *dramas à spectacle* usually performed there.

M. Ber, the ex-manager of the little theatre Choiseul, fired with a noble ambition, has lately undertaken to drive this unwieldy coach; but I rather apprehend that his finances will not *bear* the strain upon them long. At all events, his first plunge has been a bad one; "Les Mémoires du Pont-Neuf" (*mémoires*, by the way, which *he*, and not the public, will unquestionably have to pay) have all the plotless, disjointed vagaries of a *revue* without its *esprit*, and all the dullness of a *spectacle* without its magnificence. The advertising curtains of the Palais Royal and Ambigu—a very lucrative and unobjectionable speculation—are completely thrown into the shade by the puffing *couplets* in favour of the Bonbons au Lait d'Anesse and the Belle Jardinière, whose respective proprietors have, no doubt, come down pretty liberally in return for the publicity thus afforded them; although, if any good-natured little bird has only retailed to them one-half of the hissing nightly lavished on themselves and their wares, they must by this time be heartily sick of their bargain.

Where even the *Viennoises*, with all their infantine grace and attractive discipline, fail to charm, a comic dancer named Espinosa appears, and temporarily turns the scale. He has much of the peculiar humour and even *physique* of the elder Debureau, combined with elasticity of limb and great muscular power. His *pas seul* (as a member of the National Assembly two hundred years hence, where dancing is substituted for speaking) in favour of the tax on groundsel is a masterpiece of burlesque, either as regards agility or fun; and I am far from exaggerating when I

say that no *artiste* in his line at present on the stage can hold—not a finger, but—a toe to him.

And now, M. Ber, I will give you one bit of disinterested advice. Do not wait until M. Espinosa's engagement expires in order to renew it, for if you do—as sure as Mademoiselle St. Hilaire's eyes are bright, and her voice wiry—the Opera will be beforehand with you. *Verbum sap.*

Somewhere about six weeks or two months ago, the actor-managers of the Ambigu, Chilly, Verner, Fechter, and Arnault, were closeted together in the *cabinet de la direction*. A brace of dramatic authors, Messrs. Anicet Bourgeois and Michel Masson, were likewise of the party. The conversation, which had been flagging for some time, was at its last gasp, when a new impulse was suddenly given to it by Chilly, who, starting from his chair, exclaimed,

"*Voilà ce que c'est, mes petits enfans*, there is but one way of mending matters. The receipts are down to next to nothing, and yet we are giving ten acts and twenty *tableaux* every night. The fact is, the Historique and the Gâté have overdone drama; the public won't bite any longer. What we want is novelty; and the only novelty likely to draw is a *grrrrrand spectacle*."

"*Les décors, ça coute cher!*" grumbled Verner.

"And the subject?" asked Arnault.

"Anicet will take care of that," replied Chilly. "All I bargain for is that the piece shall be in rehearsal in ten days."

"Gently, if you please," observed Anicet; "I can't promise that, unless an old *canecas* I have in my portfolio will do. *Tu sais, Michel, 'Les Quatre Fils Aymon?'*"

Michel Masson nodded.

"It has been already done at the Opéra Comique," suggested Verner.

"That's all in our favour," said Chilly; "people will come, if it be only to see the difference. *Voyons donc, mes petits*; how many *tableaux* can you work it into?"

"Twenty, perhaps," replied Masson.

"Say thirty, while you are about it."

"*Va pour trente!*" said Anicet. "But you must all make up your minds to play *bouts de rôles*."

"Share and share alike," said Arnault. "The *mise en scène* is the only thing to be thought of, and the costumes."

"That's my affair," interposed Fechter. "I'll go to the Bibliothèque on purpose, and pick out something *corsé*."

"Is my wife to be in it?" asked Arnault.

"Madame Naptal? *Parbleu!* what could we do without her?" replied Anicet. "She is the Emperor Charlemagne's daughter, *mon bon*; three or four changes of costume, and a bit of sentiment here and there."

"*Parfait!*—and your humble servant?"

"Not a whit worse off—the villain of the piece."

"Ah! and the emperor?"

"Allow me to introduce him. *M. Charlemagne*—Verner; *M. Maugis*—Arnault; *et vice versa*."

"All I ask for," said Chilly, "is a good combat; nothing takes better."

"What do you think of four against twelve?" said Anicet. "*Rien que ça !*"

"And of course the four get the best of it?"

"Of course."

"*A merveille !*" cried Fechter. "If the banquet does not fall short of the bill of fare, "*Les Quatre Fils Aymon*" will run a hundred nights."

Now, whether this prophecy is likely to come true it would be rather premature to assert, seeing that the piece is yet in its teens. But what one *may* say without fear of contradiction is, that the promises held out by authors and actors have been amply realised ; that the costumes do credit to Fechter's talent ; that the money laid out on the scenery is a good investment ; that Madame Naptal looks prettier every time she changes her dress ; that her worse half is, as a stage villain should be, all scowl and growl ; and that the sons of *Aymon* nightly spifficate the twelve peers of *Charlemagne* to three distinct rounds of applause.

"And me?" whispers little Laurent. "Say a good word for me, Monsieur l'Habitué?"

"*Mon petit*, is it not written '*les premières seront les dernières*'? Say a good word for you?—ay, that will I; and a dictionary full of them. You are the model of funny squires—the Sancho Panza of the brothers Aymon; and, what is more, one of the drollest, raciest, and most natural *comiques* the *Boulevard* ever possessed. Your humour is alike free from vulgarity and exaggeration. You are always up to the mark, and never beyond it; and the only difference between you and the very *best* comic actors scattered about the divers theatres of Paris is, that whereas *their* salaries are possibly too *high*, *yours* is certainly too *low*."

Sans adieu, petit Laurent !

If M. Grisar had been born in the good olden times, and if people had had an idea, on his recent return from Italy, what a *chef-d'œuvre* he was bringing with him, no end of young maidens would have met him at the gate of the city, and strewed flowers in his path. But as we are in 1850, and, what is worse, in January, young maidens are far too chilly to leave their own firesides, and flowers are horribly dear.

Bravos, ovations, and *rappels* are, however, very consolatory ; and of such homage—when merited—the Parisians are ever prodigal. Nor, let me hasten to say, have such testimonies of admiration been often better bestowed, or more richly deserved, than in the case of the composer of "*L'Eau Merveilleuse*," "*Gille Ravisseur*," and their new-born relative, "*Les Porcherons*." The very title of this opera is almost a guarantee of popularity, no place of entertainment having been more fashionably frequented in its day than "*les Porcherons*"—the Parisian Vauxhall of the last century. This motley *rendezvous*, whither the haughtiest *grande dame* did not disdain to resort, in the plain attire of a simple *bourgeoise*, "*pour pincer un rigodon*," was situated at the extremity of the present *Chaussée d'Antin*, about where a *café dansant*, much in favour with the *grisettes* of the quarter, now stands. The gardens have long since disappeared: omnibuses now ply where once the gayest gallants of the town adjourned *pour s'encanailler un peu* ; but pretty faces and graceful figures may still be seen there, threading the mazes of the dance ; and many a joyous echo of mirth and merriment still haunts the once time-honoured *locale* of "*les Porcherons*."

Thus the subject and title of M. Grisar's opera may both be set down

as unusually happy. The plot is interesting and amusing, and the music is one stream of melody from beginning to end. It is as far superior to that ponderous production, "*La Fée aux Roses*," as "*L'Elisir d'Amore*" is to the "*Philtre*." It is scientific without being pedantic, light without being trivial; and, especially in the concerted pieces, has a decidedly Rossinian character. A buffo duet in the first act, a *romance*, and two charming little *couplets*, respectively sung by Mademoiselles Darcier and Decroix, besides an exquisite trio in the second, and a spirited drinking song, followed by the famous "*ronde des Porcherons*," in the third, will, ere many days are over, have found their way into half the *salons* in Paris. Why, only two nights ago, when every other theatre was comparatively deserted, owing to the hotchpotch of mud and snow, which had converted the Boulevard into an impassable quagmire, you might have gone down on your knees to the *contrôleurs*, and emptied your purses into the hands of the *ouvreuses*, without succeeding in monopolising the most cramped-up corner—the most rickety *tabouret*. The treasurer rubs his hands; the manager rubs *his*; and the *artistes* rub *theirs*;—and that reminds me that, in my enthusiastic admiration of the repast, I have quite forgotten the cooks!"

Mocker, Hermann-Léon, Bussine, Sainte-Foy, Madame Félix, and Mademoiselle Decroix, must allow me for this once to congratulate them collectively on their zealous and successful exertions; for gallantry compels me to devote what little space I have left to the pearl of the Salle Favart—Célestine Darcier.

And would that in so doing I could borrow the playful eloquence of a Fiorentino or the untiring *verve* of a Janin, whose ever-ready pens have rarely encountered a more inspiring theme. For you are not only a delightful singer, mademoiselle, but a most fascinating actress; your admirers are not confined to the musical *habitués* of your theatre, but muster in close-serried legions, and invade boxes, pit, and gallery at the mere announcement of your name. Your popularity rivals that of Madame Ugalde; and happy is the manager who, on alternate days, can offer to the enraptured multitude two such magnetic Circes, each as attractive as the loadstone rock. Nor have you ever appeared more bewitching, or displayed your vocal and dramatic powers to greater effect, than in your recent creation of *Madame de Bryane*: the exquisite and expressive melody of your singing is perfectly in keeping with the impassioned tenderness of your acting. You charm both the eye and ear; you alike satisfy the cold musical critic and the equally frosty appreciator of the *libretto*; in short, you send every one home from the theatre in so blessed a state of enjoyment and good-humour, that if all the tiles and chimney-pots in Paris were to be blown down on their devoted heads, the shock would hardly arouse them from their delicious dream!

If any one—endowed with a moderate share of susceptibility and enthusiasm—could be transported, blindfold, one of these evenings to the Variétés, and there be left for a couple of hours during the performance of "*Lulli*" to make the best use he could of his ears, but without the possibility of taking the slightest imaginable peep, I wouldn't mind wagering anything in reason that he would be found to labour under as strange a delusion as *Harleigh's*, in "*Elle est Folle*," when he imagines that his wife is as mad as a March hare, and himself as sound (mentally speaking) as a roach.

Question him as to what he has heard, and my life on it he will expatiate in glowing terms on the charming girl whose dulcet tones have spellbound his senses, and of whose face he would fain have caught a glimpse, if but a flying one. He will already have created his own ideal of the perfection which *must* (he would swear to it) be portrayed in every feature of her adorable countenance; he will have already conceived wild hopes and ambitious dreams; in a word, he will already have become an irretrievably confirmed "spooney," a hopelessly, irrecoverably "gone coon;" and all along, not of Barbara Allen, but—of Virginie Déjazet.

Try to undeceive him if you will; tell him that this beautiful *incognita* is far on the shade side of fifty; that she is indebted for many of the melodies he has heard her warble to the musical talent of her own son, Eugène, who is not likely to see eight-and-twenty again in a hurry. Back your assertions with arguments, pile proof upon proof, and if you succeed in brushing away even one of his illusory cobwebs, or in shaking—be it ever so slightly—the foundation of but one of his visionary fancies, why, I will propose you as a candidate for the Prix Monthyon, and wish you may get it.

And, after all, were such a supposition to be realized, would it be so *very* wonderful? We have but to recall to mind the "Royal Polka" and "La Boulangère," sung *à mi-voix*, it is true, but with such marvellous sweetness and purity of intonation that the faintest echoes of that syren voice were listened to as eagerly, as greedily as ever were the bell-like strains of Jenny Lind; we have but to dwell in memory for an instant on the thrill of pleasure with which each successive note inspired us, in order to feel, and frankly to confess, that if "Lulli" suggests to us any fitting theme for wonder, that theme must be sought for, not among the admirers of Déjazet, but in Déjazet herself!

Before leaving the Variétés, I gladly take the present opportunity of congratulating Mademoiselle Delorme on her return to the stage. Actresses of her merit are not so plentiful with us that we can easily afford to lose even one out of the number, especially when that one, as is the case with the lady in question, not only promises great things, but—*ecco la maraviglia*—keeps her promise. Nor will Mademoiselle Delorme, I trust, be angry with me for expressing my decided conviction that, whatever her own private political opinions may be, she is, *au théâtre*, unquestionably "du parti progressif."

I went to the Folies Dramatiques last night, for the express purpose of seeing—not the *revue*, nor even Céleste Mogador (who, by the way, dances the "Schottisch" with Christian to perfection)—but a young actress of the name of Dinah, of whom I had heard enough from one of her admirers to excite my curiosity. My friend's description of her was so accurate that I picked her out in an instant; and a trim little creature she is, very much resembling in face Augustine Figeac, but with—unluckily—rather a limping gait. Very wicked, however, are her jetty eyes, and very tempting is her taper waist: indeed, my own private impression is—and I intend telling my susceptible friend very plainly what I think—is that *his* friends had better look uncommonly sharp after him. Otherwise, *je ne reponds de rien*.

Merle, the veteran dramatist, and husband of the late Madame Dorval,

was relating the other day in the *foyer* of the Comédie Française a number of curious anecdotes : among them was the following—

"I recollect one evening," said he, "walking with Michaud, the author, through the Palais Royal towards the Théâtre Française, when, looking behind me, I saw, walking as fast as he could in order to come up with us, Bonaparte, then a simple lieutenant, and a most plaguy customer for free admissions.

"'Filons bien vite,' said I to Michaud, 'voici le petit Bonaparte; il va encore nous demander des billets.'

"Off we started, and he after us; we had hardly time to hide ourselves in the *loge de concierge*, when he darted up three steps at a time, and asked where we were.

"'Not here,' said the *concierge*.

"'Pas vrai,' cried 'le petit,' 'I saw them go in.'

"'Then they must have passed without my noticing them, that's all.'

"'But I want a *billet* for to-night.'

"'Impossible. Come again to-morrow.'

"'Ah bien oui, demain, c'est toujours la même chanson,' grumbled Bonaparte, as he slowly descended the stairs. 'Et moi qui adore le spectacle, je suis forcé de faire des bassesses auprès de ces gredins-là. C'est indigne, parole d'honneur, c'est indigne !'

Little bird, little bird, what is this you tell me? That the dingy Rue de Grammont will one of these nights awake from its habitual torpor to new life and gaiety; in a word, that the invitations for a ball *chez* Madame Octave are even now preparing by the lithographer. We must all brush up our dancing, mustn't we, little bird? Rare news for Cellarius! Will he rub his hands when he sees the five-franc pieces tumbling in by scores? I believe you, my boo-ooy."

Paris, January 23, 1850.

THE THEATRES.

THE principal events of the theatrical month have been the respective productions of "Fashion," Mrs. Mowatt's American comedy,—and "Leap-year," the new work by Mr. Buckstone.

The American comedy is crude, but characteristic; the scenes hang loosely together, but, as far as we are judges, they seem to stick fast to a New York reality. There is an old agriculturist, who seems convinced that a hickory-stick is one of the best of syllogisms for conveying an unpalatable truth; there is an elderly virgin, who has anticipated Mr. Buckstone's "Leap-year," and even surpassed its *morale*, by assuming that in any year a lady may fairly "propose" to the lords of the creation, and maintain a sanctified exterior while so doing; there is a dressmaker, shot up into a lady of fashion, who calls "*fauteuil*"—"fowtool," and perpetrates other similar sins against Gallic purity; there is a nigger footman, who is, in his way, a sort of sable Malaprop; and there is a very "slow" husband of the "fast" lady of fashion, who has been tempted to commit a little forgery, in order to keep up the splendour of his *ménage*.

Queer folks all these—exceedingly queer folks,—very rough, and rugged; in fact, so much so, that they have shocked some of our more fastidious coteremporaries, one or two among whom have showed their

superior refinement by expressions that look strange, when applied to a foreign lady. We are sad uncouth persons, no doubt, and it is probably on this account that we should never dream of suggesting to a lady the dress in which she ought to receive the plaudits of her audience, nor count the bouquets which greeted her for the purpose of pronouncing them too multitudinous.

It is on this account, of course, that we were not so very much offended by "Fashion"—nay, we were amused. We felt that we were witnessing a sort of life we had never seen before, and we also felt that it was represented with some degree of freshness. In one respect, we are as refined as any of our contemporaries. We are *blasé* to the last degree. We cannot for the life of us relish repetitions of old stale devices, and laugh at stage conventionalities. It is our disease that we can survey a roaring pit with countenances truly sepulchral. Therefore, we say, we hailed the appearance of something new, and felt refreshed by the New York Hippocrene.

And remember, gentle reader, "Fashion" may represent a vulgar state of things, but it is the produce of no vulgar mind. There is not a more elegant-souled personage than the lady from whose pen the comedy has emanated; and whatever faults it contains sour indeed must have been the nature which did not forget them, when Mrs. Mowatt appeared to receive the acknowledgments universally paid to her work.

The art of decoration is carried to a high degree of perfection at the Olympic Theatre, where "Fashion" was produced, and the play lacked nothing in the shape of fashionable illustration. The freshness of the scenery and appointments at this beautiful house stand in strong contrast to the sublime style of decoration adopted at Drury Lane. None but a Danby could adequately transfer to canvas the scenic effects which darkle through the comedies and tragedies at this grand national establishment, and none but Dr. Young could adequately sing its glories. However, when Christmas—which, theatrically speaking, lasts about six weeks—has fairly passed away, and the pantomime no longer draws numerous audiences, we have no doubt that the lessee will more smartly adorn the legitimate drama, of which he is, *par excellence*, the patron. If you mean to go the whole length in benefiting a friend, you should only not give him a house, but also a little towards his tailor's bill.

What shall we say of "Leap-Year," the Haymarket "fact?" Why, we shall say that we like Mr. and Mrs. Kean very much; and that although the incident which brings them together, viz., a love affair between a lady and her apparent footman, is not much to our taste, and not in our opinion very wholesome in its tendency, these artists show so much delicacy, and so much truth in managing their critical position, that they deprive it of offence without extinguishing its reality. When a dancer executes a *pas* among eggs, we admire not only his power of stepping, but his power of missing; and when we reflect what a vulgar affair might have been made out of the interesting couple by some actors, our admiration is great indeed.

But, setting Mr. and Mrs. Kean aside, what is the use of this odd notion of "Leap-Year," and the courting of gentlemen by ladies? It represents no real peculiarity of English life, and it only encourages situations which are the reverse of refined. A mere oddity is all very well for one act, but when we come to three—and those very long—the case is much changed. You are an old favourite of ours, do something better, Mr. Buckstone.

LITERATURE.

SCENES OF THE CIVIL WAR IN HUNGARY.*

It is stated that a "History of the Hungarian Campaign" is preparing for publication by the staff of the quarter-master-general, under the auspices and at the express command of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria. We doubt if its pages will contain anything so touchingly characteristic of the horrors of war generally, and of civil war in particular, as the sketches presented to us in this little volume.

The author, one of those who surrendered at Peschiera, was shipped at Ancona for Trieste, whence he joined the Seressans, or Red Mantles, a frontier hussar regiment, with whom he was afterwards appointed to form a flying corps, to act as the advanced guard to the Ban Jellachich's army, and to flank about at discretion. Such an independent, romantic life, with a handful of brave, half-disciplined, picturesque borderers, was at once full of charms and dangers. Abundance one day, want the next; on the saddle sometimes for days together, occasional plunder, and plenty of hard blows. Like a good soldier, the gospodine never speaks ill of the enemy.

At the mansion in which necessity forced this flying corps to take up its quarters, the baron found an old friend, Count Stephan, who had saved his life at Bologna, with his wife, a Milanese beauty, Marchesa B—, and also a sister, the young Countess Helene, the most beautiful Hungarian female, he says, he had ever seen. They were soon torn from such comfortable quarters to active service in the field, which was interrupted for a time by the siege of Vienna, pleasantly narrated and under a new aspect, coming from a leader of one of those very corps whose savage and grotesque appearance led to their being described at the time as an army of ragged vagabonds.

To the siege of Vienna, once more succeeded desultory operations amid the forests and plains, the fens and the fastnesses of Magyar land. The hussar regiments, to which the baron had formerly been attached, had gone over to the Hungarian cause, and he was in consequence frequently brought into collision with those who had once been his own men, and whose names and faces were alike familiar to him. This was a constant source of regret and annoyance. Once, in the pursuit of the routed enemy, he says he witnessed a scene which made a very deep impression upon him; and well indeed it might:—

As something about my saddle-girth was broken, I stopped to mend it, and was thus left behind in a small meadow, through which ran a wide ditch, that could not be leaped with a horse, the edge being so slippery with the frost.

All at once, I saw one of the enemy's hussars, closely pursued by two cuirassiers, rush from among the brushwood at a little distance on the other side of the ditch. As this ditch parted me from them, and I had a loaded pistol, I continued to stand quietly by my horse, awaiting the issue of the affair.

When the hussar came nearer, I recognised in him a man who was formerly a subaltern, and had long been in my company. He was a fine, handsome fellow when he enlisted, six years ago, into our regiment, a genuine Cumane from the

* Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary, in 1848 and 1849; with the Personal Adventures of an Austrian Officer in the Army of the Ban of Croatia. Shoberl.

environs of Debreczin, wild, disposed to all sorts of mad pranks, but brave and trusty in service, at the same time a particularly excellent horseman; not wholly uneducated, for he was the son of the overseer of an estate—in short, an ideal of the Hungarian hussar. As a subaltern, to which he had been promoted in two years, I had him constantly about me; and, when I was removed from the regiment, I was extremely sorry to part from him. I subsequently learned that, at the time of the insurrection in Galicia, he had, on several occasions, particularly distinguished himself, and so I hoped to meet with him some day as officer.

Iwanka, on his part, recognised me, and lowered his sword as he galloped past, by way of saluting me. Obstructed by the ditch, he faced about resolutely against his two pursuers. Then ensued a fight than which nothing finer or more picturesque could be exhibited in a circus by any equestrian company, only that it was bitter earnest, and for life or death.

The hussar, who rode a handsome stallion of the best Hungarian breed—and many of the insurgents were extremely well mounted—managed his swift steed with wonderful dexterity. He turned him so short upon his hind-legs, and dodged so quickly to the right or left, that for a long time the cuirassiers, on their clumsier horses, could not come at him, though they had dealt many a tremendous blow. The Hungarian, too, had aimed many a one at them, with his glistening blade; but it had always glided with a loud droning sound from the impenetrable breast-armour.

At length the hussar's *tachako* was struck off, and he was covered with blood from a wound on his forehead. "*Nimm parda!*" (take quarter!) repeatedly cried the cuirassiers in their Bohemian German; but, raising himself upright in the saddle, he replied, "*En Magyar vagyck!*" (I am an Hungarian!) and levelled fresh blows at his antagonists. His very horse seemed to participate in his master's ardour for fighting. His black hide was dotted with white flakes of foam; his red nostrils were widely distended; his long mane flickered wildly in the wind; his large eye seemed to flash.

At last, the affair ended precisely in the same manner as that of the young Hungarian noble, whose fall before Vienna I have related. As the hussar again dashed past, and prepared himself for a desperate blow, one of the cuirassiers, seizing the right moment, thrust the long, pointed, glistening blade of his *pallasch* into the right arm-pit of his antagonist with such force, that it came out on the other side. With a loud exclamation of *Jesus Maria!* the hussar sank from his horse, and was instantly dead. What a pity that he could not die thus for his emperor! I took care afterwards to have him buried under a tree by our men.

The fall of the young Hungarian noble alluded to here, is even a still more touching event than the above. It occurred in the attack made upon the Hungarian force which advanced as far as Schwechat to the relief of Vienna. Of this engagement our author relates—

The Hungarians, about twenty-one thousand strong, under the command of General Moga, formerly in the Imperial service, partly regular troops of Magyar regiments, but chiefly *hossod* battalions and squadrons, fought at first very gallantly. Their position was more favourable than ours; and, if their artillery had been rather better served, they might have inflicted on us considerable loss. They gained also at first some advantages; and our cavalry, especially the Italians of the Kress chevaux-legers, could not make much impression on them. We nevertheless completely routed them; the Auersperg cuirassiers cut into them with irresistible force; and they had to lament the loss of some brave officers. We also made a very successful attack, and many a foe sank under our swords.

A cavalry attack of this kind is a fine thing, and never to be forgotten by those who have borne a part in it. When such a body, in close order, horse to horse, scampers at full gallop over the plain, swords flashing, horses snorting—verily, there is a charm in this kind of combat, such as that of no other arm affords. Individual divisions of the Hungarians defended themselves desperately; and the parties frequently came, especially afterwards, in the pursuit, to hand to hand fights; but among the enemy there was no direction, no command, no order; and so we had no great difficulty to repulse the whole army of the insurgents, and to make a large booty in cannon, arms, and prisoners.

Among the many incidents of this day, one scene is vividly present to my view. A very young Hungarian lad, evidently belonging to the nobility of the country,

was engaged in fight with two cuirassiers. He contrived to turn his superb horse about with such dexterity, that his antagonists, on their heavy beasts, could not get at him; while he had dealt many blows, which, it is true, mostly fell harmless upon the breast-armor and helmet. At last, one of the cuirassiers, waiting for a proper moment, prepared for a thrust with the *pallasch*; and the broad, pointed blade was driven with such force into the breast of the youth, that he sank on the spot lifeless from his horse, without uttering a single sound.

What maternal heart may mourn for him? what bright eye may be filled with tears for his loss? His horse, with blood-stained saddle, ran snorting away, and could not be caught; his rider we afterwards buried. He had about him nothing but a handsome gold watch, and a ring with hair, which I bought from the cuirassiers for a couple of ducats.

My own lot was more favourable: a gun-shot wound, which I received late in the action, was attended with no danger, though at first painful; and the good nursing that I received from friends soon effected my recovery.

The fate of a cornet in his own regiment is of itself alone enough to sicken the heart of civil war:—

When, in the autumn of last year, we were about to break up from Croatia, and the whole frontier was striving to furnish the emperor with as many combatants as possible, the pensioned German widow of a captain, whose husband had fallen many years ago in fight with predatory Bosnians, brought her only son, a fresh, lively, stout lad, of scarcely sixteen, who had from childhood been carefully exercised in arms. He was gladly received as a cadet in the hussars, learned the duty in a short time, and behaved on all occasions extremely well.

I began to be very fond of the ingenuous, spirited youth. On the march back through Hungary, before Vienna, and also at Moor, he had fought gallantly, borne all fatigues with the unconcern of youth, and his promotion to officer must soon have followed. He would perhaps have acquired a brilliant position in the army, for he had all the qualities for it.

On New-year's day, he rode forward on patrolle with three hussars, while the rest of us awaited their return by a great watch-fire. They had been so long absent, that I began to be uneasy. At length, one of the hussars came at full speed towards us, bleeding, and with a wild look. While yet in the saddle, he informed me that they had proceeded rather too far, when a band of savage *honvüds* suddenly rushed upon them from all sides, and surrounded them. He himself had succeeded in fighting his way through, but the cadet and the two other hussars were taken prisoners.

Conducted by this hussar, we proceeded with all the speed we could over ground intersected by wood and bushes, in pursuit of the *honvüds*, to take the prisoners from them. On coming to a small clearance, what an appalling spectacle met our view! Stripped stark naked, mangled with innumerable wounds, there lay the bodies of the two hussars; but the cadet, also completely stripped, was bound to a tree, after the monsters had with their hand-bills, which all of them carry, chopped off both his hands at the wrist. In this condition, he was left to bleed to death slowly; but the intense frost had congealed the blood, and he was still alive and perfectly sensible, when we came to him.

It was truly appalling to see the poor boy, who strove with manly fortitude to conquer his pains, and only broke out now and then into a slight moan, which penetrated so much the deeper into our hearts. We cautiously unbound him, and laid him upon a bed formed of our cloaks—this was all that we could do for him at the moment.

With faint voice, frequently interrupted, he related to me that the *honvüds* had first cut down the two hussars, and then required him to give them information concerning our position and force. When he refused to comply, they stripped him to his shirt, they beat him severely with sticks, then chopped off his hands, and tied him to the tree, and at last went off laughing and singing.

It was now heartrending to hear how earnestly he implored me to shoot him, and put an end to his misery. "What should I live for without hands, if it were possible that I could recover?" said he. "Shoot me dead, I beg of you; kill me at once."

Compliance with this request was as unnecessary as it was impossible. Death, the deliverer, was fast approaching. His breath already became weaker, his eyes glazed; it was evident that in a few moments his spirit would be summoned away;

when he rallied once more, and asked me, while kneeling beside his bed, in a tolerably loud voice, which could be heard by part of the hussars who stood around, "I am dying like a brave soldier for the emperor—am I not?"

When with entire conviction I assured him of this, he was evidently rejoiced, and said, "Write to my mother that I have fallen like a brave soldier for the emperor: this will comfort her in her sorrow; and send her a lock of my hair." Here his voice sunk to a faint whisper, and he was a corpse.

Speaking of the cruelty of fighting against his old companions in arms, he says—

I myself shot through the head, with my pistol, an old hussar, who had known me when still a cadet, and from whom I gained much practical knowledge. He dropped from his horse immediately. He had fired at me twice, and his balls had passed through my cloak and through the flourishing tail of my horse. With another hussar, who had long been my private servant, I was engaged in a longer single combat with the sword. Both cut away stoutly, but at last separated without either having done the other much harm.

Comrades of other days, with whom I had emptied so many a bottle, with whom I had played or chatted so many an hour, with whom I had had so many a wild nocturnal ride, when returning from the convivial halls of Gallician mansions to our distant villages—these were now arrayed as bitter enemies against me.

One of their hussars, with whom I had formerly been well acquainted, once called out to me in Hungarian, in the midst of an action: "Formerly you were my brave officer, and I was attached to you; now you are the enemy of my country, and I'll shoot you." At the same moment he fired his pistol at me, and galloped off; the ball whizzing past my head.

At another engagement he tends his friend and yet his enemy, the dying Count Stephan; and a few nights afterwards finds the body of the beautiful Countess Helene, in the costume of a Hungarian magnate. A ball had gone through her heart fighting for her country.

At length it is the baron's own turn to fall in this fearful struggle. It was on the occasion of a charge made upon the enemy:—

I was among the foremost, and still fifteen or twenty paces distant from the first rank of the enemy; ready in the next moment to slash away among them, as several gaps were already made; when I saw, exactly opposite to me, a flash proceed from the barrel of a piece. At the same moment, my horse, hit by a ball, made a tremendous leap; but I felt as if an ice-cold object had struck my skin, and penetrated the abdomen, just below the last rib. It was such a sensation as if a large drop of the coldest water had fallen upon my heated body. The ball had passed through the neck of my horse, and then entered my body below the sash. I kept my seat, reeling in the saddle, though my horse made some prodigious bounds towards the enemy.

I saw a *hovád* running towards me—a great sturdy fellow, in a brown sheep-skin, his brownish-red face inflamed with rage or spirituous liquor; with long upturned, pointed moustaches, lank hair, wildly waving about the head, from which the *tschako* had fallen; a sight that I shall never forget while I live.

With a loud *bassamalika*, he made a thrust at my breast with his glistening bayonet; but at that moment my horse, in the agony of death, made another high spring; and the bayonet, instead of entering my breast, pierced my left thigh. At the same instant my horse suddenly fell with me, and bore me to the ground along with him.

With this wound the baron's services concluded. His sufferings on the field, the opportune arrival of his brave Red Mantles, his agony under removal and operation, his being tended by a hostile yet benevolent Magyar family, his escape, capture by the Poles, and rescue by the Russians, give to the concluding portions of the work all the interest of the most highly-wrought romance.

MRS. MARSH'S WILMINGTONS.*

"It is a trite observation," says Mrs. Marsh, "and yet one of those which it does not seem useless perpetually to reiterate—how great is the extent of mischief produced by the indulgence of what are commonly called, and what people are more especially inclined to call in themselves—venial faults." It might, perhaps, be equally useful to ponder occasionally upon the extent to which we sometimes consider our own faults venial or excusable; and how little of the same elastic charity we show to the faults of others.

So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip,

says one great master of the human heart; and in a remarkable instance in modern times of guilt sought to be palliated, it has been but too truly observed that "the force of self-deception is the most astonishing of all forces." Who ever came across another man in life whose opinion of himself was guaranteed by the universal admission of society, or even by the more select assents of his intimate friends?

"The Wilmingtons" are not the only characters in this clever story whose so-called venial faults are made to stand out in pretty bold relief. The vanity of the purse-proud upstart, Wilmington, is not more annoying than the stubborn pride of the son, carried so far as even to be on the verge of sacrificing his life and a beloved wife—the wife who had displeased her proud and worldly family by marrying him—the heroine of the story, and one of those exquisite and devoted women whom few imagine more delicately, or paint better, than the author of the "Two Old Men's Tales," for the sake of weak unprincipled parents. We cannot conceive that filial duty ought to imply either the abetting of vice or connivance in criminality. There are duties as high as even what are owed to a parent, and those are what are due to others, to ourselves, and to the Creator of all.

There are, strictly speaking, two sets of characters in this story: people of birth, and money-making people. The old duchess is a beautiful picture, painted like many others in the book, evidently from life and *con amore*. Lord George Tempest, at first a repulsive character, undergoes a change, the causes of which do not come out clearly. Of the other class, we have the Wilmingtons, the heavy worldly Jones, the cold selfish Estcourt, the vulgar Emerson and his vain vicious daughter, and the ill-treated Craiglethorpe. To us, we have said, Harry Wilmington's character is not a satisfactory one—it is more what a woman and a mother would imagine to be the beau-ideal of a boy and man, than what Providence in his high wisdom has intended either to be. Take for example Harry and his friend Selwyn—the latter also a lady's pet:—

Harry loved Selwyn with his whole heart; there was something particularly attractive to a man of his disposition, in the very delicacy of health which rendered Selwyn little acceptable to most youths of his age. Harry was by nature little inclined or fitted to take a share in the stirring amusements common to young men. He was neither a hunter, nor a cricketer, nor a boater. And Selwyn was, by the extreme delicacy of his constitution, equally incapacitated. The two boys, when at school, whilst the rest were engaged in their noisy sports, might be seen sauntering together, under the alders and willows which fringed a rapid and glassy river that ran by the play-ground.

The other boys would laugh at these two, who lived by the river-side without

* The Wilmingtons. A novel. By the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Emilia Wyndham," &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

ever thinking of being fishermen; took no delight in impaling a miserable worm, and were not dexterous enough to cast a fly; but so long as they were together they heeded it not; they had courage enough to stand the laugh.

Sometimes, however, Harry stands out even as a youth in a more favourable light. Witness the fair Flavia asking to be introduced to the poor Treman's mother and daughter:—

"Would that girl dislike to be acquainted with me?" asked the beautiful girl of her lover. "Make me acquainted with sorrow."

He hesitated.

"Would she dislike it?" said Flavia, a little surprised; for she had been too much flattered not to believe that the honour of an introduction to her must be gratifying to any one.

"You would not understand each other. You belong to distant spheres. If you were to talk to her you would find all your poetic imagination vanish. Her mind and her heart are as I have described them; but you would be disgusted with her h's. A person may feel most tenderly and most generously, yet put an h in the wrong place—but who could retain an interest in them on finding it so?"

This is not a little sarcastic on the part of the boy-girl, Harry Wilmington, who we need scarcely say comes out almost as a man, when the bubble of Melwyn Mine burst and his father was ruined, and as before hinted at as more than a man when his father's guilt involves the sacrifice of son and daughter. The story, however, with a few faults of a feminine pen, displays abundantly the same talent as have won so large a share of popularity to the author. The characters are sketched with great talent, the incidents are described with vigour and effect, and, above all, the workings of the heart are wrought out in earnest, passionate language. There is no falling off in "The Wilmingtons," it contains scenes which revive the most touching things of the first of the series—the "Two Old Men's Tales."

THE PURPOSE OF EXISTENCE.*

THE author's idea is, that progression, or the evolution of mind and of matter, is the end of being, the purpose of the great First Cause, in ordaining and maintaining that series of secondary causes and effects which we call creation. It is a beautiful idea, and chimes in well with the teachings of higher authority, that this is but a state of probation and trial. In detailing the progress of error and corruption in which every individual is involved in the present state of society in the progress to perfection, or to freedom from the trammels of the flesh, the author mingles up, however, much that is puerile and absurd with much that is true and calculated to remove prejudices. In attacking also received opinions (not prejudices), he is often weak, never more so than when, with scarcely a shadow of an argument, he would induce the reader to believe that our Saviour lived after the descent from the cross. Subjects of such vast import should not be lightly handled. But apart from faults almost inseparable from inquiries of such a perplexed nature, and which will bring down upon their author no small share of opprobrium, there is much in his work to awaken thought, to enlarge the heart, to shake prejudice, and to improve man by arousing him to a just sense of the superiority of the future over the struggles and worldliness of all things—even forms of religion—as in vogue in this world of probation.

* The Purpose of Existence, popularly considered, in relation to the Origin and Development and Destiny of the Human Mind. John Chapman.

THE COURT AND REIGN OF FRANCIS THE FIRST.*

AMONGST those whom the world has delighted to honour, Francis the First of France stands conspicuous. Few monarchs, after their decease, have enjoyed a larger share of approbation, and few have deserved it less. A handsome person, unquestioned physical courage, profuse habits, a taste for display and the patronage which he gave to arts and letters, have made Francis the *beau idéal* of a hero of romance, and surrounded his name with a halo which, at a distance, has been mistaken for glory, but which, on a closer examination, proves only an *ignis fatuus* — a meteor “that shines but to betray.” Until the present century, almost all the French biographers and historians encouraged this delusion, induced thereto, there is no doubt, by the national *penchant* to identify themselves with whatever of renown attaches to the memory of their popular rulers. Dulaure, however, that uncompromising democrat, had the boldness to speak of the “Roi-chevalier” in terms which, heard for the first time, must have sounded strange to people’s ears:—

“Il voulut être magnifique,” he says, “il fut dissipateur du bien de ses sujets; paraître religieux, il fut persécuteur; être galant, il fut débauché; être guerrier, il fut souvent battu et fait prisonnier; être protecteur de lettres, et il tyrannisa la plupart de ceux qui les cultivaient. Les actions de ce roi ressemblent à une scène théâtrale dont les décorations, sous un point de vue, en imposant aux yeux, excitent l’admiration; et qui, considérées sous une face opposée, ne présentent plus qu’un hideux spectacle.”

Miss Pardoe, the first to present the life of Francis in a *complete* form in English, has spoken the truth with a courage equal to that of the French historian, but with a calmness and impartiality which he has not shown. Refusing admiration to nothing that was worthy of exciting it in the character and conduct of the king, she has concealed none of the vices of his disposition, none of the errors or cruelties of his policy; but earnestly searching after truth and candidly exposing what she has discovered, has told a plain unvarnished story, in which we may behold the *vera effigies* of the monarch whose portrait is now, for the first time, faithfully painted,

In the preface to her interesting volumes, Miss Pardoe lays down this text, whose truth she afterwards abundantly justifies:—

“The glorious day of Marignano,” she says, “saw the rising, and that of Pavia the setting, of his fame as a soldier. . . . The early and unregretted death of one of his neglected queens, and the heart-broken endurance of the other, contrasted with the unbounded influence of his first favourite, and the insolent arrogance of his second, will sufficiently demonstrate his character as a husband. His open and illegal oppression of an over-taxed and suffering people, to satisfy the cravings of an extortionate and licentious court, will suffice to disclose his character as a monarch; while the reckless indifference with which he falsified his political pledges, abandoned his allies in their extremity in order to further his own interests, and sacrificed the welfare of his kingdom and the safety of his armies to his own puerile vanity, will complete a picture by no means calculated to elicit one regret that his reign was not prolonged.”

* The Court and Reign of Francis the First, King of France. By Miss Pardoe, author of “Louis XIV.,” “The City of the Sultan,” &c. 2 vols. Bentley.

Add to this the stigma of unexampled cruelty towards those who professed the reformed faith, and the picture is more nearly finished; the only regret being that his reign was even prolonged so far.

It was a difficult task to which Miss Pardoe addressed herself when she prepared to write the history of a king so dissolute as Francis I., whom even his apologist, Brantôme, cannot defend from the charge of being the corruptor of the morals of his court, and whose name is a type of the most infamous licentiousness; but we are bound at once to say, in reference to this matter, that she has executed it most skilfully; for while she has omitted nothing that was necessary to be told, her prudent reserve has passed over all those details a too literal exposition of which could only have shocked while it added little that was requisite for the information of the reader. This difficulty overcome, the life and reign of Francis, his military and political career, afford a wide field for inquiry, narration, and comment, the period being one of the most interesting in the annals of Europe, and those who flourished in it men worthy of being held in remembrance by all posterity. And here we cannot too highly commend the patient industry, the diligent research, and the careful investigation to which these ample volumes bear witness; nor withhold our praise from the acuteness of discernment, the comprehensiveness of arrangement, and the lucidity of manner with which the materials composing them have been examined, selected, and placed before the public.

In the course of our critical task, with the exception of one or two dates wrongly quoted, we have been able to discover no more serious error than the repetition of the story concerning the death of Leonardo da Vinci in the arms of Francis, which has obtained such general currency, and for the truth of which so many writers have vouched. We point it out for correction when Miss Pardoe prepares a new edition of her work. The real fact is simply this: At the time of the great Italian's decease, which took place at the Château de Cloux, near Amboise, the king was staying at the palace of St. Germain en Laye, about 150 miles distant, waiting for the *accouchement* of the queen. (*Vide Itinéraire de François Premier, Anno 1519.*) We may also observe that, although Miss Pardoe herself gives no credit to the alleged noble brevity of the letter written by Francis to his mother after the defeat of Pavia, and which it has been the custom to say consisted only of these words, "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur;" it would have been better if, instead of merely referring to Sismondi's denial on the authority of Nicaise Ladam, she had referred to the manuscript-registers of the French Parliament of the 10th of November, 1525, where the letter is given textually.

From our recollection of the portrait of Louise of Savoy, we should by no means be inclined to agree with Miss Pardoe in calling her "eminently beautiful;" neither does Anne of Brittany, who had greater claims to beauty, come exactly under that denomination. A slight error, too, with regard to the age of the Emperor Maximilian, who is spoken of as being "in the decline of life," when he had only attained his thirty-third year, requires correction, as well as that which includes "the Duke of Suffolk" amongst those who fell at the battle of Pavia; and in noticing these we have exhausted all our objections.

We have preferred rather to speak of the tone which Miss Pardoe has adopted towards the principal personage of her work than to give a

resumé of the events of a reign which are, for the most part, very well known. We had, however, purposed to quote some of the most striking passages with which these volumes abound—such, for instance, as the graphic description of the death of Bayard—the tragic scene of De Semblançay's execution—the fate of the beautiful Comtesse de Châteaubriand—the immediate circumstances which led to the defection of the Constable de Bourbon; but we must be content to indicate them only, assuring the reader that his interest in the work will be excited at the opening page, and continue unabated to the last. As an *ouvrage de luxe*, we must add that the numerous portraits which are given are from authentic pictures, and are very well engraved.

MILMAN'S "TASSO."*

Tasso's history is as striking and romantic as his poetry. The materials for writing that history were also unusually ample. The two chief sources are the works of Manso and Serassi, and as a continual corrective to both his own voluminous writings in prose and verse. There are also several good sketches of his life in the various writers on Italian literature—Muratori, Tiraboschi, Ginguené, Sismondi, and others. There is in English, besides the short accounts prefixed to the translations of his "Jerusalem Delivered," and many able articles in encyclopædias, and other works, a life of him in two volumes, quarto, by Dr. Black, of which the author of this life, the Rev. R. Milman, says he was not aware when he first composed his own account.

On referring to that history, Mr. Milman adds, that he found, that while it was drawn in great measure, as all lives of Tasso must be, from much the same sources as are above enumerated, it took so different a view of his character from that previously impressed on the present biographer's mind, and varied so much in many other ways, that he determined to finish his work, as he had undertaken it, especially as Ginguené and Sismondi, and Ranke and Rosini, whose works were the first contemporary, the rest subsequent to Dr. Black's, seem all to bear out the idea entertained by Mr. Milman.

Rosini, above all, Tasso's learned editor, in his essay on the "Loves and Imprisonment of Tasso," appears to demonstrate, with infinite research and legal acumen, the truth of Tasso's noted attachment to Leonora, which Serassi, and after him Dr. Black, call in question. The discovery of some verses of Tasso's in Rome, a little before Rosini wrote, in which Tasso's love is plainly and even *coarsely* described, establishes his conclusion almost, as he observes, to a certainty. If this fact be proved, Mr. Milman justly remarks, the whole aspect of Tasso's misfortunes is at once changed. And on this theory the tangled events of his biography seem to fall naturally and harmoniously into their places.

It will be seen, by this, in what light the changing, restless course of Tasso's history is narrated. That strange and eventful career, leading us from country to country and city to city, conducting us into various and most opposite scenes, hurrying us to and fro from one extreme of life to the other, has presented the author with a fine field for de-

* The Life of Torquato Tasso. By the Rev. R. Milman. 2 vols. Colburn.

lineating the aspect, and the manners and feelings, of Italy and the Italians in the latter half of the famous sixteenth century. The picture given of Ferrara and the House of Este, one of the oldest historical families in Europe, is at once learned and brilliant. It reminds the reader of some of the best things of the kind in Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo de Medici."

In endeavouring further to represent the character of the great poet, "sometimes," Mr. Milman says, "unjustly depreciated" (a point open to much discussion), in its true colours, and to narrate the vicissitudes and trials he underwent, Mr. Milman has also undertaken the further task—one open to no animadversion, and certainly to no critical objection—of tracing the effect of these upon the sensitive mind of the persecuted and disappointed poet and courtier, and to show the good purposes to which they were secretly and mercifully directed; thus exhibiting, in "The Life of Tasso," one of those rare examples when genius and a vivid imagination, meeting with disappointment and oppression, are still not hardened into misanthropy and selfishness, but, on the contrary, improved and chastened in the ordeal through which they pass.

OUR GUARDIAN.*

WE have had occasion to speak favourably of the novels of Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel on several occasions. "My Sister Minnie" and "Georgina Hammond," if they do not belong to the first class of composition in our times of high-wrought incident and vigorous delineations of character, would a few years ago have taken rank among the most inoffensive, pleasing, and praiseworthy creations of the world of fiction. "Our Guardian" even improves upon its predecessors by its deep tone of morality, its philosophic searching for the hidden seeds of knowledge and wisdom—the secret and the inner workings of the human heart. It is a story of crossed and passionate love, an affecting narrative of the struggles of heart and soul in a world of trial, rewarded by a brief epoch of matrimonial felicity.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.†

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, a name that honours the country to which he belonged, was the son of a farmer in Derbyshire. He began life as a cutter in wood, an art which he soon left off for portrait painting, and that again for modelling and sculpture. The great feature of young Chantrey's character was what his biographer expresses as "undeviating sagacity." With great openness, almost roughness of manner, and a jocular spirit, Chantrey appears to have been endowed with genius without its usual counterbalancing want of worldliness. His first great success was a bust of Horne Tooke, an effort which obtained for him commissions to the amount of 12,000*l*. In 1811 he married his cousin, Miss Wale, and with her he received 10,000*l*., with which money he paid off some debts he had contracted, purchased a house and grounds, and built a studio, and from that time forward his career was one of almost incessant toil and distinguished success.

* Our Guardian. A Novel. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. 3 vols. Newby.

† Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions. By George Jones, R.A. Moxon.

As a proof of Chantrey's exceeding cautiousness, the following anecdote is related:—

Chantrey dining with a large party where a royal personage, fond of being thought free in more than political opinions, was talking in his jocosse tone of the religious principles entertained by various men, and of the different sects into which they were divided, his eye happening to catch that of Chantrey, he said—

"What do you think about all this, Mr. Chantrey? and of what sect shall we call you?"

"Why, sir," said Chantrey, "when I lived in the north, my friends used to call me Derbyshire;" which occasioned a laugh, and terminated the discussion.

In 1819 Chantrey visited Italy, and his criticisms upon art in the chosen country of its adoption, extend through many pages. Comparing the Italian with the English school of painting, he is reported to have said—

The English school has advanced in many of the great qualities necessary to a fine picture, and it will be dangerous to adopt a style subversive of these qualities, and abandon brilliant and harmonious colouring, with great breadth and union of parts, for a drier style, unsuited to the established practice of the country; and it would be better to attend to the admirable remark in one of Mr. Eastlake's distinguished works, namely, "If we are to look to the German, the first quality that invites our attention is their patriotism."

A new style was tried by the French school, under David, and without success; yet certainly the hard and metallic representations of that school were better types of human form, than withered examples of mankind; but the French have become rational in their art, and now they often produce good transcripts of fine nature. Yet it must be allowed, that in the method before alluded to, many good designs, much good drawing, and striking effects were produced, yet it did not recall what we admire—nature; therefore it has been abandoned by that nation replete with talent and ingenuity.

Chantrey received great attentions in his lifetime from no less than three sovereigns. George IV. evinced an affability towards him, which he often mentioned with pleasure:—

Chantrey, in conversing with Sir Henry Russell, remarked that the king was a great master of that first proof of good breeding which consists in putting every one at their ease; for from the throne each word and gesture has its effect. The first day the king said, "Now, Mr. Chantrey, I insist upon your laying aside everything like restraint, both for your own sake and for mine; do here, if you please, just as you would if you were at home." While he was preparing the clay, the king, who continued standing near him, suddenly took off his wig, and holding it out at arm's length, said—

"Now, Mr. Chantrey, which way shall it be, with the wig or without it?" as he did not say what answer he had given, Sir H. Russell asked him.

"Oh! with the wig, if you please, sir." It was my business," he continued, "to exhibit the king as he was known; everybody was accustomed to see him with his wig, and nobody would have known him without it."

It was evident also that Chantrey saw how it would be agreeable to the king to be represented, and he had the good sense, and the good manners, to act according to his majesty's inclination.

The great sculptor was not only hospitable at home and most liberal to all his professional brethren, but he was also at once of an extremely humane and generous disposition. Here is a remarkable example of the latter most honourable feature in his character:—

An intimate friend of his visited Rome some years ago, and as his means of expenditure were very limited, Chantrey thought his want of money might preclude him from the extent of information he might wish to acquire by travel and research; the sculptor adopted the following mode to prevent that deficiency:—

His friend received a visit, whilst in Rome, from one of the firm of Torlonia, by whom he was advised to purchase objects of antiquity and art. These suggestions, from a banker, surprised the traveller, who frankly confessed that if he had the inclination, he had not the supplies requisite for such purposes; on which

the banker told him that he might draw on their house for one thousand pounds. This seemed quite a mistake, until after some discussion respecting the offer, the denial of such credit by the artist, and the affirmation of its existence by the banker, it appeared that Chantrey had placed that sum in the hands of Torlonia for the express and entire use of his friend.

Sir Francis not only loved a joke, but was quick to profit by such :—

Thomson on one occasion, in writing to Chantrey, headed his address by sticking a large red wafer on the paper, and drawing thereon, eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, which, however ridiculous, from the just arrangement of the features and the proportions, gave a lively caricature of the rubicund face of the sculptor. Chantrey used to show this with great delight, and often, instead of signing a jocose and merry letter, would stick a wafer with the features delineated by his own hand.

With Lady Chantrey, he called one morning on a female friend lately arrived in London, and improved in health and *embonpoint*; on seeing her, Chantrey exclaimed, "Dear lady, why you are now all circles," and he sat down, and with a pen drew out a complication of circles, indicative of feminine beauty, with *embonpoint*.

These anecdotes exhibit the sculptor to us in his domestic and most agreeable character. He was also fond of field sports, both shooting and fishing; and the Houghton Fishing Club afforded him great delight: he aided its progress, added to its comfort, hilarity, and sport. He was also an excellent shot, killing once two woodcocks at a shot, an event which is recorded in marble at Holkham. It can be easily imagined that a person, with so many pursuits, and such an active cheerful disposition, was not always exact to his time in regard to works which he undertook to execute. Mr. Leslie relates the following anecdote as illustrative of this :—

"Chantrey told me, that on one of his visits to Oxford, Professor Buckland, now Dean of Westminster, said to him, 'If you will come to me, you shall hear yourself well abused.' He had borrowed a picture of Bishop Heber from the Hall of New College to make a statue from, and having kept it longer than he had promised, the woman, who showed the Hall, was very bitter against him. 'There is no dependence,' she said, 'to be placed on that Chantrey. He is as bad as Sir Thomas Lawrence, who has served me just the same; there is not a pin to choose between them.' She pointed to the empty frame, and said, 'It is many a shilling out of my pocket the picture not being there; they make a great fuss about that statue of—(mentioning one by Chantrey, that had lately been sent to one of the colleges); but we have one by Bacon, which, in my opinion, is twice as good. When Chantrey's statue came, I had ours washed. I used a dozen pails of water, and I am sure I made it look a great deal better than his.' He took out a five-shilling piece, and putting it into her hand, but without letting go, said, 'Look at me, and tell me whether I look like a very bad man.' 'Lord, no, sir.' 'Well, then, I am that Chantrey you are so angry with.' She seemed somewhat disconcerted, but quickly recovering herself, replied, 'And if you are, sir, I have said nothing but what is true,' and he resigned the money into her hand."

Chantrey evidently wrote little. What he did write was consequently either rudely jocose, or serious and business-like. One short example is as good as a hundred to show the sculptor's epistolary style :—

13th Sept., 1826, 3 o'clock.

DEAR JONES,—I want a man of taste (hang taste), I mean judgment, to look over my statue of George IV.

Can you—will you—breakfast here at nine or ten to-morrow? or dine on red herrings at five?

Truly, F. C.

If you are quite ready, you may ride my horse back now.

Partial as Sir F. Chantrey was to all that tended to the grand and colossal in sculpture, he was led to pay great attention to equestrian

statues. He convinced George IV. that the horse standing still was the most dignified attitude for a king, by placing in the sovereign's hand a number of small equestrian figures. Sir Henry Russell relates of him that he said—

"It is very extraordinary that no sculptor, either ancient or modern, has yet attempted to show a horse in repose; and yet it is in repose only that he can be truly represented in marble. You cannot give a lasting duration to that which is in its nature transitory." He was sure it would have a better effect to plant the horse upon all four legs, and to produce a character of energy by the general management of the whole figure. This was evidently a favourite project with him; and he long after carried it into effect. His first equestrian statue, I believe, was that of Sir Thomas Munro, which was sent to Madras. My brother went to see it before it was shipped, with a friend of his, who had been employed under Sir Thomas in India. It was shown to them by Mr. Cunningham, who told them that Sir F. Chantrey, while meditating this statue, had one day said to him, "I hate fine words, particularly mawkish words, like 'sentiment'; but I do not know where to find another to ask you whether you were never struck with the 'sentiment' of a horse standing still in a field, and looking about him: if I can hit that I shall do."

The same authority also relates Sir Francis's opinion upon the models exhibited by the different artists who had entered into competition for the Nelson Monument :—

"Sir Francis himself had not sent in any design; he said he never would enter into competition for any work; it was a school-boy process: but his mind was evidently full of the subject. Almost immediately after my brother went in, 'So,' he said, 'we are to have a column for the Nelson Monument; they are all wrong, and I have told them so. I do not mean to say that a column is not a fine thing; in itself it is a very fine thing; the taste of ages has proved that it is so, and any man would be a fool who attempted to deny it. But is it a thing suited to your purpose? Now what is your purpose? To perpetuate the memory of a great man. Then durability is the quality you should look for. Those gimcrack things you say you have been to see of stone and metal combined, will never stand; the stone and metal will never hold together. Make a column as solid as you will, make it of blocks of stone piled like Dutch cheeses upon one another, still the stone will crumble, and vegetation will take place in the joints. Besides, columns have got vulgarised in this country. The steam chimneys in every smoky manufacturing town supply you with columns by the dozen. In a country like Egypt it is quite a different thing. A column or an obelisk is a fine object there; with a flat all round you, as far as your eye can reach, you are glad of anything to break the uniformity of the long straight line that joins the earth to the sky, and you can see them fifty miles off; but huddled in such a town as London, a column will be lost. It will give you a crick in your neck to look up at it. By the bye,' he said, 'did you ever see my obelisk?' My brother told him he had not. 'Then put on your hat,' he said, 'and come along with me.' They walked together to a short distance, and as they went, Sir Francis told him that a neighbour of his had consulted him about a chimney for a steam-engine that he was going to build. Now, he said, a chimney must be tall, and it must be slender; and the advice he had given was, that the best models of antiquity having those qualities should be resorted to; but by this time they had reached a spot from which Sir Francis pointed to an obelisk. 'There,' he said, 'that is my chimney; it is 180 feet high, and of exactly the same proportions as Cleopatra's Needle. It is the most beautiful chimney in England, and I may say so, as I did not design it, but though I did not design it, at least I knew where to look for it.' He said he had been consulted about a column of Portland stone, and had been asked whether it would much obstruct the view in Trafalgar-square? 'Why no,' he had said, 'I do not think it will obstruct the view much, and at all events, if it is made of Portland stone, it will not obstruct it long.' The idea of durability had taken possession of his mind as the first and greatest quality to be sought for in a national monument. 'As you know,' he said, 'the tanner is always for leather. I have told them that a bronze statue of Nelson is what they ought to raise. Nothing will destroy a bronze statue but

violence. Let it be as fine and as large a statue as your money will afford, and you may put it upon a granite pedestal.' On one occasion, speaking of allegory, Chantrey said, 'I hate allegory, it is a clumsy way of telling a story. You may put a book on the lap of one female, and call her History; a pair of compasses in the hand of another, and call her Science; and a trumpet to the mouth of a third, and call her Fame, or Victory. But these are imaginary beings that we have nothing in common with, and dress them out as you will for the eye, they can never touch the heart; all our feelings are with men like ourselves. To produce any real effect, we must copy man, we must represent his actions, and display his emotions.' This was the rule that he always had steadily in view. I do not remember that, in any of his monuments, he has adopted even the figure of an angel. He was always sparing in the use of emblems; except now and then the Bible, flowers, and his own beautiful image of the broken lily for a child."

A LETTER TO THE QUEEN ON A LATE COURT-MARTIAL.*

MR. WARREN acted in a professional capacity for Captain Douglas, the victim, it would appear, of unjust accusations; and failing in that capacity to vindicate his client, he has of his own accord and at his own expense published this letter, in order, if possible, to obtain redress for a ruined gentleman. In doing this Mr. Warren has had to disclose what appeared, not only to him, but to some of the most eminent lawyers in the kingdom, to whom his letter has been submitted for dispassionate examination, an almost unparalleled series of substantial errors in the conduct of professedly legal proceedings—errors which have led to the ruin of a deeply-injured British officer, whom the author believes to be altogether innocent of the supposed offences for which he has been ruthlessly driven with ignominy from her Majesty's Service. Mr. Warren believes this case to afford overwhelming evidence that our system of military jurisprudence, which has long been the source of wide-spread and deeply-felt dissatisfaction, requires prompt but considerate revision. This we believe is now an opinion so generally entertained, that we sincerely hope his exposures and the practical suggestions by which they are followed up may be the forerunners of some immediate change.

THE PEER'S DAUGHTERS.†

AMID strange lucubrations about pre-existence, and other occult mysterious questions, in which the apocrypha and ladies love to indulge, but which more modest writers carefully eschew, there is much to amuse and interest the reader in this last novel of Lady Bulwer Lytton. The scene opens at the court of Louis XV., and among other *sommités aristocratiques* we are introduced to that "mosaic of bigotry and family pride," the Maréchale de Noailles, of whom it is related, that she commenced a correspondence with the Virgin Mary, which her confessor, to humour her, used to reply to under the name of her celestial correspondent, which greatly charmed the Maréchale, till one day, in a paroxysm of family pride, she took occasion to observe to one of her friends "*Que la sainte*

* A Letter to the Queen on a late Court-Martial. By Samuel Warren, F.R.S., Barrister at Law. William Blackwood and Sons.

† The Peer's Daughters. A Novel. By Lady Bulwer Lytton. Author of "Cheveley." 3 vols. Newby.

vièrge was a little too familiar "*pour une petite bourgeoise de Nazareth* !" putting *ma chère Martéchale à la troisième ligne* !

We are next transferred to Madame de Pompadour's, at that time *dans sa jeunesse*, and "before her skin had grown as yellow as her hair," and who resided at the Elysée Bourbon, now the residence of Louis Napoleon; there we have bantering of wit between two personages of no less importance than Voltaire and the king. *Graille, loche, salope, torchon, chiffeloque* were among the elegant names of endearment lavished on his favourites by Louis Quinze; and no wonder, remarked the philosopher of Ferney, that so much elegant simplicity reigned, when "our *petites mattresses* and our *talons rouges* study elocution and the graces at *Ramponneau's*. The name is prophetic, for in the very next chapter we are introduced to the orgies of the "Tambour Royal," the fashionable cabaret of the time, kept by honest Ramponneau and his fable better-half, Margot—once the protected of L'Autre, as Madame de Chateauroux was called ever after it had got abroad that Dagé, the famous coiffeur of that time (whom Louis Quinze was almost obliged to treat with, as from one sovereign power to another, to insure his attendance), being one day more than usually late at Madame de Pompadour's levée, she rashly ventured to ask him how it was that he had first acquired such an immense vogue? To which he replied with consummate fatuity and the most exasperating *sang froid*, as he nonchalantly passed the comb through the favourite's hair, accompanying the act by a shrug of the shoulders, "*C'est que je coiffais L'Autre.*" Dagé turns out to be a philanthropic barber in the course of the narrative—a narrative of so disjointed and so complicated a character, enacted in part in France, in part in England, and aided in its progress by such marvellously supernatural machinery, that it is impossible to convey even a remote idea of its bearings, except, perhaps, by a reference to A. Dumas's "Memoirs of a Physician."

THE PETREL.*

THE Petrel is a capital sea-story, and its author is understood to be Admiral Fisher, who commanded the blockade at Alexandria in 1840. The young gentlemen of the taut little cruiser, Tandy, Darby Darcie, and Somers, are clever sketches of daring, reckless, fine-hearted, young English midshipmen. Herbert, the lieutenant, is a whit too sentimental for a sailor; and the captain and doctor, dabblers in a school of philosophy, in which they may truly be said to be at sea. The landing on the desert coast of Mozambique in search of water, the tumbling down of the great boulder which had puzzled the nautical philosophers so much, and the narrow escape of Tandy, make an excellent opening and no less pleasant introduction to Chou-chou, the most original character in the work; but when scapegrace Tandy falls into the "lion's mouth," as Darby would relate in his version of an eventful night-hunt on the African coast, we are prepared, like Chou himself, to give over our allegiance to the boy, and make him at once the hero of the story. It is not so, however. There are a mother and a sister of Darcie on board the *Thames*, a large Indiaman, bound up the Mozambique channel,

* The Petrel: a Tale of the Sea. By a Naval Officer. 3 vols. Colburn.

and destined to be beset there by a party of *ce qu'il y a de plus rouge*—terrible red-handed pirates, with a blood red flag. The *Thames* resisted gallantly for a time, but before the boats that bore the brave Petrels, headed by a lover (Herbert) and a brother (Darby Darcie), could come to the rescue, the ladies and their valetudinarian, yet courageous defenders, had been obliged to take to the boats, and the final rescue was only effected, and that with the usual poetical propriety, just at the nick of time in a cavern on shore. We must not, however, tell the story of the *Petrel*. She was, according to all accounts, a beautiful little craft, her tall and slender spars tapering to a point, and, leaning rakishly aft, her wide-spread yards decreasing in beautiful proportion to the masts they crossed, ever ready to expand her white wings to the breeze, whilst her cordage so taut, so straight, so slender, was in beautiful harmony with all around. She was manned also by hearts as gallant as ever beat upon the wide ocean, and her proceedings and adventures were well worth being chronicled, whether as an example or as a pleasant record of past services and experiences.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

MR. ROBERT SNOW has put forth an excellent version of Gresset's *Vert-Vert*, the well-taught parrot of the nunnery of Nevers, which unfortunately lost its sense of propriety on a voyage to Nantes. There is a neatness, delicacy, and refinement in the humour of this poem, which cannot but render it generally acceptable.—Ebenezer Elliott, better known as the Corn-law Rhymers, is defunct; but it seems he has left good stuff behind him, in the shape of *Prose and Verse*, of his straight-forward bluff declamatory character, but imbued with a homely earnestness, which, no doubt, contributed to the author's great popularity. The bard of the commonalty did not think small beer of himself. He claimed to have been the pioneer of the greatest, the most beneficial, the only crimeless revolution which man has yet seen. He claimed to be the poet of that revolution—the bard of Free-trade, and through it the bard of universal peace. He denounced “bets, bubbles, and banking.” As to railway meetings, he designated such “a drama of horrors, compared with some of the actors in which Rush (the wretch who paid himself in blood for unexhausted improvements) was a stainless angel!” And lastly, what must have been to him the most satisfactory of all, he claimed that his children and theirs should know that he did his duty, while others were supine.—*Composition, Literary and Rhetorical*, simplified by the Rev. D. Williams, M.A., is a little work adapted as much for the grown up as the young, for it contains valuable instruction on purity and propriety of expression, and on the nature and qualities of style, important points that are far too generally neglected.—*Phrenology and Religion go Hand-in-Hand*, by Ann Rose Wood, is a well-intentioned attempt to prove that Revelation confirms the phrenological doctrine of a variety of mental endowments. The quotations are very apt and deserving of consideration.—We have also received the first volume of the *Home Circle*, a very delightful and very cheap publication, to which Miss Agnes Strickland, Mrs. Newton Crosland, Mrs. White, the Hon. Julia Maynard, and many other clever writers, are contributors. We recommend the work, which is published weekly, strongly to our lady readers.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

G O D I V A.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER, OF EDINBURGH.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

JOHN HUNTER, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse, and lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest naked deed was clothed in saintliest beauty.

Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly abide;
He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds it turn'd aside;
His lady, to remove the toll that makes the land forlorn,
Will surely ride through Coventry, naked as she was born:
She said—The people will be kind; they love a gentle deed;
They piously will turn from me, nor shame a friend in need.

Earl Lefric, half in holy dread, and half in loving care,
Hath bade the people all keep close, in penitence and prayer;
The windows are fast boarded up; nor hath a sound been heard
Since yester-eve, save household dog, or latest summer bird;
Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals to go,
Which is to last till all be past, to let obedience know.

March.—VOL. LXXXVIII. NO. CCCLL.

The mass is said ; the priest hath bless'd the lady's pious will ;
Then down the stairs she comes undress'd, but in a mantle still ;
Her ladies are about her close, like mist about a star ;
She speaks some little cheerful words, but knows not what they are ;
The door is pass'd ; the saddle press'd ; her body feels the air ;
Then down they let, from out its net, her locks of piteous hair.

Oh, then how every list'ner feels, the palfrey's foot that hears !
The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and brave in tears ;
The poorest that were most in need of what the lady did,
Deem her a blessed creature born to rescue men forbid :
He that had said they could have died for her beloved sake,
Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death frights not old Heart-ache.

Sweet saint ! No shameless brow was hers, who could not bear to see,
For thinking of her happier lot, the pine of poverty :
No unaccustom'd deed she did, in scorn of custom's self,
She that but wish'd the daily bread upon the poor man's shelf :
Naked she went, to clothe the naked. New she was, and bold,
Only because she held the laws which Mercy preach'd of old.

They say she blush'd to be beheld e'en of her ladies' eyes ;
Then took her way with downward look, and brief, bewilder'd sighs.
A downward look ; a beating heart ; a sense of the new, vast,
Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every door she pass'd ;
A pray'r, a tear, a constant mind, a listening ear that glow'd,
These we may dare to fancy there, on that religious road.

But who shall blind his heart with more ? Who dare, with lavish guess,
Refuse the grace she hoped of us, in her divine distress ?
In fancy still she holds her way, for ever pacing on,
The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the shame unbreath'd upon ;
The step, that upon Duty's ear is growing more and more,
Though yet, alas ! it hath to pass by many a scorner's door.

MUSINGS IN MY STUDY.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETTYE HOUSE," &c.

As there are many way-side flowers scarcely worth gathering individually, which would nevertheless contribute to the beauty of a nosegay, so do spring up in the mind many thoughts of trifling separate value which may be well worth collecting into a posy.

FULTON.

A CONGREGATIONAL UNIT.

IN Ireland the Protestant Church has been supported by the state, even as a hanging man is sustained by the rope, until it has become a corpse. We have pampered it into an atrophy, enriched it into a spiritual bankruptcy, and giving it new powers for collecting the faithful into its bosom, until it has nearly lost all its congregations. We have propped it with buttresses from without, not columns from within, and the more we thus bolster it, the more one-sided it becomes: while its Roman Catholic opponent, wanting all these privileges, aids, and revenues, has spread its roots far and wide, and flourishes like a larch tree, which attains the most rapid growth and the most robust habit in the poorest soil.

Swift, it is said, finding one Sunday that his clerk formed his whole congregation, began service with the words, "Dearly beloved Roger," &c.; an anecdote which has been treated as a mere joke, though a recent occurrence shows that it may be taken *au pied de la lettre*.—An English traveller, learning on his arrival at an Irish town that an old brother collegian was doing duty as a curate in the vicinity, invited him to breakfast on the following morning, which happened to be the Sabbath, stating that his intended departure did not leave him the choice of any other day. The invitation was declined, spiritual duties being urged as the reason of its refusal; notwithstanding which, the reverend gentleman made his appearance at the breakfast-table, and, in answer to the question, "What's the meaning of this?" he quietly replied "She's not well to-day."

"*She's not well!* *who* is not well?"

"My congregation! No one ever attends my church except the clerk's wife, and as she is very poorly this morning, we have no service."

DERIVATION OF THE WORD CHURCH.

Written and spoken words are visible and audible thought. Words, however, are not only the signs of ideas, but sometimes the representatives of things, so that etymology may be said to include many other "ologies," a comprehensiveness to which Dr. Johnson did not advert when he derived the word Church from the Greek KURIÁKĒ. It is assignable to the Celtic Kir-rock, or round of stones, within whose circle, itself a symbol of unity and eternity, the Druids solemnised their religious rites. In the contracted sound of Kirk the word is still retained in the North, though with us Southerners it is softened into Church. We may therefore say, literally as well as metaphorically, that our Church is founded on a rock; and by a curious coincidence a similar paranomasia occurs in the sixteenth chapter and eighteenth verse of St. Matthew.

In point of fact, many of our churches stand upon the site of Druidical circles, others on the remains of Pagan temples ; nor let it be imagined that such localities have been profaned by their antecedents, for every spot is consecrated that has been pressed by the knees of sincere worshippers, whatever may have been their creed. Every religious opinion that has once governed the thoughts and actions of mankind should be sacred in our eyes, for the heart is the real temple, and, where that is honest and devout, the religious feeling is true, though the doctrine may be false and the form idolatrous.

INSCRIPTIONS.

Among the recently-discovered ruins of Termessus Major, on the Pamphylian side of Lycia, in Asia Minor, was found an inscription to the philosopher Plato, carved on a rock in lands untrodden by European feet, and sealed to civilisation since its olden inhabitants passed away. How poor is the fame of this imperishable but long lost memorial compared to the immortality secured by a fragile printed paper! One of the saints said he had rather write his maxims on the hearts of men than on the skins of beasts ; but if he did not commit them to parchment, how were they to find their way to human bosoms ? Rocks crumble and parchment wears out ; no record so indestructible as macerated rags rolled into sheets, however slight their texture. There is even something hallowing in the imperishability of a printed volume.—“A good book,” says Milton, “is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life. We should be wary how we spill the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books.”

Sir Charles Fellowes, while exploring the ruins of Tlos, in Lycia, amid sculptured figures of Bellerophon, Pegasus, the Chimæra, and other fabulous creations of an extinct mythology, encountered one short inscription which, in striking contrast to these imaginary beings, presented a memorial of that real, universal, and ever-existing religion whose temple is the human heart. Slightly, but still legibly, scratched on the wall of an ante-chamber to a rock tomb, were the following words :—“Moschus loves Philiste, the daughter of Demetrius.”—With what a strange evanescence, like the flitting of an apparition, does this Greek lover emerge from the unfathomable abysses of the unknown ! And yet we cannot avoid making guesses at his history. For myself, I feel convinced that his love was thwarted by the pride and avarice of the nobly born and rich old Demetrius. Oh, these unsympathising fathers ! Why else should the poor youth, afraid any longer to make an open avowal of his passion, retire to the solitude of the tombs, and find a pleasure in committing his secret to the wall of a sepulchre ? Solemn and yet soothing must have been his thoughts, after having withdrawn from the bustle of the city, as he thus sate in the presence of the dead, silently meditating upon the charms of the living, and carving this short but affecting confession of his attachment—a love-letter never seen perchance by his mistress, but destined to be discovered, after the lapse of so many centuries, by an English traveller !

No, fair and fond Philiste ! no, tender-hearted Moschus ! not thus can my imagination leave ye. Demetrius died : in due time your marriage was celebrated, making the chief temple echo with your chanted epi-

thalamium; long and happily did ye live together: and finally your bones were deposited, in contiguous urns, within the very sepulchre upon whose walls the living lover had conjoined your names. Did I not feel assured of this, the inscription thus accidentally rescued from oblivion would have left a mournful impression on my heart.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

If an ephemeron, dancing out its hour's existence in the sunbeam, were to alight upon the leaf of an oak which had lasted for 1000 years, what idea could it form of such a duration? And yet the human ephemeron, almost as evanescent as his flying namesake, presumes to assign limits to the processes of nature, and holds the conjectural cycles of the geologists to be incredible, if not culpable assumptions. Are such objectors aware that, by the computation of enlightened astronomers, the period in which the star Mizar revolves round Alcor stretches over 190,000 years, which is the unit or single year of that stupendous system? An inscription on the Egyptian temple of Ypsamboul presumptuously intimates that it was founded for eternity. With what a contemptuous smile might Eternity reply—"I will bury the whole of your colossal pile at the rate of a single grain of sand in 100 years, and I shall then be as young as I am now."

In the British Museum there is a ponderous Theban sarcophagus which was dug up from a depth of 130 feet. It is probable that greater remains of ancient Egypt exist under the sand than above it; and as the same process is still in action, it would seem as if nothing but time were wanting for the ultimate entombment of the Pyramids. When we can calculate the grains necessary for the accomplishment of this purpose, we may attempt to reduce eternity to numbers. Mrs. Somerville estimates that nearly 4,000,000 of years must have been consumed in depositing a single stratum at the bottom of the present seas.

DISINTERESTEDNESS NOT ALWAYS UNSELFISH.

As "true self-love and social are the same," as he who is the best friend to others is generally, however unintentionally, the best friend to himself; as gifts bless the giver, and what we have bestowed is the only wealth we are sure of retaining, it may be said, without a catachresis, that we are selfish even in our unselfishness. But interested results of this kind are only the unsought and uncalculated rewards of our single-heartedness. All morality, in fact, resolves itself into some species of selfishness—into self-preservation, self-instruction, self-government, and in so living for others that others may live for us.

Even the objectionable self-love that leads to self-deception contributes not a little to the happiness of mankind, by prompting us to assign our successes to ourselves, our failures to others; but this, though a pleasant, is an injurious hallucination, since the former, thus construed, increase our vanity, while the latter do not teach us to correct our errors.

LOST STARS.

The Pleiad into which the sorrowing Merope was changed after her death, is by no means the only missing star, several others having disappeared from the firmament which were enumerated even so late as the Catalogue of Flamsted, the first edition of whose "*Historia Coelestis*"

Harrington, in his "*Oceana*," maintaining that political power should always be based upon property, proposes an aristocratical republic as the best of all governments; all elections to be by ballot; and the popular assembly to be confined to the mere determination of measures proposed by the senate, as was the case in the old Venetian Republic.

Polybius, agreeing with Hippodamus, one of the ancient sages, asserts that all political constitutions must observe a general law of growth and decay, as the inevitable condition of man and his institutions.

Plato first conceived the idea of a providential arrangement of human society; but if we may judge by recent occurrences, man is left in the free, but self-punishing indulgence of his own political vagaries; and a looker-on would be rather tempted to exclaim with Shakspeare—"Thus do we play the fool with time, while the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us." Luckily, however, for our posterity, it is only with the present time that we can play the fool; while, therefore, we go not so far in our optimism as to adopt Condorcet's theory of human perfectibility, nor in an opposite direction as to agree with Voltaire in his "*Candide*," we may confidently believe that whatever may be the temporary fluctuations in the career of the human race, it must have been destined by a beneficent Deity to an ultimate progression and elevation.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

No. III.

M A R C H.

By J. E. CARPENTER, Esq.

HURRAH! hurrah! for the bold March wind!
 He scatters the noisome mists behind;
 The lowliest shrub, and the branches tall,
 The valley, the mountain—he searcheth them all!
 Through every cranny, in every nook,
 Over the ocean, and over the brook,
 All round the castle, and all through the cot,
 Where is the place where his breath cometh not?
 Cruel he seemeth, but yet is he kind,
 For there's vigour and health in the bold March wind!
 Hurrah! hurrah! for the bold March wind!
 Foe to diseases of every kind.
 See how the branches, if rotten and bare,
 He scatters and snaps, and then flings in the air:
 See how he raises a dust in the street,
 Scorning distinction, whose'er he may meet.
 Yet there is health, there is life, in his frown,
 As he blusters and blows through each hamlet and town.
 Cruel he seemeth, but nothing's so kind
 As the vigorous, health-giving, bold March wind!

THE CRUISE OF THE "FROLIC."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "YACHTING FREAKS."

CHAPTER I.

A YACHTSMAN'S LAMENT.

WHAT yachtsman can ever forget the beautiful scene Cowes Roads presented on a regatta morning in the palmy days of the club, when the broad pennant of its noble commodore flew at the mast-head of his gallant little ship the *Falcon*, and numberless beautiful craft, of all rigs and sizes, with the white ensign of St. George at their peaks and the red cross and crown in their snowy burgees aloft, willingly followed the orders of their honoured leader. Then the red and blue flags, with various devices, since borne as the insignia of many successful competitors, were unknown; or the parent so proudly shone pre-eminent, that their twinkling lights were completely eclipsed. Then, from far and near, assembled yachts and pleasure-boats, of all degrees, loaded with eager passengers to witness the regatta; and no puffing, blowing, smoking, rattling steamers came to create discord on the ocean, and to interfere with the time-honoured monopoly of the wind in propelling vessels across the watery plain. Bad luck to the man whose impertinently-inquisitive brain could not let the lid of his tea-kettle move up and down at its pleasure without wanting to know the cause of the phenomenon! Worse luck to him who insisted on boiling salt water on the realms of Old Neptune! Stern enemy to the romance and poetry of a life on the ocean! Could you not be content to make carriages go along at the rate of forty miles an hour over the hard land, without sending your noisy, impudent demagogues of machines to plough up the waves of the sea, which have already quite enough to do when their lawful agitator thinks fit to exert his influence? Vile innovator! may your republican spirit attempt to cross the Styx in a craft no better fitted for the voyage than a halfpenny Thames steamer! May you be as sick as a dog before you get half-way over! May Old Charon be as drunk as a lord, and, lashing down the safety-valve, blow you up into the murky atmosphere ere you catch a glimpse of the Elysian fields! Avaunt! the very thought of you and your misdeeds makes my head ache as much as the rattle of one of your own infernal screechers, with their ceaseless paddle, paddle, paddle, across the Bay of Biscay. But to return to Cowes, ere the sun of its glory had set. It was a work of no slight difficulty and risk to cruise in and out among the innumerable craft at anchor, and dodging about under sail, just when the yachts were preparing to start. I doubt whether many of your "turn-ahead and back her" mariners, with their chimney-sweep faces, would possess seamanship enough to perform the feat without fouling each other every instant. But there I am again, still harping on the smoke-jacks. Back, memory! back, once more to the days of my youth. Those were yachting days. The Solent sea was proud of her progeny; no long voyagers gadding off to distant realms, truants from their home, and leaving their honoured

parent deserted and forlorn. The morning sun rose over the Nab and descended behind the Needles, their snowy canvas still glistening in its beams. If they wished to cruise to the westward, the ebb enabled them to enjoy a view of Scratchell's Bay and Freshwater Gate, and the flood brought them back again in time for dinner, or at the latest for tea. When the Culver Cliffs and Shanklin they wished to view, with the first of the flood they got under weigh, and, ere the ebb had ceased to make, they were again safe at their accustomed moorings, or, when rude gales agitated the water, snugly at anchor well up the tranquil harbour. But it is of the regatta I am treating. While afloat all was movement, gaiety, and excitement, there was not less animation on shore. The awning of the club-house shaded crowds of gay visitors; and on the broad esplanade in front of it were drawn up the carriages-and-four of the noble house of Holmes and those of Barrington and Simeon, with blood-red hands emblazoned on their crests; while, in like style, some might by chance come over from Appuldercombe, and others of equal rank from the east and the west end of the island; and thus, what with booths of gingerbread and bands of music, scarcely standing-room was to be found on the quays during the day, while every hotel and lodging was overflowing at night. And then the ball! What lofty rank—what a galaxy of beauty was to be seen there! And the fireworks! what a splutter—what a galaxy of bright stars they afforded. Alas! alas! how have they faded! how have they gone out! The pride of Cowes has departed—its monopoly is no more—its regattas and its balls are both equalled, if not surpassed, by its younger rivals! "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis." And yet, though I carry a different flag at my mast-head, I rejoice not at the change—I lament.

CHAPTER II.

THE "FROLIC" AND THE FROLICKERS.

Of the past year I sing. Friday, the 16th of August, was the first day of the Cowes Regatta. The morning broke fair and lovely, then down came the rain in torrents to disappoint the hopes of the pleasure-seekers, like the clouds which at every turn beset our path in life; but again, as they do happily in our mortal course, the clouds passed away, and the sun shone forth bright, warm, and cheering; a light air sprung up from the westward, and the whole scene on shore and afloat looked animated, joyous, and beautiful. While the rain-drops were still hanging on the trees, a large party of ladies and gentlemen collected on the Yacht Club slip, by the side of which were two gigs, their fine manly crews with their oars in the air ready to receive them. Three or four servants followed laden with cloaks and plaids, to guard against a repetition of the shower; and several white baskets, of no mean proportions, showed that delicacies were provided from the shore which might not be found afloat. Never was a merrier set of people collected together. Cheerful voices and shouts of laughter emanated from them on all sides.

"Who's for the first boat?" sung out Ned Hearty, the owner of the *Frolic*. Ned had tried shooting, hunting, and every other amusement which the brain of man has invented to kill time; and he was now try-

ing yachting, which he seemed to enjoy amazingly, though practically he knew very little about it; but I never met a man, green from the shore, so 'cute in taking in the details of marine affairs. In a week he could box the compass, knew the names of all the sails and most of the ropes of his craft, and had a slight notion of steering, though I'll wager he never 'touched a tiller in his life before. "I say, old fellow," he continued, turning to me—I had joined him the day before, and had taken up my quarters on board for a spell—"do you take charge of the first gig, and see some of the ladies safe on board. Send her back, though, for the two boats won't hold us all, and the Cardiffs and Lorimer have not come down yet."

"Very well; I can stow four ladies and three gentlemen," I answered, stepping into the boat, and offering my hand to Miss Seaton, who was considered the belle of the party by most of the men—at all events she was the most sought after, for she was that loveable thing, an heiress. She took her seat, and looked up with her soft blue eyes to see who was next coming.

"We'll go in the first!"—"We'll go in the first!" exclaimed the two Miss Rattlers, in one breath; and forthwith, without ceremony, they jumped into the boat, disdaining my proffered aid. Fanny Rattler, the eldest, was dark, with fine flashing eyes and a *petite* figure; but Susan was the girl for fun. She had not the slightest pretension to beauty, of which she was well aware; but she did not seem to care a pin about it: and such a tongue for going as she had in her head! and what funny things it said!—the wonder was it had not worn out long ago.

"Who'll come next?" I asked. "Come, Miss May Sandon, will you?" She nodded, and gave her delicate little hand into my rough paw. She was one of three sisters who were about to embark. They were all fair, and very pretty, with elegant figures, and hair with a slight touch of auburn, and yet they were not, wonderful as it may seem, alike in feature. This made them more attractive, and there was no mistaking one for the other. The three gentlemen who presented themselves were Harry Loring, a fine, good-looking fellow, a barrister by profession, but briefless, and the younger son of Sir John and Lady Loring. He was a devoted admirer of Miss Seaton. The next was Sir Francis Futtock, a post-captain, and a right honest old fellow. "Here, I must go, to act propriety among you youngsters," he said, as he stepped into the boat. The third, Will Bubble, the owner of a small yacht called the *Froth*, laid up that year for want, as he confessed, of quick-silver to float her. Will, like many a man of less wisdom, had been, I suspect, indulging in railway speculations, and if he had not actually burnt his fingers, he had found his capital safely locked up in lines which don't pay a dividend. "Shove off!" was the word; and I, seizing the yoke-lines, away we went towards the *Frolic*.

"I say, Sir Francis, take care they behave properly—don't discredit the craft," sung out her owner. "No flirtations, remember, till we get on board—all start fair."

"Hear that, young ladies," said Sir Francis, looking, however, at Miss Seaton, whereat a *soupc on* of rosy tint came into her fair cheek, and her bright eyes glanced at her own delicate feet, while Henry Loring tried to look no-how, and succeeded badly.

"I vote for a mutiny against such restrictions," cried Miss Susan Rattler. "I've no idea of such a thing. Come, Sir Francis, let you and I set the example."

The gallant officer, who had only seen the fair Susan two or three times before, stared a little, and laughingly reminded her that he, as a naval man, should be the last to disobey the orders of the commander-in-chief, "Though faith, madam," he added, "the temptation to do so is very great."

"There, you've begun already with a compliment, Sir Francis," answered Miss Susan, laughing; "I must think of something to say to you in return."

She had not time, however, before the whole party were put in terror of their lives by a large schooner-yacht, which, without rhyme or reason, stood towards the mouth of the harbour, merely for the sake of standing out again, and very nearly ran us down, as she went about just at the moment she should not. We did not particularly bless the master, who stood at the helm with white kid gloves on his hands, one of which touched the tiller, the other held a cambric handkerchief to his nose, the scent of which Bubble declared he could smell as we passed to leeward. Two minutes more took us alongside the *Frolic*. She was a fine cutter of between ninety and a hundred tons; in every respect what a yacht should be, though not a racer; for Ned Hearty liked his ease and his fun too much to pull his vessel to pieces at the very time he most wanted to use her. She did not belong to the squadron, but Ryde owned her, and Ryde was proud of her, and the red burgee of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club flew at her mast-head. The water was perfectly smooth, so the ladies stepped on board without any difficulty, though the Miss Rattlers said they were awfully afraid of showing the heels of their boots. The gentlemen were busily engaged in arranging the cloaks and cushions for the ladies, while the other boats were coming off. In the next came, under charge of Captain Carstairs, who was yachting regularly with Hearty, Mrs. Sandon and two more of her fair daughters. Mamma was a very amiable gentlewoman, and had been a brunette in her youth, not wanting in prettiness probably.

Then came a Mrs. Nugent, a widow, pretty, youngish, that is to say not much beyond thirty, and with a good jointure at her own disposal; and a very tall young lady, Miss Mary Masthead by name, a regular jolly girl though, who bid fair to rival the Rattlers. Then there was Master Henry Flareup perched in the bows, a precocious young gentleman, waiting for his commission, and addicted to smoking, not a bad boy in the main however, and full of good-nature; and aft was Dick O'Swiggins, the owner of a craft which he had christened the *Baroness of Grog-strong-enough*. Dick had selected the rather uneuphonious name in compliment to a German baroness of surpassing beauty, whom he swore had fallen desperately in love with him at some watering-place where he had encountered her. It was a pleasing hallucination under which he laboured, and as it evidently increased his happiness, every one pretended to believe his assertion. Hearty himself came off last with what might be considered the aristocracy of the party—Lady and Miss Cardiff, Lord Lorimer, and the Honourable Mrs. Topgallant, and with them was young Sandon, an Oxonian, and going into a cavalry regiment. Her ladyship was one

of those persons who look well and act well, and against whom no one can say a word; while Clara Cardiff was a general favourite with all sensible men, and even the women liked her; she talked a great deal, but never said a silly thing, and, what is more, never uttered an unkind one. She was so incredulous, too, that she never believed a bit of scandal, and (consequently, or rather, for such would not in all cases be the *sequitur*) at all events she never repeated one. She was not exactly pretty, but she had a pair of eyes regular sparklers, which committed a great deal of mischief, though she did not intend it; her figure was *petite* and perfect for her height, and she was full of life and animation. Mrs. Topgallant was proud of her high descent, and a despiser of all those who had wealth, the advantages arising from which they would not allow her to enjoy. It was whispered that her liege lord was hard up in the world—not a very rare circumstance now-a-days. I almost forgot Lord Lorimer. He was a young man—a very good fellow—slightly afraid of being caught, perhaps, and consequently very likely to be so. The Miss Sandons, in their quiet way, set their caps at him; Jane Seaton looked as if she wished he would pay her more attention; and Mrs. Nugent thought his title very pretty; but the Rattler girls knew that he was a cut above them; and Clara Cardiff treated him with the same indifference that she did the rest of the men. Such was the party assembled on board the *Frolic*.

CHAPTER III.

TREATS OF THE REGATTA AND THE DINNER ON BOARD THE "FROLIC."

"WHAT shall we do? Which way shall we go?" was the cry from all hands.

"Accompany the yachts to the eastward, and haul our wind in time to be back before the flood makes," was Will Bubble's suggestion, and it was approved of and acted on.

We watched the yachts starting, and a very pretty sight it was, but I have not the slightest recollection of their names, except that they were mostly those which had sailed before at Ryde. It is the *tout ensemble* of a regatta which makes up the interest: the white sails moving about, the number of craft dressed out with gay colours, the bands of music, the cheers as the winners pass the starting vessel, the eagerness of the men in the boats pulling about with orders, the firing of guns, the crowd on shore, the noise and bustle; and yet no dust, nor heat, nor odours disagreeable as at horse-races, where abominations innumerable take away half the pleasure of the spectacle. A gun was fired for the yachts to take their stations and prepare; a quarter of an hour flew by—another was heard loud booming along the water, and up went the wide folds of canvas like magic—mainsail, gaff-topsail, foresail, and jib altogether. A hand ran aloft to make fast the gaff-topsail-sheet the moment the throat was up, and while they were still swaying away on the peak.

Every man exerts himself to the utmost—what muscular power and activity is displayed! There is not one on board who is not as eager for victory as the owner. What a crowd of canvas each tiny hull supports. What a head to the gaff-top-sail, as long as that of the mainsail itself! And

then the jib, well may it be called a balloon; it looks as if it could lift the vessel out of the water and carry her bodily along—it can only be set when she is going free; another is stopped along the bowsprit ready to hoist as she hauls close up to beat back. Huzza! away glide the beautiful beings—they look as if they had life in them; altogether, not two seconds' difference in setting their sails—a magnificent start! This beats the turf hollow: no slashing and cutting the flanks of the unfortunate horses, no training of the still more miserable jockeys; after all of which, you see a flash of yellow, or green, or blue jackets, and in a few minutes everything is over, and you hear that some horse has won, and some thousands have slipped out of the hands of one set of fools into those of another set, who, if wiser, are perhaps not more respectable. Now consider what science is required to plan a fast yacht, what knowledge to build her, to cut and fashion her canvas, to rig her. What skill and hardihood in master and crew to sail her. What fine manly qualities are drawn out by the life they lead. Again, I say, Huzza for yachting!

Away glided the *Frolic* from her moorings, as the racing yachts, accompanied with a crowd of others, ran dead before the wind to the eastward through Cowes Roads. The whole Channel appeared covered with a wide spread of canvas, as we saw them stem on with their mainsails over on one side, and their immense square sails boomed out on the other. Everybody on board was pleased, some uttered loud exclamations of delight, even the Miss Sandons smiled. They never expressed their pleasure by any more extravagant method; in fact, they were not given to admiration, however willing to receive it.

I wish two persons to be noted more particularly than the rest—our hero and heroine; for what is a story, however true, without them? They were to be seen at the after-part of the vessel—the one, the fair Jane Seaton, sitting on a pile of cushions, and leaning against the side, while Harry Loring, the other, reclined on a wrap-rascal at her feet, employed in looking up into her bright blue eyes, as she unconsciously pulled to pieces a flower he had taken out of his button-hole and given her.

"Wouldn't it be delightful to take a cruise to the Antipodes?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Just as we are now," he added, "with such a heaven above me." He looked meaningly into her blue eyes.

Sweet Jane blushed, as well she might. What more in the same style he said I don't know, for as she bent her head down, and he put his face into her blue hood, not a word reached me. By-the-by, all the ladies wore blue silk hoods formed after the model of the front of a bathing machine, and they were considered admirable contrivances to help a quiet flirtation, as in the present instance, besides aiding in preserving the complexion.

Hearty was rather bothered. He liked to be making love to some body, and Jane Seaton was a girl so much to his taste, that, as he confessed, he felt rather spooney on her, and had almost made up his mind to try his luck. Foolish Jane! Here was ten thousand a-year ready to throw himself at your feet instead of the penniless youth who had so easily placed himself there. How you would have kicked had you known the truth

"I say, Hearty, can't you find something for all these young people to do to keep them out of mischief?" sung out Sir Francis. "Remember the proverb about idleness. I tremble for the consequences."

"Fie! fie!" said Mrs. Nugent.

"Fie! fie!" echoed Mrs. Topgallant; "I'm ashamed of you."

"We'll try what can be done, Sir Francis," answered Hearty. "Can you, Bubble, devise something?"

"I have it," replied Will; "tablecloths, napkins, towels, and all sorts of household linen came on board yesterday at Portsmouth unhemmed, so I laid in a supply of needles and thread this morning on purpose for the present emergency."

The rogue had put Sir Francis up to making the observation he had done. In a few minutes a number of rolls of various sorts of linen were brought on deck. Some of the damsels protested that they had no needles, and couldn't work and wouldn't work, till Sir Francis slyly suggested that it was a trial to see who would make the most notable wife; and without another objection being offered, all the fair hands were employed in sewing away at a great rate, the gentlemen, meantime, holding their parasols to shade them from the sun. Carstairs was the only exception. He slyly went forward, and taking out pencil and paper made a capital sketch of the various groups, under which he wrote, "All for love," and headed "Distressed Needlewomen;" much to the scandal of those who saw it.

The ladies, old and young, soon got tired of doing anything, and the announcement that dinner would be ready as soon as the company were, was received with evident signs of satisfaction. Hearty was a sensible fellow, and determined to get rid of all bad London habits, so we dined early on board, and then when we got back to port in the evening we used generally to repair to the house of one or other of the guests, and enjoy a meal called by some a glorious tea, by others a yachting tea—in fact, it was something like the supper of our ancestors, with tea and coffee. It mattered, therefore, nothing to us whether we got back at eight, nine, or ten; no one waited dinner for us; indeed Hearty never would undertake to get back in time. I should advise all yachting people to follow the good example thus set them.

By general acclamation it was determined that we should dine on deck, and Sir Francis, Bubble, and some of the more nautical gentlemen, set to work to rig tables, which we accomplished in a very satisfactory manner, and never was a better feast set before a more hungry party of ladies and gentlemen. Champagne was the favourite beverage, and certainly Hearty did not stint his friends in it, though there was no lack of less refined liquors. Sir Francis, of course, proposed the health of Ned Hearty; "and may there soon be a Mrs. Hearty to steady the helm of the *Frolic*!" were the last words of his speech.

Ned got up to return thanks. He looked at Jane Seaton, but she had the front of her bathing machine turned towards Harry Loring, so did not see him. He made a long oration, and concluded by observing,

"How can there be any difficulty in following the advice my gallant friend Sir Francis Futtock has given me, when I see myself surrounded by so many angelic creatures, any one of whom a prince might be proud to make his bride?"

Loud shouts of applause from the gentlemen—odd looks and doubtful smiles from the chaperones—blushes deep from the young ladies—each one

of whom, who was not already in love, thought she should like to become Mrs. Hearty, provided Lord Lorimer did not ask her to become Lady Lorimer; while Henry Flareup was discovered squeezing the hand of Miss Mary Masthead.

"Oh, that I were a prince, then!" whispered Loring into Miss Seaton's blue shade.

Thus passed on the day. If there was not much real wit there was a great deal of hearty laughter, and stores of health and good spirits were laid in for the future. Loring sang some capital songs, so did O'Swiggins. Carstairs spouted, and Bubble floated about, throwing in a word whenever he saw any one silent or looking as if about to become dull; while young Flareup, who was anxious to do his best, laughed loudly for want of any other talent to amuse the company. As the vessels came to haul their wind in order to save the tide back to Cowes, it was curious to observe how they appeared to vanish. One could scarcely tell what had become of the immense crowd we had just before seen astern of us. Scattered far and wide in every direction, there seemed not to be one quarter of the number which were before to be seen. We got back soon after eight o'clock, every one assuring Hearty that they had spent a most delightful day.

CHAPTER IV.

A LONG VOYAGE TO DISTANT LANDS.

"I SAY, old fellows, don't you find this rather slow?" exclaimed Hearty, as one morning Carstairs, Bubble, and I sat at breakfast with him on board the *Frolic*. "What say you to a cruise to the westward, over to the coast of France and the Channel Islands, just for ten days or a fortnight or so?"

"Agreed! agreed! agreed!" we all answered.

"Well, then, to-morrow or next day we sail," said Hearty. "But how can you, Carstairs, tear yourself away from your pretty widow. Bubble, you don't mean to say that you can leave sweet May Sandon without a sigh?"

"A little absence will try the widow; it will teach her to miss me, and she will value me more when I return," was Carstairs' answer. "But you, Bubble, what do you say?" for he did not answer.

Will was guilty of blushing, for I saw the rosy hue appearing even through his sunburnt countenance, though the others did not.

"That is the best thing we can do," he answered, with a loud laugh. "Hurrah for the broad seas, and a rover's free life!"

"I thought so,—I thought there was nothing in it," said Hearty. "Happy dog!—you never fall in love, you never care for any one."

"Ah, no; I laugh, sing, and am merry!" exclaimed Bubble. "It's all very well for you fellows with your five or ten thousand a year to fall in love; you have hope to live on, if nothing else—no insurmountable obstacles; but for poverty-stricken wretches, like me and a dozen more I could name, it can only bring misery: yet, I don't complain of poverty—no cares, no responsibilities; if one has only one's self to look after, it matters little; but should one unhappily meet with some being whom to one's eyes is lovely, towards whom one's heart yearns unconsciously, and one longs to make her one's own, then one begins to feel what poverty really is—then the galling yoke presses on one's neck. Can you then

be surprised that I, and such as I, throw care away, and become the light, frivolous wretches we seem? Hearty, my dear fellow, don't you squander your money, or you will repent it."

Bubble spoke with a feeling for which few would have given him credit. He directly afterwards, however, broke into his usual loud laugh, adding,

"Don't say that I have been moralising, or I may be suspected of incipient insanity."

"Will Bubble have made out a clear case that he cannot be in love, for no one accuses him of being overburdened with the gifts of fortune," I observed, for I saw that he was more in earnest than he would have wished to be supposed. "But do you, Hearty, wish to desert Miss Seaton, and leave the stage clear for Loring?"

"Oh, I never enter the lists with a man who can sing," answered Hearty. "Those imitators of Orpheus have the same winning way about them which their great master possessed. But, at the same time, I'll bet ten to one that the fair Jane never becomes Mrs. Loring. I had a little confab the other day with Madame la Mère, and faith she's about as fierce a she-dragon as ever guarded an enchanted princess from the attempts of knight-errants to rescue her."

"I'll take your bet, and for once stake love against lucre!" exclaimed Bubble, and the bet was booked.

But enough of this. We bade our friends farewell, and, in spite of all their attempts to detain us, we laid in a stock of provisions to last us for a month, and with a fine breeze from the northward actually found our way through the Needles just as the sun was tinging the topmost pinacles of those weather-worn rocks.

As soon as we were through the passage we kept away, and shaped a course for Cherbourg. The wind shifted round soon afterwards to the westward, and I shall not forget the pure refreshing saltness of the breeze which filled our nostrils, and added strength and vigour to our limbs. What a breakfast we ate afterwards. There seemed no end to it. Our caterer had done well to lay in a store of comestibles. Our perfect happiness lasted till nearly noon, and then the wind increased and the sea got up in a most unusual manner. We went below to take luncheon, and we set too in first-rate style, as if there was no such thing as the centre of gravity to be disturbed. Carstairs began to look a little queer.

"Thus far into the bowels of the earth have we marched on without impediment," Shakspeare, 'hum—' he began. He was going to give us the whole speech, but instead, he exclaimed, "Oh, ye gods and little fishes!" and bolted up on deck.

Hearty, the joyous and free, followed, and I had a strong inclination to do the same. I felt as if the cook had mixed ipecacuanha in the sausages we had eaten for breakfast. Bubble laughed, lighted a cigar and sat on the companion-hatch with one leg resting on the deck, the other carelessly dangling down, with the independence of a king on his throne, pitying us. Oh, how we envied him; how we almost hated him, as cigar after cigar disappeared, and still there he sat without a sign of discomposure. At dusk we made the Barfleur Light, and an hour and a half afterwards that of the Breakwater and Cape la Hague, and in little more than another hour we ran in at the western entrance, and anchored near a large French

steamer off the dockyard. Wonderful was the change which smooth water worked on all hands.

"Supper, supper!" was the cry. Even Will did justice to it, though he had had a quiet little dinner by himself, as he informed us in the midst of our agony, off pickled salmon and roast duck, with a gooseberry tart and a bottle of champagne.

We slept like tops, and awoke again to eat, and then to go on shore and be ciceroned by Monsieur le Maginon, a young gentleman who acts as agent to the club, and sells wine. Never have I seen a place so thoroughly as we saw the good town of Cherbourg. Deputies from the Peace Congress should visit the naval arsenal and behold the immense docks which are forming there, and the fine steamers and ships of all sizes building, and humbly request the President to fill up the one and burn the other, as well as to dismantle the fortifications, which are every year increased. We visited a picture gallery full of paintings of naval actions, in all of which the perfidious English were being tremendously thrashed. Among other sights we saw the public baths, with rows of bathing-machines in front of them. There were three sets—one for gentlemen, one for ladies, and one for gentlemen and ladies,—a very French notion. By-the-by, I hope that free trade will not induce us to import French customs as well as French nicknacks. We climbed a hill, from whence we obtained a magnificent view of the harbour; we laid in a stock of Norman caps for our fair friends at Cowes, of wine for ourselves, voted that Cherbourg was a very nasty place, and returned on board. The breakwater is much longer than that of Plymouth, but we piously hoped, from its structure, that it might speedily be rolled away to the bottom, in which wish, of course, we are joined by those merry gentlemen, Cobden, Bright, and Co.

Next morning we sailed with the wind back again to the north-east, and, notwithstanding the little inconveniences we had suffered on the passage across, we heroically determined to run through the Race of Alderney to pay a visit to Jersey. There was a nice breeze, and I must say we were glad there was no more of it, as we ran through the passage between Alderney and the French coast. The water seemed possessed; it tumbled and leaped and twisted and danced in a most extraordinary and unnatural manner, and several seas toppled right down on our decks, and we could not help fancying that some huge fish had jumped on board. However, with a fair wind and a strong tide we were soon through it, nor was there danger of any sort; but from the specimen we had we could judge what it would be in a strongish gale. The wind had got round to the southward of west, and before we had managed to weather Cape Gronez the tide turned against us. Cape Gronez is the north-west point of Jersey, and bears a strong similarity to the nose of Louis Philippe as his portrait is represented in *Punch*. We had an opportunity of judging of it, for, for upwards of an hour, did we beat between it and those enticing rocks called very properly the Paternosters, for if a ship once strikes on them it is to be hoped that the crew, being Roman Catholics, will, if they have time, say their Paternosters before they go to the bottom.

At last, as it came on very thick, we ran back and anchored in a most romantic little cove called Bouley Bay, where we remained all night, hoping the wind would not shift to the northward, and send us on shore. I should advise all timid yachtsmen to keep clear of Jersey, for what

with the rapid tides, and rocks innumerable, it is a very ticklish locality. The next morning we got under weigh at daybreak, and brought up off Elizabeth Castle, which guards the entrance of the harbour of St. Hilliers. I have not time to describe Jersey. I can only recommend all who have not seen it, and wish to enjoy some very beautiful scenery, to go there. Two days more saw us crossing to Torbay, which we reached on the morning of the regatta. Had an artist been employed to carve the cliffs on which Torbay is situated, he could scarcely have made them more picturesque, or added tints more suitable, except perhaps that they are a little more red than one might wish. However, it is a very beautiful place, and admirably suited for a regatta.

The bay before the town was crowded with yachts, and I counted no less than fourteen large schooners, among which I remember the *Brilliant*, which, however, should be called a ship, *Gipsy Queen*, *Dolphin*, *Louisa*, and a vast number of cutters, a large proportion of which were gaily dressed up with flags. The course is round the bay, so that the yachts are in sight the whole time—an advantage possessed by few other places. The *Heroine*, *Cygnets*, and *Cynthia* sailed, but the race was not a good one, as the *Heroine*, driven to windward by her antagonist, ran her bowsprit into one of the mark boats, and another of them moving by mistake, the *Cynthia* did not go round her at all. Notwithstanding this, the sight was as beautiful of its kind as I ever saw. There was a ball at night, to which we went, and we flattered ourselves that four dancing bachelors were not unwelcome. We met a number of acquaintances. Hearty lost his heart for the tenth time since he left London. The Gentle Giant, as the Miss Rattlers called Carstairs, looked out for a charmer, but could find none to surpass Mrs. Nugent. Bubble laughed with all but sighed with none, though Hearty accused him of flirtations innumerable, and I never chronicle my own deeds, however fond I may be of noting those of my friends. However, if we did not break hearts, we passed a very pleasant evening. Hearty invited everybody he knew to come on board the next morning, and we went as far as Dartmouth, and a beautiful sail back we had by moonlight, to the great delight of the romantic portion of the guests. They were a very quiet set of ladies and gentlemen, and more than one sigh was heaved when they had gone on shore for our fast friends at Cowes.

We were present at the Plymouth Regatta, and were going to several other places, when, one day after dinner, Hearty thus gave utterance to his thoughts. We were about a quarter of the way across channel on our passage to the French coast, with a stiffish breeze from the westward, and a chopping sea.

"It seems to me arrant folly that we four bachelors should keep turning up the salt water all the summer, and boxing about from place to place which we don't care to visit, when there are a number of fair ladies at Cowes who are undoubtedly pining for our return."

"My own idea," exclaimed Carstairs.

"Your argument is unanswerable," said Bubble.—I nodded.

"All agreed—then we'll up stick for the Wight," said Hearty, joyfully. "The wind's fair. We shall be there some time to-morrow. Hillo, Jack! beg the master to step below."

This was said to a lad who waited at table and assisted the steward.

Old Spreet, the master, soon made his appearance. He had been a

yachtsman for many years, and previously, if his yarns were to be believed, a smuggler of no mean renown. He was a short man, rather fat, for good living had not been thrown away on him, and very neat and clean in his person, as became the master of a yacht.

"We want to get back to Cowes, Spreet," said Hearty.

"Yes, sir," answered the skipper, well accustomed to sudden changes in the plans of his yachting masters.

"How soon can we get there?" asked Hearty.

"If we keeps away at once, and this here wind holds, early to-morrow; but, if it falls light, not till the afternoon, maybe; and, if it chops round to the eastward, not till next morning," replied Spreet.

"By all means keep away at once, and get there as fast as you can," said Hearty; and the master disappeared from the cabin.

Directly afterwards we heard him call the hands aft to ease off the main sheet, the square-sail and gaff-topsail were set, and, by the comparatively easy motion, we felt that we were running off before the wind. Not a little did it contribute to our comforts in concluding our dinner.

The next day, at noon, saw us safely anchored in Cowes Roads.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARINER'S RETURN.

"THERE'S Mr. Hearty and the Gentle Giant, I declare," exclaimed the melodious voice of Miss Susan Rattler from out of a shrubbery, as my two friends were pacing along on the road towards Egypt to call on Lady Cardiff.

"Oh, the dear men! you don't say so, Susan!" replied her sister.

Bubble and I were close under them, a little in advance, so they did not see us, though we could not avoid hearing what was said.

"Yes, it's them, I vow; we must attack them about the pic-nic forthwith," said Susan.

"Don't mention Jane Seaton, or poor Ned will be too much out of spirits to do anything," observed her sister.

"Trust me to manage all descriptions of he-animals," replied Rattler minima. "Ah, how d'ye do?—How d'ye do? Welcome, rovers, welcome!" she exclaimed, waving her handkerchief as they approached.

"Lovely ladies, we once more live in your presence," began Hearty.

"Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand!" shouted Carstairs.

"Oh, don't, you'll make us blush!" screamed Susan, from over the bushes. "But seriously, we're so glad you're come, because now we can have the pic-nic to Netley you promised us."

"I like frankness—when shall it be?" said Hearty.

"To-morrow, by all means—never delay a good thing."

"If 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly," observed the captain.

"That's what Shakspeare says about a beef-steak," cried Susan.

"But I say then, it's settled—how nice!"

"What? that we are to have beef-steaks?" asked Hearty. "They are very nice when one's hungry."

"No, I mean that we are to have a pic-nic to-morrow," said the fair Rattler.

"That depends whether those we invite are willing to join it," observed Hearty.

"I can summon spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come, cousin?" exclaimed Carstairs.

"Oh, yes, in these parts, often," cried Rattler maxima; "the revenue officers constantly find them, I know."

"Capital—capital!" ejaculated Hearty. "You must bring that out again on board the *Frolic*. You deserve a pic-nic for it; it's so original. You must consider this only as a rehearsal."

"How kind—then it's all settled!" exclaimed both young ladies in a breath. "There, Mary Masthead, I know, is dying to go, and so is Mrs. Topgallant, and I dare say, if Captain Carstairs presses Mrs. Nugent, she'll go, and the Sandons and Cardiffs, and all our set; I don't think any will refuse."

"Well, then, we've no time to lose," we exclaimed, and off we set to beat up for recruits.

We were not, however, without our disappointments. Lady Cardiff could not go, and without a correct chaperone she could not let her daughter be of the party—the thing was utterly impossible, dreadfully incorrect, and altogether unheard of. Mrs. Nugent was a great deal too young, and being a widow had herself to look after. If Mrs. Topgallant would go she would see about it, so we tried next to find the lady in question, but she had gone to Carisbrook Castle, and would not be back till late. Mrs. Sandon was next visited, but she had a cold, and if Lady Cardiff would not let her daughter go without a chaperone, neither could she. We by chance met Mrs. Seaton with the fair Jane, looking very beautiful, but mamma never went on the water if she could help it. She could not come to the island without doing so; but once safe there, she would not set her foot in a boat till she had to go away again. Sooth to say, that was not surprising; the good dame was unsuited by her figure for locomotion. Everything depended on Mrs. Topgallant; never was she in so much request. The gentlemen being able to come without chaperones, more readily promised to be present. We fell in with Sir Francis Futtock, Lord Lorimer, Harry Loring, and young Flareup, and a young Oxonian, who had lately taken orders and created a great sensation among the more sensitive portion of his audience by his exquisite preaching, and the unction by which he privately recommended auricular confession and penance.

The Rev. Frederick Fairfax was a pink-faced young man, and had naturally a round, good-natured countenance, but by dint of shaving his whiskers, elongating his face, and wearing a white cravat without gills, and a stand-up collar to his coat, he contrived to present a no bad imitation of a Jesuit priest. The Miss Rattlers called him the Paragon Puseyite, or the P. P., which they said would stand as well for parish priest. How Hearty came to invite him I don't know, for he detested the worse than folly of those who try to make religion rest on a foundation of outward show and ceremony. We had just left the young gentleman when we met the two merry little Miss Masons. At first they could not possibly go because it was Saturday, and they had no chaperone; but when they heard that the Reverend Frederick was to be of the party all their scruples vanished. With such a pastor they might go anywhere. They had only lately been bitten, but had ever since diligently applied them-

selves to the study of the "Tracts of the Times" and the Fathers, and though not a word did they understand (which was not surprising, by-the-by), they perceived that the Rev. Fred's voice was very melodious, that he chanted to admiration, and looked so pious that they could not be wrong in following his advice. At last the hearts of all were made glad by the appearance of Mrs. Topgallant, who, without much persuasion, undertook to chaperone as many young ladies as were committed to her charge.

CHAPTER VI.

A PIC-NIC AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE morning came at last, fine as the palpitating heart of expectant damsels could desire, and calm enough to please the most timid chaperone; so calm, indeed, that it was a question whether any craft with canvas alone to depend on could move from her moorings with a chance of going anywhere except to Hurst or the Nab, but, as few of our lady friends had any nautical knowledge, that in no way disconcerted them, and they would not have believed us had we assured them that there was too little wind for the excursion. By noon, however, a few cat's-paws appeared on the lake-like surface of the water, and soon after the deck of the *Frolic* once more began to rejoice in the presence of many of the former frolickers. They found it easy enough to come on board, but to collect all hands and get under weigh was a very different thing. The Miss Sandons and Jane Seaton, who came escorted by Loring, on finding no chaperone, thought they ought to go on shore again, as neither Mrs. Topgallant nor Mrs. Nugent had come; but Sir Francis kept them discussing the point till Carstairs had time to dive below, and presently returned with a Norman cap on his head, a shawl over his shoulders, and a boat-cloak as a petticoat.

"There," he exclaimed, crossing his arms before him, and putting his head on one side, sentimentally, "I'm as good a duenna as Mrs. Topgallant, or any other lady of your acquaintance;" all laughed and forgot to go. "Come, my dear girls, sit down and behave yourselves; no flirting with that naval officer, if you please," he continued, imitating the honourable dame. "You, Mr. Loring, and you, Mr. Henry Flareup, go forward and smoke your cigars, I can't allow such nasty practices here."

Flareup had, as usual, lighted his weed, and was sending the smoke into the face of May Sandon. The roars of laughter were not few as the real Mrs. Topgallant, with Miss Mary Masthead, approached, and the Norman cap with the good-natured face of the wearer was seen looking over the side affectionately down upon them. The Rev. Fred and the Miss Masons next arrived, and lastly Mrs. Nugent, Miss Cardiff, Lord Lorimer and Hearty.

"Now remember, Mr. Hearty, we must get back before dark; it is on that condition alone that I have consented to chaperone these young ladies," said Mrs. Topgallant as we were about to get under weigh.

"And I, also," exclaimed pretty Mrs. Nugent.

"Oh, we don't allow you to be a chaperone," said Carstairs; "you are far too young and too engaging," he whispered, and the Gentle Giant actually blushed as he said so; luckily Miss Susan Rattler did not hear him.

"And mamma made me promise to be back at eight," cried Jane Seaton.

"And so did ours!" echoed the three Miss Sandons.

"You know we could not have come at all unless we were certain of being at home in proper time!" exclaimed the two Miss Masons; "could we, Mr. Fairfax?"

The pet bowed and smiled. He was meditating on the life of St. Euphemia of Rhodes, and did not hear the question.

"Remember, ladies, that time and tide wait for no man," answered Hearty. "Even such fair goddesses as honour the *Frolic* by their presence this day cannot govern the winds and waves, however much they may everything else. Therefore all I can promise is, to do my best to follow the wishes of your amiable mammas, and of yourselves."

"And of mine, if you please, Mr. Hearty," put in Mrs. Topgallant.

"Certainly, my dear madam, I considered you among the goddesses of whom I was speaking," answered Hearty, with a flourish of his broad-brimmed beaver, which, with the compliment, completely won the honourable lady's heart.

The anchor was at last weighed, and it being fortunately slack tide, with a light air from the south-east, we were able to fetch Calshot Castle.

"What has become of O'Swiggins?" asked Lord Lorimer, "I thought he was always of your party, Hearty?"

"Oh no. The *Baroness Grog-strong-enough* is away to the westward; we met her there," was the answer.

"As he is not here, let us pull him to pieces," cried Miss Rattler.

"I can assist you there," exclaimed Henry Flareup; "did you hear of the joke about him at the regatta the other day?"

"No, no; dear me, do tell us," cried several of the ladies.

"Well, then, you must know that the racing yachts were brought up before starting at their own anchors, and that they were compelled to leave their boats behind them made fast to their respective cables. Just as they were getting ready to start O'Swiggins pulled alongside one of them in his gig, and jumping on board, without as much as saying by your leave, ordered his boat to go back to the *Baroness Grog-strong-enough*. He was walking the deck as coolly as possible, and thinking about lighting a cigar and making himself at home, when he was accosted by a naval gentleman who was sailing the yacht for the owner.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I have not the honour of being acquainted with you, but may I ask what your purpose doing presently when we start?"

"Oh, faith! I intend to sail with you," answered O'Swiggins. 'I never sailed before on board a racing vessel, and I think it will be amusing.'

"Very probably; but will you kindly tell me if Mr. — is aware of your intention?"

"I haven't the pleasure of his acquaintance," answered O'Swiggins, naively.

"Then by whose leave do you come on board?" asked our friend.

"Is it leave you mean?—faith, then, by no one's at all," replied the lover of the *Baroness*. "I have the pleasure of knowing several of the gentlemen of the committee, and I am sure they would oblige me."

"Very sorry to disappoint you," replied the naval man, 'but it's

against all rule; and as the time is nearly up, I must beg you to hail your boat, and go on shore again.'

"O'Swiggins didn't like it; but there was no help for him; so he set to work to hail his boat, but he might as well have tried to make himself heard at Calshot. Time flew by, and no other boat was near. Down came the rain, too, in torrents, and all who could got under shelter. A minute alone remained.

" 'I am sorry to inconvenience you,' said the naval man; 'but go you cannot; and the best thing you can do—it's Hobson's choice, to be sure—is to step into our boat.'

"O'Swiggins hesitated, and looked as if he did not like it; however, he saw that the gentleman was in earnest, so in he got. The gun was fired—off started the yacht—and there he sat, left alone in his glory, without great coat or umbrella, the rain coming down every instant harder and harder. It was not a very pleasant way to take part in a regatta. He hailed everything he saw, at the top of his voice; but every one thought he was speaking to some one else, and would not go near him. He sat there for an hour or so, till at last some kind friend saw him, took him off, and made the best of the story."

We all laughed, of course. Some thought it served O'Swiggins right; others said he was a capital fellow, and pitied him. I don't know to which he would have been most obliged. As I scarcely had the honour of his acquaintance, I could not pronounce a judgment. Most of my readers probably know the Southampton Water, and may picture us to themselves as we floated up the stream with the round, solid, Stilton-cheese-like-looking Castle of Calshot at the end of a sandy spit, and the lordly Tower of Eaglehurst, rising among trees seen over it on the one hand, and the mouth of the Hamble river on the other, while, far as the eye can reach on either hand, are seen verdant groves, with the roofs and chimneys of numerous villas peeping from among them. About three quarters of the way up, on the right hand, at a short distance only from the water, stand the picturesque ruins of Netley Abbey. The jolly monks of old—and I respect them for it—always selected the most beautiful sites in the neighbourhood for their habitations, and in fixing on that for Netley they did not depart from their rule. Several chambers remain; and the walls which surround an inner court are entire, with fine arched windows, the tracery work complete, looking into it. We brought up off it, and the boats were instantly lowered to convey the passengers on shore. In getting into one of them, Loring nearly went overboard, and a shriek of terror from Jane Seaton would have published her secret had not everybody known it before. At last the hampers and the people reached the beach in safety; and now began the difficulties of the chaperone. She was like a shepherd with a wild flock of sheep and no dog: they would stray in every direction out of her sight. Some had brought sketch-books, and perched themselves about, far apart, to take views of the ruins; others preferred what they called exploring; and Jane and Loring vanished no one knew where. The Gentle Giant, who drew very well, was called on by the Miss Rattlers and several other ladies to fill up the pages of their books; and Hearty was running about talking to everybody and ordering everything; while Bubble was exerting himself to do the same, and to take sketches into the bargain, though all his friends observed that there was a want of his usual vivacity. The Rattler girls

quizzed him unmercifully, till they brought him back to the semblance, at all events, of his former self. The servants had been employed in laying the cloth under the shade of a tree which had sprung up in the courtyard, and thither Hearty's voice now summoned us. How can pen of mine do justice to the cold collation which was spread before our rejoicing eyes! I can only say that the party did it, and amply too.

"Are we all here?" exclaimed the master of the revels. "No, by Bacchus! two are wanting—Miss Seaton and Mr. Loring—where are they?"

"Good gracious! where can they be?" screamed the Honourable Mrs. Topgallant.

"What can have become of them?" cried Mrs. Nugent.

"They probably did not hear you call, and I dare say they are not far off," suggested Miss Cardiff, always anxious to put a good excuse for her acquaintance.

"I should not wonder but what they have eloped," observed Miss Susan Rattler.

"What fun!" said Miss Mary Masthead; "we hav'n't had such a thing for a long time."

"How shocking!" ejaculated the Miss Masons in a breath, and looked at the Reverend Frederick.

"I'll wager I find the truants," said Bubble, about to go, but he was saved the trouble, for at that moment they appeared; the fair Jane looking very confused, Harry Loring remarkably happy.

"We've all been talking about you two," blurted out Hearty. "No scandal though, so sit down and enable us to recover our appetites, for our anxiety nearly took them away. Now tell us, what have you been doing?"

Poor Jane did not know which way to look, nor what to say; and it never occurred to Hearty that his question might possibly confuse her. Loring, however, came to the rescue.

"Admiring the architecture, exploring everywhere, and examining everything, which no one else appears to have done, or the dinner-bell would not have been answered so speedily. And now, old fellow, I'll drink a glass of champagne with you."

This would not blind us, however. Every one saw what he had been about, and no small blame to him either. Of course, no one further hinted at the subject. After dinner we again wandered about the ruins, and the shades of evening surprised us while still there, to the great horror of Mrs. Topgallant, and not a little to that of the Miss Masons, who had been so earnestly listening to a discourse of the Reverend Frederick on the importance of reviving monasteries, that they did not observe the sun set.

"Hillo, ladies and gentlemen! we ought to be on board again," sung out Hearty, from the top of a high wall to which he had climbed. "There is no time to be lost, if we would not displease our mammas."

A good deal of time, however, was lost in collecting the scattered sheep, and in carrying down the baskets to the boats, which the servants had neglected to do. When we did at length reach the spot at which we had landed, a bank of mud was alone to be seen, and one of the men brought us the pleasing intelligence that the nearest place at which we could possibly embark was about a mile down the river.

"We here have a convincing proof that time and tide wait for no one," cried Bubble; "or the latter would certainly have remained up for the convenience of so many charming young ladies."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Toppallant.

"What will our mammas say?" ejaculated all the fair damsels.

"That it's very improper," said the chaperone general.

"It can't be helped now, so if we do not intend to spend the night on the beach we had better keep moving," observed one of the gentlemen.

Henry Flareup expressed his opinion, that the dismay their non-arrival would cause would be jolly fun, and the Miss Rattlers were in ecstasies of delight at the *contretemps*.

However, no one grumbled very much, and at last we reached the boats. A new difficulty then arose. They barely floated with the crews in them, but with passengers on board they would be aground. The men had to get out, and, as it was, the only approach to them was over wet mud of a soft nature, yet no persuasions would induce the ladies to be carried to them. Mrs. Toppallant would not hear of such a thing, and boldly led the van through the mud. The young ladies followed, nearly losing their shoes, and most effectually draggling (I believe it is a proper word) their gowns. Hearty counted them off to see, as he said, that none were missing; and then began the work of getting the boats afloat, one or two of the ladies, not accustomed to yachting, being dreadfully alarmed at seeing the men jump overboard to lift them along. Huzza! off we went at last and pulled towards the *Frolic*.

"Let's get back as fast as we can, Spreet," exclaimed Hearty, as soon as he stepped on deck.

"Beg pardon, sir, it won't be very fast, though," answered the master.

"Why how is that?" asked Hearty; "an hour and a half will do it, won't it?"

"Bless your heart, no, sir," said old Spreet, almost laughing at the idea.

"It's just dead low water, so the flood will make up for the best part of the next six hours, and after that, if there doesn't come more wind than we has now, we shan't make no great way."

"But let us at all events get up our anchor and try to do something," urged Hearty, whose ideas of navigation were not especially distinct at the time.

"If we does, sir, we shall drive up to Southampton, or maybe to Red-bridge, for there ain't an hair in all the 'eavens," was the encouraging answer given by the master.

I never saw a more perfect calm. A candle was lighted on deck and the flame went straight up as if in a room. If we had been in a tropical climate we should have looked out for a hurricane. Here nothing so exciting was to be apprehended. The conversation with the master was not overheard by any of the ladies, and Hearty thought it was as well to say nothing about it, but to leave them to suppose that we were on our way back to Cowes.

"It is much too dark to distinguish the shore, and as none of them ever think of looking at the sails they will not discover that we are still at anchor," he observed; and so it proved, as we shall presently see.

The after-cabin had been devoted to the use of the fairer portion of the guests, and when they got there and found the muddy condition of their dresses, there was a general cry for hot water to wash them. Luckily the cook's coppers could supply a good quantity, and two tubs were sent aft, in

which, as was afterwards reported—for we were not allowed to be spectators of the process—the honourable Mrs. Topgallant and her *protégées* were busily employed in rinsing their skirts, though it was not quite so easy a matter to dry them. Tea and coffee were next served up in the main cabin, and cakes and muffins and toast in profusion were produced, and as Carstairs quietly observed, "Never were washerwomen more happy."

There was only one thing wanting, we had not sufficient milk, and that there might be no scarcity in future, it was proposed to send the steward on shore with Henry Flareup to swap him for a cow to be kept on board instead. He was fixed on as the victim, as it was considered that he had been making too much love to one of the Miss Sandons, conduct altogether unbecoming one of his tender years.

"We have passed a very pleasant evening, Mr. Hearty, I can assure you," said the chaperone; "and as I suppose we shall soon be there, we had better get ready to go on shore."

"We shall have time for a dance first; we have had the deck cleared, and the musicians are ready," replied Hearty; "may I have the honour of opening the ball with you, Mrs. Topgallant?"

"Oh, I don't know what to say to such a thing—I'm afraid it will be very incorrect, and at all events you must excuse me, Mr. Hearty, I shall have quite enough to do to look after my charges."

And as Mrs. Topgallant said this, she glanced round at the assembled young ladies.

"A dance, a dance, by all means!" exclaimed the Miss Rattlers; "what capital fun!"

A dance was therefore agreed on, and we went on deck, which we found illuminated with all the lanterns and spare lamps which could be found on board, and even candles, without any shade, were stuck on the taffrail, and the boom was topped up so as to be completely out of the way. We owed the arrangements to Bubble, Carstairs, and the master, who had been busily employed while the rest were below at tea. An exclamation of delight burst from the lips of the young ladies, the musicians struck up a polka, and in another minute all hands were footing it away as gaily as in any ball-room, and with far more merriment and freedom.

Yo gentlemen and ladies who stay at home at ease,
Ah little do ye think upon the fun there's on the seas!

How we did dance! No one tired. Even Mrs. Topgallant got up and took a turn with the Gentle Giant, and very nearly went overboard by-the-by. We had no hot lamps, no suffocating perfumed atmosphere, to oppress us, as in a London ball-room. The clear sky was our ceiling, the cool water was around us. Every gentleman had danced with every lady, except that Loring had taken more than his share with Miss Seaton, before we thought of giving in.

"Well, I wonder we don't get there!" on a sudden exclaimed Mrs. Topgallant, as if something new had struck her.

There was a general laugh, set, I am sorry to say, by Sir Francis Futtock.

"Why, my dear madam, we have not begun to go yet."

"Not begun to go!" cried the Miss Masons. "Why, we shan't be in time for church."

"Not begun to go!" groaned the Rev. Fred. "What will my congregation do without me?"

"Why, I thought we had been moving all the time. We have passed a number of objects which I should have taken for ghosts, if I believed in such things," said Mrs. Topgallant.

"Those were vessels going up with the tide, my dear madam, to Southampton, where we should have gone also," observed Sir Francis.

Just then a tall dark object came out of the gloom, and glided by us at a little distance. It certainly had, what one might suppose, the appearance of a spirit wandering over the face of the waters.

"Art thou a spirit blessed, or goblin damned?" began Carstairs.

"Bring with thee airs from Heaven?"

"I wish it did," interrupted Bubble, "and we might have a chance of getting to Cowes to night."

"Or blasts from Hell," continued the Gentle Giant. "'Thou comest in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee.'"

"Cutter, ahoy! What cutter is that?" hailed a voice from the stranger.

"It's one of them revenue chaps," said Spreet. "The *Frolic* yacht; Edward Hearty, Esq., owner!" answered the old man; "and be hanged to you," he muttered.

"I'll call thee king—father, royal Dane. Oh, answer me!" continued Carstairs.

"He'll not answer you,—so avast spouting, and let's have another turn at dancing!" exclaimed Hearty, interrupting the would-be actor, and dragging him to the side of Mrs. Nugent, who did not refuse his request to dance another quadrille.

Thus at it again we went, to the no small amusement of a number of spectators, whose voices could be heard round us. Their boats were just dimly visible, though from the bright lights on our deck we could not see the human beings on board them. At last the rippling sound against our bows ceasing, gave notice that the tide had slackened, and that we might venture on lifting anchor. A light air also sprung up from the eastward, and slowly we began to move on our right course. Some of the unnauticals, however, forgot that with an ebb tide and an easterly wind, there was not much chance of our reaching Cowes in a hurry. A thick fog also began to rise from the calm water; and after the dancing, for fear of their catching cold, cloaks and coats, plaids and shawls, were in great requisition among the young ladies. Mrs. Topgallant insisted that they would all be laid up, and that they must go below till they got into Cowes harbour.

"She was excessively angry," she said, "with Mr. Hearty for keeping them out in this way; and as for Sir Francis Futtock, a captain in her majesty's navy, she was, indeed, surprised that such a thing could happen while he was on board."

"But, my dear madam," urged Sir Francis in his defence; "you know that accidents will happen in the best regulated families. Nobody asked my advice, and I could not venture to volunteer it, or I might have foretold what has happened. However, come down below, and I trust no harm will ensue."

After some persuasion, the good lady was induced to go below, and to rest herself on a sofa in one of the sleeping-cabins, the door of which Henry Flareup quietly locked, at a hint from Hearty, who then told the young ladies that, as Cerberus was chained, they might now do exactly what they liked. I must do them the justice to say that they behaved very

well. There was abundance of laughter however, especially when Miss Susan Rattler appeared habited in a large box-coat belonging to Captain Carstairs. It had certainly nothing yachtish about it. It was of a whitey-brown hue, with great horn buttons and vast pockets. It was thoroughly roadish—it smelt of the road—its appearance was of the road. It reminded one of the days of four-in-hand coaches; and many a tale it could doubtless tell of Newmarket; of races run, of bets booked. Not content with wearing the coat, Susan was persuaded to try a cigar. She puffed away manfully for some time.

"You look a very jemmy young gent, indeed you do," observed the Gentle Giant, looking up at her as he sat at her feet. "What would your mamma say if she saw you?"

"What an odious custom you men have of smoking," cried Hearty, pretending not to see who was the culprit.

"In the presence of ladies, too," exclaimed Loring, really ignorant of the state of the case.

Poor Susan saw that she was laughed at, and, beginning probably at the same time to feel a little sick from the fumes of the tobacco, she was not sorry of an excuse for throwing Carstairs' best Havannah into water.

As the fog settled over us rather heavily, not only were the more delicate part of the company wrapped up in cloaks and shawls, but we got up the blankets and counterpanes from the cabins, and swaddled them up completely in them, while the gentlemen threw themselves along at their feet, partly in a fit of romantic gallantry and partly, it is just possible, to assist in keeping themselves warm. Carstairs recited Shakspeare all night long, and Loring sang some capital songs.

By this time we had got down to Calshot; and, as the tide was now setting down pretty strong, we appeared to be going along at a good rate.

"How soon shall we be in, captain?" asked one of the Miss Masons of the skipper, who was at the helm.

"That depends, miss, whether a breeze comes before we get down to Yarmouth or Hurst; because, if we keep on, we shan't be far off either one or the other before the tide turns," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"Keep on, by all means, Spreet," exclaimed Hearty, who had not heard all that was said; "I promised to do my best to get in, and we must keep at it."

So tideward we went; the little wind there had been dropping altogether. Presently we heard a hail.

"What cutter is that?"

"The *Frolic*."

"Please, sir, we were sent out to look for you, to bring Mrs. Topt gallant and Miss Masons, and some other ladies, on shore."

There was a great deal of talk, but Hearty had determined that no one should leave the yacht. Mrs. Topgallant was below, and could not be disturbed; besides, the other young ladies could not be left without a chaperone. The Miss Masons wanted to go in company with their pastor, but it would not exactly do to be out in a boat alone with the Reverend Fred; and, as he was afraid of catching cold, he was at the time safe below, and knew nothing of what was taking place, so the boat was sent off without a freight. Hearty vowed that he would threaten to fire on any other boat which came near us to carry off any of his guests. Thus the night wore on.

It would be impossible to record all the witty things which were said, all the funny things which were done, and all the laughter which was laughed. All I can say is, that the ladies and gentlemen were about as unlike as possible to what they would have been in town during the season. Hour after hour passed rapidly away, and not a little surprised were they when the bright streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, and Egypt Point was seen a long way off in the same direction, while the vessel was found to be turning round and round without any steerage way. The Reverend Fred awoke, and in frantic horror rushed on deck, entreating to be set on shore, lest his congregation should assemble, and he be absent; so a boat was lowered, and he, and the two Miss Masons, and two Miss Sandons got in, and reached Cowes in time to rush home and go to church.

Now it was very wrong and very improper, and I don't mean for a moment to defend our conduct, though by-the-by the fault was all Hearty's; but it was not till half-past eleven, when all good people were gone to church, that the remainder of the party set foot once more upon the shore. Never was there a merrier pic-nic, and, what is more, in spite of wet feet and damp fogs, no one was a bit the worse for it.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

THE yachting season was drawing rapidly to a close; but before the *Frolic* was laid up for the winter many a pleasant cruise had we on board her, for an account of which I have not space to spare. I feel, however, that I have not paid due attention to my hero and heroine. Harry Loring was seen everywhere with the fair Jane, and it was reported that the match was soon to come off. Of course he looked the picture of happiness. I had not seen him for some days. At last I met him. Alas! how changed was the once joyous expression of his countenance.

"My dear fellow, what is the matter?" I asked.

"What, don't you know?" he exclaimed. "I thought all the world did, to laugh at me. False, fickle, heartless, flirting—"

"What is all this about?" I asked. "I deeply regret, I feel—"

"Oh, of course, you do," he replied, interrupting me petulantly. "I'll tell you how it was. She had accepted me, as you may have guessed, and I made sure that there would be no difficulties, as she had plenty of money, though I have little enough; but when there is sufficient on one side what more can be required? At last one day she said, 'I wish, Mr. Loring, that you would speak to mamma.' (She had always called me Harry before.) 'Of course I will,' thinking that it was a hint to fix the day; but after I left her my mind misgave me. Well, my dear fellow, as I dare say you know that having to speak to papa or mamma is the most confoundedly disagreeable thing of all the disagreeables in life, when one hasn't got a good rent-roll to show. At least, after all the billing and cooing, and the romance and sentiments of love, it is such a worldly matter-of-fact, pounds, shillings, and pence affair, that it is enough to disgust a fellow. However, I nerved myself up for the encounter, and was ushered into the presence of the old dragon—"

"You shouldn't speak of your intended mother-in-law in that way," I observed, interrupting him.

"My intended—; but you shall hear," he continued. "'Well, sir, I understand that you have favoured my daughter with an offer,' she began. I didn't like the tone of her voice nor the look of her green eye—they meant mischief. 'I have had the happiness of being accepted by—' 'Stay, stay!' she exclaimed, interrupting me. 'My daughter would not think of accepting you without asking my leave, and I, as a mother, must first know what fortune you can settle on her.' 'Everything she has got or ever will have,' I replied, as fast as I could utter the words. 'My father and mother are excellent people, and they have kindly offered us a house and—' 'Is that it, Mr. Loring? And you have nothing—absolutely nothing?' shrieked out the old woman. Oh, how I hated her! 'Then, sir, I beg you will clearly understand that from this moment all communication between you and my daughter ceases for ever. I could not have believed that any gentleman would have been guilty of such impertinence. What! a man without a penny, to think of marrying my daughter, with her beauty and her fortune. There, sir, you have got my answer, I hope you understand it; go, sir—go.' I did go without uttering another word, though I gave her a look which ought to have confounded her, and here you see me, a miserable heart-broken man. I have been in vain trying to get a glimpse of Jane, to ask her if it was by her will that I am thus discarded; and if so, to whistle her down the wind;—but I have dreadful suspicions that it was a plot between them to get rid of me, and if so I have had a happy escape."

I have an idea that his last suspicion was right. Poor fellow, I pitied him. It struck me as a piece of arrant folly on the part of the mother that a nice, gentlemanly, good-looking fellow should be sent to the right about simply because he was poor, when the young lady had ample fortune for them both.

"Look here!" exclaimed Loring, bitterly, "is it not enough to make a man turn sick with grief and pain as he looks round and sees those he once knew as blooming nice girls growing into crusty old maids because their parents chose to insist on an establishment and settlement for them equal to what they themselves enjoy, instead of remembering the altered circumstances of the times? Not one man in ten has a fortune, and if the talents and energy of the rising generation are not to be considered as such, Hymen may blow out his torch and cut his stick, and the fair maidens of England will have to sing for ever and a day, 'Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo.'"

I laughed, though I felt the truth of what he said. "But are you certain that you were disinterested? Were you in no way biassed in your love by her supposed fortune?" I asked.

"On my word, I was not. I never thought of the tin," was the answer.

"Then," I replied, "I must say that you are a very ill-used gentleman."

I never yet met with a story which did not wind up with the marriage of one or other of the parties, but as mine is a true tale and not a romance, I must acknowledge that no matrimonial alliance whatever took place. What another year may bring forth we shall see, for before we separated Hearty invited all his guests to take a second cruise with him next summer on board the *Frolic*.

THE BARRICADE OF THE JÄGER-ZEILE.

FROM THE ROUGH NOTES OF ONE WHO FOUGHT THERE.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with Vienna, and recollect the wide and handsome street of the Jäger-Zeile that leads to the Prater, enlivened as it used to be with its motley throng of fashionable riders, promenaders, and carriages filled with the *élite* and beauty of the once pleasure-seeking Austrian capital, would not have recognised it at the moment of which we are about to speak. Close to the church of the Stern-Gasse, extending across the wide street and abutting on the tall houses on either side, rose the gigantic barricade which, in the latter October days of the eventful year 1848, had been raised for the defence of the city on that important point against the fierce Croats of Jellachich. Surmounting its towering crest, six twelve-pounders directed their dark and threatening mouths towards the Prater, whose wooded glades of rich autumnal green, hitherto the haunts of coquettish nursemaids and their ill-watched infant charges, were now dotted with the watchful riflemen of Styria and parties of the Mobile Guard of Vienna, which formed the chain of outposts towards the enemy. A tricoloured flag, black, gold, and red, beside another of green, white, and red, fluttered in the fresh breeze of the morning, planted upon the lofty lantern post which rose out of the pile of massive green granite blocks which had but lately formed the pavement. I stood near the flags, conversing with the corporal of bombardiers, at the moment when a light open caleche, drawn by two brown horses, drove at a smart pace up to the barricade. A slight-built little man, with short grey hair and deeply sunken eyes, stepped thoughtfully from the vehicle, his right hand leaning upon a cane: with somewhat of a limping gait he approached the barricade. He was dressed in the surtout of the Lemberg National Guard, with high pliant riding-boots and a straight sword, over the handle of which depended a red and white silken sash. Upon his head he wore a white Calabrese hat, surmounted with a white feather. That man was General Bem, under whose vigilant direction the gigantic barricade of the Jäger-Zeile had risen, as though by enchantment, on the night of the 27th-28th of October.

By the general's side walked a young man, with dark piercing eyes, and of an active, lively bearing; he wore the pantaloon of the Viennese National Guard, a light blue jacket with red facings, and from his breast, suspended by a blue ribbon, hung a silver decoration for bravery. He was the gallant field-adjutant of General Bem, a youth of twenty, who had fought in the campaign of Schleswig-Holstein. Bem directed his steps towards me, and addressed me in unconnected words, which strongly revealed the Polish accent:

"Sir, are you the commandant of this barricade?"

"No, general; yonder he stands, on the steps of the church."

Bem then turned his steps towards the church, and speaking in command to the officer, said:

"You will not abandon this barricade until it is no longer tenable; and—not even then."

After this laconic address he returned to the barricade, seated himself

at its foot, and sketched busily in his tablets the situation and bearings of the gigantic bulwark. At intervals the isolated report of cannon was to be heard.

A person in the Hungarian costume now approached the general, and addressed him with the words:

"General, you have not, perhaps, observed that we have mounted also an Hungarian flag?"

Without allowing himself to be interrupted, or turning to the speaker, Bem replied:

"Instead of Hungarian flags, bring us rather some Hungarian troops, for they alone can save us." He shortly closed his portefeuille, gave the cannoneer that stood nearest to him a bank-note, with the words, "Fire well!" and limped back again to his carriage, which then drove rapidly up the Jäger-Zeile with him and his field-adjutant.

Neither by his bearing nor his dress was there aught to betray the great soldier, nor the rank which he held. This unassuming demeanour and appearance had, however, considerable less effect upon the Mobile Guard of Vienna than would have had a dazzling uniform bedecked with gold, and gave rise to frequent singular and amusing incidents. One night, during a reconnaissance of the barricades, the general was stopped by a workman, who, with the genuine and well-known *Wiener* twang, challenged him with the words,

"Halt! Who is the gentleman?"

"I am the general-in-command—General Bem."

"Oh! you're a general? That's a curious dress, too, for a general."

"My dear friend, we are all soldiers now, and I am simply a burgher general."

"That may be; but surely now that never can be a dress for a general!" and shaking his head half in doubt, and half in surprise. With these words the astonished workman retired.

Neither, however, in the features of Bem, is there much to betray the warrior and the man of mind. His appearance is by no means striking; and is, indeed, anything but handsome. The general complexion of his face, cheek, and forehead alike, is of a reddish sallow hue; the eyes are deeply sunk, but, under excitement, flashing all the fire of the soul within; the cheek-bones project with the true Sarmatian type; the nose is short and somewhat up-turned; and the projecting upper lip imparts to his beardless face anything but an intellectual expression. The physiognomist would, indeed, sadly err who measured the inner man of Joseph Bem by his external features.

Bem had come to Vienna from Lemberg, whither he had repaired from Paris upon the outbreak of the March revolution. The appearance of affairs had then begun to promise serious and warm occupation for minds which looked towards the revolutionary movement with hope for the future, and Bem's war-strung tone of thought vibrated with joy at the prospect of the enfranchisement of Poland, which again presented itself in the background of the picture. On the 14th of October, 1848, but not before, as has been sedulously represented, Bem arrived at Vienna, and presented himself before the commandant of the National Guard of that capital. Whether this step was then taken by him in pursuance of a solicitation from Hungary, is not clear. From subsequent circumstances, however, and from his escape from Vienna at the eleventh hour with an

Hungarian passport, doubts have been entertained that such may have been the case. On the very day of his appearance, the provisory commander-in-chief, Messenhauser, announced and presented him to the people of Vienna, in a printed placard, to the following effect:—

“The commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Vienna and the suburbs makes hereby known to the Guards and Mobile corps, as also to the public, the gratifying intelligence that the celebrated and honourably known Lieutenant-General Bem has been appointed to assist him in the direction of the Stratagetical Dispositions for the Defence.”

The people of Vienna inquired of each other, “Who is Bem?” His countrymen alone knew him, with the exception of the few who had a special recollection of the generals of the Polish Revolution.

On the 20th of October, at the corner of every street, a small folio-sized placard attracted the attention of the people of Vienna. Headed and printed in a semi-circular form, it exhibited the signature and name, “Joseph Bem,” and detailed to the Viennese in what battles Bem had distinguished himself, and on what occasions he had received the numerous wounds which covered his body, for the liberty of his native country.

It is an acknowledged and well known fact, that it was alone on Bem’s joining that a regular and proper organisation of the measures for the defence of Vienna was first established. Neither Messenhauser nor Feuneberg (the latter, indeed, much less) possessed either strategic ability or experience.

Bem undertook to put the whole of the lines and walls of Vienna into an efficient state of defence. He directed the disposition of the artillery, and established the camp of the Mobile corps in the Belvidere, where he took up his quarters, and availed himself of the upper cupola as an observatory.

Goethe’s memorable words, placed in the mouth of Mephisto when addressing the students were in the highest degree applicable to Bem: “Above all, let me have order in things;” and Messenhauser and Feuneberg were novices in the art of defending a city. Already, on the 18th of October, the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic, Messenhauser was enabled to make the following public announcement:—“Last evening the commander-in-chief received the first report of Lieutenant-General Bem. All the lines and external gates are occupied by the Mobile Guards. In the course of the present day the organisation and establishment of the camp of reserve will be energetically proceeded with.” On the 19th of October, at daybreak, Bem inspected the outworks, and at noon, together with Messenhauser, held a review and muster of the Mobile troops. Bem’s activity was untiring. He allowed himself, after the most unremitting labours, but three hours rest at the utmost during the night, and he upheld the spirit of the Mobile Guard by his frequent and cheering presence when engaged with the enemy. Whenever an observation was made to him upon the numerical weakness of the effective force at command, a fact which, without that, indeed, could not escape him, he always replied: “If we have only the will, we are strong.” In the latter days of the siege he wholly neglected his open wounds, the dressing of which for years had been necessary twice a day, as this always occupied above an hour—a space of time which he felt he could not then give to them.

Bem addressed the people of Vienna only twice; once when, together with Messenhauser, he drew up an authorisation, which was made public

on the 16th of October, appointing and empowering Captain Wittenberg, commandant of the Mobile Guard of the Caroline district, to continue the enrolling of men, as chief recruiting officer at the Deutches Hause. The second occasion was on the 20th of October, in a public placard addressed to the National Guard of Vienna, in the following words:—"Reactionary attempts on the part of the last ministry have given birth to a struggle for liberty in the capital of the monarchy. As a member of the National Guard of Lemberg, I am firmly resolved to uphold the constitution of the state and the labours of the supreme diet with all my energies. For that reason I joyfully accepted the commission to lead the National Guard into fire, should it be required. My first step towards the fulfilment of this honourable mission was to take measures that both the time and the lives of fathers of families should be spared as much as possible. A division of the National Guard into a Stable and Mobile Guard answers best the object I have prescribed to myself. The fathers of families, as a Stable Guard, will alone have to maintain the order and peace of the city of Vienna; the younger and unmarried men will perform the exterior service, and be opposed to the troops which have risen against the supreme diet. As a soldier, I will gladly place myself at the head of the latter. I therefore invite all those who are desirous to serve in the Mobile Guard to repair forthwith to my headquarters, at the Upper Belvidere, to enter upon their service." A notice appended at the conclusion of the placard was much condemned: "In order to become an officer, it is required that the individual shall have recruited men for the ranks: for a lieutenant, 50 men; a captain, 100 men; a major, 250 men; a lieutenant-general, 450 men." In this manner those only could be officers who used every means to collect about them the greatest possible number of individuals.

The artillery of the Mobile Guard consisted of ten batteries and a howitzer battery. Zelowski, the colonel nominated by Bem, according to the opinion of many, did not possess the knowledge and experience adequate to the exigencies of his command. This could not well be unknown to the shrewd and perspicuous general. He had, however, probably no other officer at hand applicable to the post. The only one who could then have filled it with the required amount of spirit, intelligence, and experience, was seated in the hall of the Assembly—Stobnicki, a companion in arms of Bem in the Polish-French and in the Polish army of 1831. Under Bem's direction, the so-called Polish Legion was organised by two Poles belonging to his staff. This consisted of Uhlans, sixty in number, who carried lances, the pennons of which were the Polish national colour. This troop, which was to form the so highly necessary cavalry, did not prove of much utility, as the greater part of them could alone speak the Polish language, and knew very little, or scarcely anything, of the streets of Vienna. The legion was scarcely of any further use than to give an additional attraction to the fantastic and varied groups and scenes which the streets of Vienna then so frequently presented. In the decisive moment of the contest, nevertheless, this handful of cavalry displayed the greatest bravery.

After the general's plan of organisation had been once laid down and in operation, accustomed as he had been to the decisive activity of the battle-field, the defensive appeared to him, doubtless, tedious. He endeavoured by all means to effect a succession of sorties, and went to

work with astonishing boldness. On the other hand, Bem was never perfectly clear upon the subject of the strength of the disposable force; for which, indeed, Messenhauser was to blame, who operated with illusory numbers. The Mobile Guard, that corps considered so formidable, and estimated frequently at 10,000, 15,000, and even at 20,000 men, was never more than 3800 strong, of which 400 men were frequently wanting.

Messenhauser, whom Bem frequently reminded of the necessity of knowing correctly the numerical strength of the force at command, replied, "General, I know the Viennese. When the decisive moment comes, you will see 200,000 armed men present themselves; and what more do you require?" Bem set a particular value on cavalry, being always occupied with the thought of making sorties. This led him to summon to a council of war a captain of the cavalry of the National Guard and his adjutant, at which he presided, and dwelt especially upon the numerical strength of the defence.

"How strong is the cavalry of the National Guard?" inquired Bem of the captain.

"Four hundred guards."

"Ah!—bravo! And all disposed to cut away well in the battle?"

"To fight?—not one!"

"Ah, ah!—merely for parade!"

The captain resumed: "Not merely for parade, but also for service. We are burghers, and will defend house and hearth: our place is not on the field of battle."

Such demonstrations, to a spirit accustomed like his to the battle-field and siege, proved to him only too well that Vienna could not be held. It appeared, however, that he was desirous to protract the defence of Vienna by every possible means, to enable the Hungarians to gain time to arm and organise their forces. However this may be, it nevertheless remains as the more remarkable—and as his most bitter enemies even allow, to whatever party they may belong—that he always displayed the greatest contempt of death, and exposed himself, with unheard-of boldness, to the most imminent danger.

From the Observatory, early on the morning of the 23rd of October, it was seen that an engagement of Tirailleurs was taking place along the whole line of St. Mark. With the animated exclamation, "Now, perhaps, something may be done for Vienna—the Hungarians are coming!" he immediately made the dispositions for a sortie, and arranged the plan on which it was to be carried out. But, as the intelligence of the approach of the Hungarians was not eventually confirmed, this sortie was not made. At eleven o'clock, on the night of the 23rd-24th of October, Bem summoned a company of 200 men from the camp in the Schwartzenberg garden to join the greater part of his own commando, with eight pieces of cannon, in an assault of the enemy's lines at Nusdorf. The commander of the force in that locality refused, however, the required company, as no order from the commander-in-chief of the National Guard had been issued to mobilise the guard elect, to whom the defence of the head-quarters was consigned. Moreover, up to the present time, no other principle but that of the defensive had been laid down. Bem, with no little vexation at this reiterated evidence of the want of a becoming spirit in the force placed at his disposal, despatched immediately

one of his adjutants to the commander-in-chief to obtain the required order. That personage, however, was absent; it was, therefore, made a matter of volition for the guard elect whether they would or would not volunteer for the service required; upon which, at midnight, fifty men joined the Mobile Guard at the Belvidere. At half-past one the sortie was to take place: its object was especially to destroy the bridge which the Imperial troops had thrown across the river at Nussdorf. Upon pressing representations, which were made on several sides to the commander-in-chief, the latter issued the order that the firing should be alone kept up in reply to any attack which might be made by the Imperial troop, but that a sortie should by no means take place. Meanwhile, the Mobile Guard divided itself into two parties: one of which was for, and the other against the sortie; while Bem, addressing the officers, said, "Come, gentlemen, let us sally out." A mobile guard immediately reported that two officers were endeavouring to dissuade the guard from marching, and pointed out to Bem the two officers then present—the same men who had brought the order from Messenhauser. Bem immediately gave orders for their arrest, as also for that of an artilleryman, who had ceased firing on the rampart, and caused them to be brought before the war tribunal.

In spite of these obstructions, Bem, whose pertinacity is as great as his courage and coolness, did not allow himself to be diverted from his purpose, and he ordered the removal of the barricades in order to allow of the passage of the artillery to the lines. The uninterrupted cannonade which then ensued eventually induced the council then sitting *en permanence*, and who had been apprised of the projected sortie, to despatch some of their members to the general, and urge him to desist from his undertaking. Bem's laconic reply to the deputation was, "I command here, and will do that which is necessary." The daylight had meanwhile broken, and a written order was now brought from Messenhauser that the sortie should be desisted from. From the character and decisive love of fighting which Bem displayed upon this occasion, it may rather be considered that he yielded less in obedience to the command than to the fast increasing daylight, which now no longer enabled him to conceal his movements.

On the 24th of October Bem harangued the soldiers belonging to Polish regiments in the military transport-house, and encouraged them to join the cause of the insurrection. It was imputed to him that he had ordered two mobile guards to be shot on the sand pits—one for desertion of his post, the other for an attempt upon the life of an officer. Those only who were continually in contact with the general can affirm to these imputations. So summary a mode of proceeding may seem consistent with the iron-like rigidity and military severity of the man, which certainly acquired but few friends for him among the Viennese, but its excuse may perhaps be found in the eminence of the derelictions from military subordination which it sought to repress, and which at such a moment was so perilous to order, to discipline, and the public safety.

Although the previously projected sortie upon the Nussdorf lines was abandoned, one of a similar character was actually carried out on the evening of the 25th of October under Bem's organisation and direction, which cost some loss in killed and wounded. The general not only perilled his own life by his daring intrepidity, but exposed the Mobile Guard to the greatest danger. Had he held the supreme command the thing would doubtless

have led to some important result. But he was hampered on all hands. He collected near upon 2000 Mobile Guards and thirty horse of the Polish legion around him, and asked them, "Are you resolved to risk your lives with me and stand firm under the hottest fire?" As he observed many who seemed wavering and irresolute, he bade them retire to their quarters, and sallied out with about 1500 men and five guns. The Danube Bridge and the Marienbad establishment were on fire, and illumined the dusky sky with the red glare of their fierce flames. Cannon and musketry thundered and crackled in one continuous din. The Prater was dark with smoke and the thickening shades of night.

Bem was desirous to storm the Lusthaus, where, it was reported, three companies of the regiment Nassau had taken post. By the capture of those troops he hoped to raise the drooping courage of the Viennese. When the advanced guard, led by Bem's adjutant, had approached within a few hundred paces, the Imperial troops, already apprised that a sortie was about to be made, received the column with so steady and well-sustained platoon fire, that the Mobile Guard was thrown into confusion. In vain did the general and two officers of his staff dash forward and use every effort to restore order in their ranks; the greater part of the Mobile Guard, unaccustomed to such fire, were seized at once with a panic fear, and, flinging away their arms, fled back in wild disorder through the Prater. Polish Lancers, National and Mobile Guards, Legionaries, all sought safety in flight. Bem only, whose horse was killed under him, with his field adjutant and staff, stood firm, with the free corps of Styrian riflemen, and covered the retreat. Little loss was sustained by the Imperial troops, much greater, however, by the Mobile Guard; the arms which had been thrown away were collected by the cannoneers, loaded upon the gun-carriages and brought back. The general, wild with rage to see the pusillanimity betrayed by officers and men, made a cut at a captain who fled first with his company, and extraordinary as the circumstance and coincidence may appear, the name of that captain whose company commenced the flight was "Furcht"—Fear. Bem now despaired wholly of the courage of the guard, and hastened immediately to Messenhauser, to consult with him upon a reorganisation of the defence, particularly of the Mobile Guard.

Under these circumstances, notwithstanding the abilities displayed by Bem since his appearance in the camp, and despite the numerous evidences of his bravery, a dislike was entertained towards him, which eventually (unreasonable as it may appear) partook even of a feeling of mistrust. It was imputed to him that he had surrounded himself with a staff consisting chiefly of Poles; this in itself gave rise to great offence, but it was alone upon his countrymen that he felt he could place some reliance. The suspicion was even raised against him that he had sent a spy to Windischgrätz; others said a parliamentary, to treat with the Austrian general. Neither the character, however, the past life, recent conduct, nor sentiments of Bem, pursued and expressed by him, since his presence in Vienna, justified for a moment the suspicion that he could act traitorously towards the party he had once espoused. Suspicions, nevertheless, were so far awakened in the camp against Bem on account of a messenger of his having been arrested while crossing the Tabor Bridge, that thoughts were entertained of arraigning him before a court-martial, from which, however, it was again pretended the fear of an insurrection of the Polish

Legion deterred, as from too perilous a step. There is a great probability that the messenger seized at the time was one despatched and charged by him with a mission to Kossuth, having relation to the state of things in Vienna and to Hungarian assistance. This is the more likely, for, as we have already premised, many things appeared to favour the opinion that Bem had been sent to Vienna by the Hungarians, in order that he should protract the struggle as much as possible until the Hungarians had gained sufficient time to organise an army.

Fenneberg, who appeared to share in these unjust sentiments towards Bem, went so far as to promise the production of Bem's letter in proof of his treachery, and was said to have placed two officers in his confidence about Bem, with the order to shoot that general immediately upon his evincing the least suspicious conduct. As regards such a report, however, or the grounds for such a step, they have been now wholly refuted, and their malice laid bare. In justice to Messenhauser, it may be said that he at least shared in nowise in the disreputable sentiments and petty jealousies which actuated others, and inasmuch as lay in his power he supported the measures and suggestions of Bem throughout the siege. On the 20th of October he had himself in vain urged the Diet and the Committee of Defence for the authority to make a sortie upon the besiegers; this was however refused, in order, as was urged, "not to overstep or deviate from the paths of legality." The indecision of the Diet, and its interminable protocols, either with the Court at Olmutz, or the enemy's generals, were, indeed, much and loudly blamed by the majority in Vienna itself.

Embarrassed with the part and power it had assumed, and for which it had neither the ability nor energy, the Diet evinced nothing but irresolution; neither the emperor nor his agents said a word that could be trusted to, and conformed themselves wholly to the traditions of Austrian diplomacy—the slowest, most masked and perfidious that ever existed, while the same irresolution was constantly evinced by the Committee of Public Safety that marked the proceedings and acts of the Assembly. Nothing, indeed, attested more the great discouragement which had now seized upon the Viennese, than their ready endeavour and willingness to find some excuse for their own irresolution and that of the Diet, in their belief of every ridiculous and unreasonable rumour spread by the idle, the timid, or the malevolent. Among others at this period, it was reported that Kossuth was himself betraying them, who, having discovered a conspiracy in Lower Hungary against his person, had addressed himself to the court at Olmutz to make terms for himself!

As regards Bem's activity and earnestness in the cause he had come to espouse, his own report on the 26th of October to the commander-in-chief of the National Guard furnishes the best solution. On that day, about nine in the morning, the Imperial troops made a simultaneous attack upon the Augarten, the Prater road, and the Francis and Sophia bridges; at a later hour in the day, also, upon Erdberg and Nussdorf. The firing was extremely vivid, but was returned as warmly by the Viennese. The result of the attack was, that the troops took possession of the Augarten, the court-yard of the Northern Railway, and the steam-mills. The sugar-refinery, the hunting-lodge, and several extensive wood depôts opposite the Sophia Bridge were set on fire. If the wind at that moment had been only moderately unfavourable, Vienna

and her suburbs might have become a prey to the flames. The Sophia bridge was partly destroyed. The conflagration lasted through the whole night till daybreak. About midnight Bem hastened to the scene of the fire to direct the measures for extinguishing it, and post the requisite guards. When it was observed to him that the steam-mills were occupied by the enemy, and that it would be impossible to cross the bridge, he replied, "Fear not, they will not hit us;" and without waiting till the guards were formed, accompanied only by his adjutant, he crossed the bridge under the fire of the Imperialists with the coolest daring. To the weary guards who then soon followed him, he ordered wine and bread to be distributed, nor quitted the spot until the conflagration was extinguished.

The 27th of October passed quietly, in preparations for the 28th, the day appointed by the besiegers as the day for the real struggle. The Star Barricade at the end of the Jäger-Zeile, of which we have already spoken, was taken, after a warm resistance by the troops, on the 28th of October. It was considered that Bem committed a great error in allowing this barricade to stand, and that he should have ordered its destruction in such a manner that the materials might have been converted to an important obstacle to the advance of the enemy's artillery. In this Bem relied too much upon its defence by the Mobile Guard, and measured their courage only by his own obstinate bravery. Three times his field-adjutant directed his attention to its removal, lest it might eventually form a secure position for the enemy's guns; but Bem heeded him not, still pertinaciously bent upon its defence. At half-past eleven in the forenoon of the 28th began now a fearful cannonade on the side of the Imperialists. The windows in advance and behind the barricade were defended by the Democratic Free Corps, and occupied by several companies of the Mobile Guard. To these, and the Artillery behind the barricade, Bem had given the order to reserve their fire until the Imperialists should advance in columns to the assault. The roar of the enemy's guns had already lasted two full hours; as unceasingly also fell the storm of shell and shot. The two houses at the corner of the Jäger-Zeile were already in flames, when the Imperial troops advanced in a strong column to storm the barricade. At a signal from the field-adjutant, who directed the defence, the battery was fired simultaneously, and a fearful hail of grape, together with an uninterrupted fire of musketry from the windows, compelled the troops to retire with great loss. Again and again they were led to the barricade, but as often repulsed. At length the enemy's artillery was brought up, and so heavy a fire opened against the barricade, that three of the guns were obliged to be brought into the Stern-gasse, lest they should be dismounted. The heroic courage of Bem, who had but just returned from the barricade on the New Bridge, revived anew for a short time the sinking spirits of the combatants at the Star Barricade. Under his orders an interrupted fire from the remaining guns was still kept up; but already the well-aimed fire of Jägers had swept away the greater part of the artillerymen of the Mobile Guard. At length the men who had been posted behind the church were ordered up to the defence of the bulwark. This troop was led on by the field-adjutant, and now commenced a murderous fire of musketry, which brought down many of the enemy.

After repeated assaults, and after the Landstrasse, which had been

assailed at the same time, had already been occupied two hours, a column of the Imperialists were seen advancing through the Czerningasse in the rear of the defenders of the barricade. Bem now only ordered a retreat. His carriage and horses, which stood in the Sterngasse, were left to their fate. He mounted a horse and led back the Mobile Guards in tolerable order. Upon the Ferdinand Bridge he was received by Messenhauser. On that day Bem was twice struck with balls; one pierced the left side of his dark grey cloak, and remained sticking in the breast-wadding; a second striking him under the left arm produced a violent contusion. It was now about seven in the evening. Bem's adjutant, Zelowicki, hastened to the casemate near the gate of the Rothenthurm, where the wounded were dressed, to fetch a surgeon to the Hotel of the Stadt London, in the Altenfleischmarkt, whither Bem had ridden. The surgeon, Dr. Reiss, repaired immediately to the hotel indicated. The doctor addressed him in French and offered his services. Bem thanked him, but remarked that he could not then accept of them, as his horse, which was very fatigued, could not possibly be accommodated there; and that he would send for him later.

Hereupon the general turned his horse and rode to the palace of the ministry of war. The members of the war ministry, who were then sitting in permanence, are said to have refused to receive him, until an order from the permanent council of the Diet opened the doors to him. As a curious incident, it may be remarked, that the apartment of the late war-minister, Latour, was assigned to him, and upon his bed, Bem's wounds, that had not been dressed for three successive days, were examined and dressed, together with his newly-received and by no means inconsiderable contusion. He had not slept for several nights; like the days, these had been passed in continuous exertion. Fatigued almost to death, after a short conversation with Messenhauser, he sank into a deep sleep. From this he was soon aroused; in the anti-room were his doctor and three of his adjutants. About midnight ten or twelve National Guards waited upon him and requested to speak with the general. The surgeon gave them to understand, that the wounded man required repose. The guards persisted, however, in their request to speak with the general. The surgeon returned to the general, awakened him, and informed him of the request of the guards. Bem said abruptly: "Let them in."

The guards entered, grounded arms, and saluted; Bem, raising himself alightly in his bed, addressed them—

"What would you say with me, gentlemen?"

"General, what do you think of doing?"

"I must first know in what sense you put the question to me. Will you fight on or capitulate? If you intend the latter, I have nothing to do in it, for to capitulate is not my affair. If you will fight, I am at your service. Come and I will put myself at your head."

"Is it possible, general, that we can hold out longer?"

"A general always has resources; and I have always such, as long as there is a soldier to fight."

"But the report goes that we are betrayed."

"Gentlemen, I know nothing about that. My wounds are the proofs of my treachery."

"But we have no ammunition left."

"The ammunition does not concern me. You have a commander-in-

chief and an artillery commandant, it is their business to provide ammunition. My business is only to lead the soldiers."

After this conversation the guards looked at each other, they knew not what to reply, saluted and retired, but not without evincing sentiments of sympathy and admiration. When the men had quitted the room, Bem, notwithstanding the fever attendant upon his wounds, and against the advice of those present, quitted his bed, and, somewhat later, the palace. He already well knew that ammunition was failing. More than that, the conduct of the municipal council, who were already treating with Prince Windischgrätz in his head-quarters at Hetzendorf, and upon the point of signing the capitulation, or indeed who had actually signed it, determined him to lay down the command, and await either a favourable moment to resume it or to retire from Vienna. Bem had suddenly disappeared, and it is not known where he passed the rest of the night and the following day. By some it was maintained that he concealed himself in a private house; others, that he had been seen on the Aula. Both may have been correct, as the lapse of time would admit of it. Certain it is, however, that he took no further part in the defence, nor allowed himself to be any more deceived by the fresh signal of the approach of the Hungarians from the signal-post on the Tower of St. Stephano: as certain is it, also, that, upon the first entrance of the Imperial troops to occupy Vienna, he contrived to cross the lines with success.

The most romantic reports concerning this mysterious flight were circulated. Some said Bem had descended the Danube during the night in a small boat to Presbourg, and that, in order to escape observation more effectually, he had swam some distance, towing the boat after him; others, that he had assumed the uniform of an Austrian officer; and again some, that he had been carried out in a coffin. The more simple and likely thing affirmed is, that, provided with a Hungarian passport, he passed right through the Austrian posts concealed in a hackney-coach, on the forenoon of the 31st of October, and on the same day Bem happily crossed the Hungarian frontier.

THE CITY OF NIMROD.

THE ruined city of Assyria, called in actual times by the surrounding mixed populations of Arabs, Turks, Kurds, and Chaldeans, after the name of the mighty hunter—Nimrod, seems destined to be a great historical and geographical puzzle. Situate in the territory of Assyria Proper, upon the rising ground, and close by the point of junction of two great rivers—the Tigris and the Zab, with the remnant of one of the few pyramidal buildings to be met with among the Babylonian and Assyrian structures of old—its name, position and extent—the desolation and mystery which invest it, and the imposing aspect which its great mounds of ruin present in the solitude of what is now almost a desert land, have all combined to impress successive travellers with mingled sentiments of curiosity and wonder, not altogether untinged with that feeling of awe which is experienced in contemplating past grandeur, and utterly ruined, extinct and desolate magnificence.

The excavations carried on by Dr. Layard at this place, and the discoveries that rewarded that gentleman's zealous labours, have invested this already remarkable place with still greater interest, and have attached new importance to its history. From without those huge mounds, before clad in their sombre mantles of russet, Layard's perseverance has disintombed the most interesting monuments of olden times that are perhaps in existence. The history, however, of what little was known of this site previous to these most valuable discoveries is of great interest, for it is most important to separate, in the perplexity in which the whole question is now involved, that which is positive from that which is conjectural.

Mr. Rich, the distinguished traveller and author, gave a description of these ruins in the second volume of his "Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan." "The Turks," he says, "generally believe this to have been Nimrod's own city; and one or two of the better informed, with whom I conversed at Mousul, said it was Al Athur or Ashur, from which the whole country had been denominated." Mr. Rich gives a rough sketch of the pyramidal mount and line of mounds, and copies of cuneiform inscriptions from bricks found at the same place.

A subsequent English traveller, following the footsteps of Xenophon and his Greeks in their ever memorable retreat, and unacquainted at the time with Mr. Rich's researches, described the effect as he rode down upon the extensive plain which stretches out between the two great rivers Tigris and Zab, interrupted by this very remarkable isolated conical hill, and the long rows of mounds which stretch out from it, as very striking, and it was impossible he added, on contemplating this relic of former times, not to feel that here was the pyramid of Larissa, as described by the Athenian historian.

This remnant of an Assyrian empire, that was extinguished seven hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, was already an uninhabited ruin at the time of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, and according to Xenophon it was anciently inhabited by the Medes, a power which ruled in these countries from the time of Cyaxares I., about B.C. 650, till the conquests of Cyrus the Great, B.C. 560.

This was a century and a half before the time of the Greeks coming there, and it is probable that Nimrod was devastated by the founder of the Persian dynasty and did not recover itself, but remained a ruin ever since that time, or for a period amounting in the present day to twenty-three centuries.

Without exactly knowing whereabouts the pyramid and ruins of the so-called Larissa were situated, learned and acute minds had not been wanting to weigh the statement of the Athenian history in its different bearings. One of the most ingenious suggestions made was that of Bochart, the erudite author of the "Geographia Sacra," that when the Greeks asked the name of the place, the Assyrians answered *Leresen*, *addito le ad genitivi notam*, and which name became familiarised to the Greeks as Larissa. The same author further argued the identity of Larissa and Resen upon the grounds of its being a "great" city situate between Nineveh and Calah, and that Larissa was evidently not the name of the place, but that name Helenicised. (Phaleg. p. 291.)

Mr. Fraser, in his admirable little work on Mesopotamia and Assyria, also adopts this view of the subject. "The name," he says, "is puzzling; and the only way to get rid of the difficulty is to suppose that this city

occupied the site of the Nimroedian Resin, to which, as already suggested, the people of the country have prefixed the Arabic article *al*."

"Biblical geographers," says a writer in the "*Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*," "have been disposed to follow Bochart;" and the same writer adds, that although the resemblance of names is too faint to support the inference of identity, the situation is not irreconcilable with the Scriptural intimation.

It is unnecessary to dwell here upon the brilliant discoveries effected by Dr. Layard's explorations at this spot. Remnants of edifices of various ages; sculptured bas-reliefs illustrative of the arts, manners, and costume, the military system, private life, and religion of the Assyrians of old; the records of past times written in a language as yet unfortunately but imperfectly understood; an obelisk commemorative, according to Dr. Hincks of the exploits of Shishonk I., the Assyrian conqueror of Upper and Lower Egypt, as recorded at Karnac, and the founder of the twenty-second Egyptian dynasty; crouching sphynxes; gigantic human-headed lions and colossal winged bulls—such were the trophies obtained by the skill and industry of our distinguished countrymen.

We were, however, among the first to disclaim against the ruins of Nimrod being identified with those of Nineveh. (*New Monthly Magazine*, vol. lxxv., part 1, p. 241.) Dr. Layard's notion is that Nimrod or Ninus, on his arrival at this place, founded a palace and called the place after himself; that future monarchs added to the building, and that as the population increased with the duration and prosperity of the empire, the dimensions of the city also increased, till it embraced the various sites now marked by the mounds and ruins at Ba'asheikha, Karamles, Khorsabad, Koyunjik, Nebbi Yunus, &c., &c.

The distance of these mounds of ruin from one another was, however, fatal to so comprehensive an idea of the magnitude of Nineveh, a city which was thus in fact made to embrace almost the whole of Assyria Proper, and of the Roman province of Aturia. Nor, if we take the dimensions assigned to that city by Diodorus Siculus when it had attained its greatest extent and magnificence, shall we find that it would embrace the extent of territory thus assigned to it by the enterprising explorer of its ruins. If we draw lines, as proposed by Layard himself, and on his own map, from the four great mounds of Nimrod, Koyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles, as the corners of the irregular quadrangle described by Diodorus, we shall find a distance of sixteen geographical miles between the north-west palace of Nimrod and the mound of Karamles, instead of the nine or ten miles that would be given by the ninety stadia of the historian; and we shall find a still greater discrepancy in laying down the other side of the quadrangle from the north-west palace of Nimrod to the mound of Koyunjik, a distance of upwards of twenty miles.

We have seen that Mr. Rich says that one or two of the better informed Turks with whom he conversed at Mosul, said that the name of the ruins at Nimrod were, properly speaking, Al Athur or Ashur, from which the whole country was denominated. This would appear to be but a wide denomination, for the Chaldean and Syrian Christians of Mosul also record themselves in their several MS. Bibles as belonging to the city of Athur. But Major Rawlinson has also pointed out that Yakut, in his geographical work called the "*Moejem el Buldan*," says, under the head of "Athur," "Mosul, before it received its present name, was called Athur, or sometimes Akur, with a Kaf. It is said that this

was anciently the name of Al Jesireh (Mesopotamia), the province being so called from a city of which the ruins are now to be seen near the gate of Selamiyah, a small town, about eight farsakhs east of Mosul. God, however, knows the truth."

Abulfeda says, "To the south of Mosul the lesser (?) Zab flows into the Tigris, near the ruined city of Athur." In Reinand's edition (vol. i., p. 289) there is the following extract from Ibn Said:—"The city of Athur, which is in ruins, is mentioned in the Taurat (Old Testament). There dwelt the Assyrian kings who destroyed Jerusalem." It only remains to add to these notices of the Arabian geographers, that Layard himself (vol. ii., p. 245) admits that the natives say that the ruins now called Nimrod are also known as those of Athur.

One of the great features of Layard's archaeological discoveries has been the determination of the north-west edifice at Athur or Nimrod to be the most ancient hitherto discovered in Assyria. The name which occurs in the inscriptions in that place has been read by Major Rawlinson as that of the Ashur of Genesis. Dr. Hincks has also published his conviction that the first word of the inscription is either the name, or an abbreviation of the name of Athur.

Whether, then, we admit either of the proposed versions of Scripture, that Nimrod went forth out of Babel into Ashur and founded Nineveh, or that Ashur was driven out of Babel by Nimrod, and founded a city and country after his own name,* the fact of a site called Ashur or Athur, in the country of the same name, remains equally firmly established by local tradition, by the Arabian writers, and by the testimony of travellers.

The question as to whether Athur or Nimrod constituted the original site of Nineveh and a subsequent quarter of the same town; whether being in existence as the city of Ashur previous to the times of Nimrod, it is omitted in the list of cities founded by the "mighty number given in Genesis;" or whether not being Nineveh, it was either of the other sites mentioned, is then at present involved in considerable obscurity.

The arguments against its being either the original Nineveh or part of that great city, we have seen are of a very strong character. We think conclusively so. The facts in favour of its being an original city, by name Athur or Ashur, from which the country of Assyria received its name, and which preceded Nimrod and his cities, are alike numerous and clear, and cannot fail to carry great weight with them.

The argument in favour of Nimrod being the Resen of Scriptures, has to depend chiefly upon the name given to the place by Xenophon, and which name certainly might very well be Hellenicised into Larissa; and also upon the position of Resen, which, according to the Scriptural record, was situated between Nineveh and Calah.† The site of the latter, the Halah of the Captivity,‡ Holwan of the Syrians, and Chala in Chalontis of the Romans, being generally identified with the Hulwan, where Yezdegerd, the last of the Sassanians, retreated after the capture of Ctesiphon by the Arabs.

Major Rawlinson described some time back (Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. ix., page 35), the ruins of Sir Pul i Zohab, which are eight miles from the present Zohab, and situated at a point

* "In either case," remarks Mr. Fraser, "Ashur must have preceded Nimrod, as we find the country already called by his name."

† Gen. x. 11.

‡ 2 Kings xviii. 6; 1 Chron. v. 26.

where the river bursts through the rocks which bound the valley on the south-west, as the real site of Holwan or Calah. This would leave Resen in its proper position between Nineveh and Calah; but good reasons have since been found for establishing that the Chalah or Halah, whither Salmanassar transplanted a colony of Israelites, is not the same as the Calah of Ashur or Nimrod, one of the eight primeval cities of the world.

At a meeting more recently held by the Royal Asiatic Society (January 19, 1850), Major Rawlinson has advocated, in a long and learned memoir, the identity of the ruins of Nimrod with those of Calah. The learned Orientalist argues that Halah, the other form of the same name, assimilates very closely to the cuneiform orthography of the name, that the Samaritan version calls Calah, Lachisa, whence Xenophon's Larissa, that the Greek title of the district was Calachene, and that there is an absolute identity between Hadith, which is the Chaldee name for Calah, and the Haditha of the Arabs.

After alluding to the extreme difficulty of rendering the inscriptions at Nimrod available for the illustration of history, owing to the practice which the Assyrians followed of distinguishing their proper names by the sense rather than by the sound—so that the form of a name could be varied *ad libitum*, by the employment of synonyms, expressed either symbolically or phonetically—Major Rawlinson proceeded to enumerate the kings of Nimrod who followed in a line of direct descent. They were Temenbar I., founder of the city of Nimrod; Hevenk I., his son; Alti-bar; Asser-adan-pal, or Sardanapalus; Temenbar II.; Husihem; and Hevenk II. Hevenk II. of Major Rawlinson would appear to correspond with the Shishonk of Dr. Hincks; and hence both, with Mr. Birch, would agree in assigning the earlier Nimrod sculptures to about the twelfth century before the Christian era—a date which would pretty well synchronise with the temporary depression of Egypt at the close of the eighteenth dynasty, and the rise in power of Assyria, till, at or about the tenth century before Christ, an Assyrian king founded the twenty-second Egyptian dynasty. Dr. Hincks identifies this king with the son of the founder of the north-west palace, which, according to Major Rawlinson, was Sardanapalus, not the well-known voluptuary, but the warrior, whose tomb was described by Amyntas at the gate of the Assyrian capital.

Whatever, then, may be the name of the city, its early history now stands pretty clear; and the world of letters must feel under immense obligations to Major Rawlinson for the enumeration of the kings of ancient Assyria, of the gods worshipped by the Assyrians, and their biblical identification, as well, also, as with the list of provinces tributary to Assyria.

Awaiting the publication of these researches in detail, a few observations on the momentous question as to the Calah which has now been made to usurp the place of the Athur and Nimrod of the Arabs and Chaldeans, and the Resen of Bochart, may not be out of place. In the first place, in the absence of further information, we must suppose that the Haditha of the Arabs, alluded to as "a large town in the immediate vicinity," is the Haditha of the Arab Geographers, who described two towns, no longer in existence, the one called Senn, at the mouth of the lesser Zab, the other called Haditha, at, or opposite to, the greater Zab. The Arab tribe of Haddidin, it may also be observed, still frequents the same neighbourhood, and lead the flocks of the people of Mosul to pasture.

It would appear, also, that the province called by the Greeks and Romans Adiabene, was called Hadiab by the Chaldeans. Thus the passage in Jeremiah (li., 27), in which the kingdoms of Ararat, Minni, and Ashchenaz are enumerated, is rendered in the Chaldean, Kardû (Kurdistan), Hurmine (Armenia), and Hadiab (Adiabene). So also that in Ezekiel (xxvii., 23), which relates that the merchants of Haran and Canneh and Eden were those of Tyre, is rendered in the Chaldean by Carræ, Nisibis, and Hadiab—Carræ being the well known Roman name for Haran.

The derivation of the names Hadiab, Haditha, and Adiabene may all be traced to the rivers by which the territory is washed. Ammianus Marcellinus distinctly says that Adiabene was so called after the rivers Diabas and Adiabas. Deba, according to Bochart, is a wolf, in Chaldean; hence Diaba is the same as Lycos and Lycus, the name given by Greeks and Romans to the greater Zab. The transposition of D into Z is at once amusingly and satisfactorily explained by the commentator Valesius, who says, "Ut enim diæta et zæta; Diabolus et Zabolus; Hippo Diarrytus et Zarrytus promiscue dicitur; ita plane Diabas et Zabas." Cellarius, Bochart, Fuller, and other geographical and biblical commentators, admit the Lycus and Diaba to signify the same thing, and the Diaba to be the same as the Zab or Zerb, and Hadiab to be named after the river.

Ptolemy enumerates the regions of Assyria as Arrapachites towards Armenia, next Adiabene, thence towards the east Arbelitis, upwards Calacine or Calachene, inferiorly Apolloniatis and Sittucene. Pliny says Adiabene was formerly called Assyria; and Ammianus repeats the same thing. Suidas says it was situated between the River Tigris and the Oena; another name, apparently, for the Zab. Calach, on the contrary, Bochart tells us, was a city at the head of the region called Calachene, near the springs of the River Lycus. This is from Strabo, who speaks of Calachene as a mountain province. Ptolemy, who writes Calacine for Calachene, likewise places the province above Adiabene in the Mons-Niphatis—the snowy, or Gordyæn mountains. According to Polybius, Callonitis was at the foot of Mount Zagros, while Adiabene is always mentioned by writers as that part of Assyria which was most noble, and which contained the cities of Nineveh and Gangamela. Cellarius, in his maps, makes Adiabene "the river," and Calachene "the mountain," province.

Thus it would appear, on the first blush, that Hadiab, Haditha, and Adiabene, being more readily derived from the name of the River Diab or Zab, than from Calah, that Nimrod appears to be in the province of Adiabene rather than that of Calachene, which was a mountain province; and that if, as Major Rawlinson opines, Nimrod represents Calah, and Nebbi Yunus, Nineveh, another great city—Resen—must, on Scriptural authority, have been between the two, a distance of about twenty miles, where there are certainly fragments of ruins, as Kara Kush, Yarumjah, &c.; still—all these points being taken into consideration—the identification of Calah with Nimrod does not, as it at present stands, appear to be at all satisfactory.

Dr. Edward Hincks has added his mite to the difficulties of the question. "Livga," he says, "was the Assyrian name of the town on the site of Nimroud."

THE ADVENTURES OF A SLOW YOUNG MAN.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH DISCUSSES THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY, AND POINTS OUT AN EXCEPTION TO IT.

PHILOSOPHERS and historians, in treating of some of the greatest men whom the world has produced, have often lamented that they were "before the age;" that society was not in a fit state to appreciate the value of what was offered for its advantage, and that in consequence of this dulness of comprehension, many wonderful discoveries in physics and much moral improvement have been retarded, whereby the world has greatly suffered.

To be *behind* the Time is not, however, an objection that can be made to the present generation. So much has been done in our day to accelerate thought, increase locomotion, and make impossibilities practicable, that people have ceased to wonder at anything. There is no scheme so vast, no project so fanciful, as not to attract the readiest belief. The *mot d'ordre* has been given to "go a-head," and woe to those who are laggards in the race! They already belong to a forgotten era. The gulf which separates us from our grandfathers is so wide that, looking back upon it, we feel almost inclined to believe that those respectable relatives who, in the order of events, *must* necessarily have been, were rather our *grandmothers* than persons of the opposite sex. Nor does it cost us very much to repudiate that nearer class of progenitors to whom the deferential title of "Governors" has been given—(*lucus à non lucendo*)—when we have ceased to be governed by anything but our own inclinations. The start which we have gained since the leash was slipped in our boyhood is, in a word, so immense, that every man's motto now is the reverse of that of Prince Metternich; instead of "*Après*," we say, "*Avant nous le déluge*," in the firm conviction that nothing stands between us and it, and that until now nothing was ever said or done that was worthy of being recorded.

Whether we have made a mistake or not, Time, the wonder-worker, will one day show; but until Solomon's discovery comes home to us, and another generation arises to "push us from our stools," we shall, doubtless, go on believing that there never were such glorious fellows as ourselves. It is not unlikely that those who actually preceded us entertained some such notion with regard to their own capabilities, but that they were altogether in the wrong the existence of the "fast men" of the year 1850 establishes beyond dispute. The organ of "self-esteem"—more vernacularly rendered by "having a devilish good opinion of oneself"—has, however, been always a prominent bump on the human cranium; so we must make allowances for our deluded ancestors, in the hope, it may be, that posterity will one day treat us with the same consideration.

So much for the age as it goes, generally; let us now turn to one of its exceptions.

We have already adverted to those gifted men of a dark period whose prophetic eyes saw clearly, without being able to profit by what was hid-

den from the rest of mankind; who, like the dervish in the Oriental story, had a perfect knowledge of where the treasure lay concealed, but required the assistance of the ignorant to bring it to light and turn it to account. In the scheme of the world a compensating power is ever at work to keep the balance even. While the mass was inert, strong shoulders were necessary to set the ball in motion; now that it rolls somewhat too rapidly, it is needful that the drag should be applied. For this reason it will not surprise those profound thinkers, whom chiefly we address, to learn that even at the moment at which we write, a few of that order of individuals are still in being on whom their swifter brethren have bestowed the *sobriquet* of "SLOW."

How far this appellation is positive or how far comparative—whether it be a term of merited reproach or prove in the end a compliment, remains to be developed in the account which we propose to give of certain passages in the life of a particular friend of ours, whose fortune it is to come under the aforesaid denomination. It is more than probable that if the case had been different with him, we should not have had the opportunity of being his biographers; as, amongst the peculiarities of the present time, a retiring modesty which shrinks from the garish eye of day and trembles at hearing its own voice, is certainly not the most prominent.

Whoever may undertake hereafter to write the "Secret History of the Nineteenth Century," will have no easy subject to deal with, it being a difficult matter to find any one whose minutest sayings and doings are not already in print. That rare unobtrusiveness of disposition to which we have alluded is, however, a marked feature in the character of our friend; and that the world might not lie under the obloquy of knowing nothing of (one of) its greatest men (as a well-known poet has tried to persuade us it always does), we have assumed an office which no consideration could have induced him to take upon himself. Our friend, who is the soul of candour and utterly unsuspicious, has no reserve in the *viva-voce* communications which he is in the habit of making when we are alone, nor entertains the remotest idea that we are "taking notes" of his instructive conversation; owing to which it happens that we know so much about him. But we must shield ourselves from the imputation of betraying the confidence reposed in us by stating that he is one of those persons who, while they sedulously shun everything in the shape of personal demonstration, are wholly passive with regard to what others may choose to say about them. "*Laissez-faire*" is their device, and we have thought it no harm to do what else had been left undone. There is a novelty in this kind of biography which we trust may offer a species of attraction; for though the actions of celebrated characters have been often set down while yet they were living—the narrative invariably refers to a period sufficiently remote to be deemed historical—some twenty, ten, or at the nearest five years are supposed to have elapsed since the written events took place; but in the present instance we propose to record occurrences, some of which are almost passing before our eyes as we write; in short, to keep the public *au courant* of what is constantly happening to our "slow" friend, much earlier than, with the best intentions possible, it would be in his own power to do.

Having made those "faces" to which Hamlet attaches an opprobrious epithet—we begin.

CHAPTER II.

A RETROSPECT WHICH MAY NOT BE CONSIDERED UNNECESSARY.

IN the year 1819, "when George the Third was King," and Victoria, unconscious of her high mission, was yet an infant, a certain village at the foot of one of the "combes" of the South Downs, about ten miles from Brighton, witnessed the birth of the young gentleman whose slowness it is our object to chronicle.

The Heavysternes have been settled in the county of Sussex from a period antecedent, they say, to the descent of the Norman Conqueror on the coast, a fact which, taken in conjunction with the bucolic tendencies of the gentry, may in some degree account for the numerous families which still bear that name. Of one of the branches of this widely diffused stock, the father of our hero was, at the time we speak of, the representative. He was the owner of a goodly number of acres—arable, meadow, pasture, and woodland—such as we find them in the pleasantest part of the Weald; his beeves were in plenty, his flocks numerous, and many a stack annually filled his homestead, for Mr. Heavysterne senior was a practical farmer as well as a landlord. In the latter capacity he was almost a *rara avis*, for his tenants rarely had occasion to find fault with him, though to suppose that they did not do so now and then, when they had no occasion, would be slightly to libel the agricultural community in general, and the Sussex farmers in particular. That he was sometimes a little "crusty" may also be admitted without any impeachment of his character for kindness and liberality; but giving and taking, as people must do in this world, if they wish to get on in it, it is seldom one stumbles upon more satisfactory relations than existed between Mr. Heavysterne and the individuals who assisted in making up his rent-roll. The sum to which that rent-roll amounted might have been from four to five thousand a year, varying slightly as the seasons varied, not by indiscriminate returns to the tenants of ten or fifteen *per cent.*, but according to the necessity for advances on improvement, as the circumstances occurred.

Four or five thousand a-year is an income on which a gentleman may live decently, without being under the necessity of expatriating himself for the purpose, though it has fallen to our lot to know one or two persons of estate who have imagined the contrary, and who spend their money "decently," as they say (though that may admit of a doubt), between Boulogne and Paris. To pass for a rich *milord*, and astonish the natives, goes for something in the account perhaps; or there may be a screw loose somewhere else—a conclusion which, in nine cases out of ten, is not very wide of the mark.

No such motives, however, influenced the elder Mr. Heavysterne. He had no ambition to pass for other than he was—a simple country gentleman; he had no creditors to bolt from, no doubtful reputation to smother; he had never been blackballed at his club; there was no slur upon his courage or his honour, nor was there anything *scabreux* in connexion with his matrimonial position.

At the customary period of life when country gentlemen newly furnish their houses, that is to say, within two or three years after coming of

age, Mr. Heavysterne paid his addresses to Miss Wheatear, the eldest daughter of Roger Wheatear, of South Down Park, Esquire, and after a briefer courtship than might have been expected from one of his easy-going nature, obtained her hand and a fortune of ten thousand pounds. Having accomplished this feat, he settled down to the course of life which his Sussex destiny had decreed. One half the year was spent in agricultural pursuits, three months were given to the sports of the field, and the remaining three were dedicated to the enjoyment of society at Brighton. Mrs. Heavysterne was no more ambitious of distinction than her husband. Heavysterne Hall, a large moated brick house with high-pointed gables and embattled chimneys, surrounded by fine gardens, and seated in the midst of what auctioneers call "park-like grounds," satisfied her as a place of residence during the period of her rustication, and it is scarcely necessary to say that Brighton in the winter was the *acme* of her ideas of fashionable life. Not that the country people went much out of their own circle when they deposited themselves for three months on the old Steine or in Regency-square, but there was an inevitable contact which gradually led to an extension of acquaintance beyond the pale of Sussex.

Mr. Heavysterne's club familiarised him with fresh faces, and when the Brighton harriers met at Patcham or Newtimber Gate, it rarely happened that he did not ask one or two new men to come home after the run and eat the mutton of his own breeding, and drink the port of the Messrs. Logwood's manufacture—those ingenious wine merchants whose scale of prices, exposed to view where all Brighton passes daily, shows how simple a thing it is to be honest, and at the same time to undersell the London market.

Mrs. Heavysterne also had her opportunities. To say nothing of the *entrée* at the old Ship, obtained by her double subscription to the list of the polite Mr. Shadow, the Master of the Ceremonies, who always bowed in acknowledgment wherever he met her—there were the balls in support of the county hospital and other local charities. The concerts at the libraries (it was before the Town-hall was built), and other public *réunions* to which strangers resort, besides the interchange of dinners and evening parties amongst her own kind—all these combined to widen her views of social life as far as they were capable of being extended, but when the Heavysternes returned with the rooks to their old leafless family elms, the lady was even readier than the gentleman to confess that she had had "quite enough of dissipation."

It will be gathered from this outline that Mr. Heavysterne was not one of those tremendous fellows—the fastest of their day—whom one still occasionally meets with, who hint to you that they belonged to "the Prince's set," and speak of Brighton much after this fashion:—

"Ah—Brighton, sir! You should have seen it in my time—when the Prince, sir, lived at the Pavilion nearly all the year round. Brighton was something like a place then, sir. There was a knot of us, sir, used to stand at the coffee-room window of the Albion, to take off our hats to Mrs. F—h—t when she drove by every day at two o'clock, after the *regular morning visit*—you understand me—and his royal highness used to join the four-in-hand club on the east side of the Steine. Such a lovely woman, sir!—such teams! There was Lord Buzzard, sir, and Sir Henry Gayton, and Sir John Cadd, drove nothing but thorough-breds—not one of 'em worth less than 150 guineas! Then the dinners that went

on at the Pavilion—the whist parties, sir; fifty guinea points—some shaking of the elbow too, sir—Lord Widemouth to wit—Champagne and green tea punch, sir, the Prince's own invention—Sir Edward Beagle's stories—and what d'ye think of keeping it up till six o'clock every morning, sir? A devil of a life, sir!—That was Brighton when I was a young man, sir!"

Mr. Heavysterne could not quote experiences like these, for they referred to a period somewhat before his day; but now and then, when conviviality had the mastery over his brain, he would narrate in a dim, hazy kind of manner, some of the wild stories which his father—(an intimate friend, of course, as all country gentlemen used to say they were, of Fox and Sheridan)—was in the habit of telling when he was a boy; and such revelations sometimes produced a great effect over his own mahogany; the more so, perhaps, in consequence of the cellar at Heavysterne being supplied with a more generous liquor than the bins of Messrs. Logwood at Brighton. His imagination, however, did not stretch quite so far as that of some people, who cannot relate a story without making themselves the principal actors in it, and who, the farther they "try back," find something still more wonderful to tell, probably because the number of witnesses diminishes at every step.

Neither was Mrs. Heavysterne much more fertile in anecdote than her husband. There was one story about a young lady in blue muslin, who eloped from the Master of the Ceremony's ball with an officer of the Tenth Hussars, whose moustaches were the finest ever seen in Brighton, which she had quite perfect;—but this was her *cheval de bataille*, and her powers as a *raconteur* were never taxed beyond it.

There were no materials for romance in the lives of people whose career was so simple and straightforward as that of Mr. and Mrs. Heavysterne, and therefore we shall not attempt to extract any. We have told nearly all that happened to them, except one thing, which, as it is the most important, we add by way of postscript to this chapter. Their union had been blest by ten children, nine of whom died in infancy or nonage: three were carried off by the croup, one fell a victim to the measles, another fell into a well, one was overlaid (Mrs. Heavysterne being inclined to stoutness), the scarlet fever claimed a brace, and the last of the "nine farrow" was choked by an apple turnover—a delicacy held in great estimation in parts of Sussex, where the pastry is of a slightly primitive order. The tenth and youngest child—the subject of this memoir—passed safely through the ordeal of children's diseases—apple turnovers included—and when he was twelve years of age his parents committed his farther education to the care of a reverend gentleman at Brighton, who kept what is called a very respectable establishment, the literary meaning of which is, an establishment which renders a long purse the one thing necessary.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION AND ITS FRUITS.

As we are not dealing with an imaginary personage, it may be as well if we release our young friend from the anonymous position which he has hitherto occupied.

He was christened Harold; but whether this name was suggested by any glimmering recollection that a person so called once cut a figure in the county, or whether Mrs. Heavysterne had accidentally heard, at Mr. Donaldson's library, of the hero of a poem at that time somewhat talked of, we cannot determine. It was, however, a good substantial Saxon name, of which there are many in Sussex, where the fair hair and blue eyes of that race are to be met with at every turn.

Parents, generally speaking, pride themselves greatly on the precocity of their offspring. If a baby cuts its teeth, cackles, crawls, or "takes notice" (as they say) a few days sooner than is expected, it is at once held up to admiration, no less literally than figuratively, as the most remarkable child that ever was born, and all sorts of flattering auguries are drawn from the fact.

Everybody remembers the story of the grumpy old gentleman who was annoyed at the cleverness of Charles Fox when a boy, and predicted that he would turn out a dull man; on which the witty imp retorted, "What a very clever child *you* must have been, sir!" No such prediction, we believe, was ever made with regard to the infant Harold, or, at all events, he did nothing to prompt it. He stuck to his coral, held his tongue, made himself a dead weight in his nurse's arms, and "took notice" of nothing but the aliment on which he thrived, after the fashion of his family; "waxing fat," like Jeshurun, but not, like him, given to kicking. To hurry himself did not seem to be the bent of his infant disposition, and—with a constancy of purpose which does him honour—our friend Harold adheres to this principle to the present hour.

As it happened in his infancy, so it befel in his childhood: he excited nobody's astonishment by the quickness of his repartees or other indications of mental ability; he was never brought forward after dinner to inform the company that his name was Norval, or explain how Eliza stood upon the wood-crown'd height; when he did make his appearance with the dessert, it was invariably with the well-executed intention of doing justice to it; *his* mouthing, if it afforded no gratification to his listeners, was always satisfactory to himself.

Fortunately for young Heavysterne, this deficiency in parrot-oratory was not considered a defect by the kindred spirits of the Weald; nor are we quite sure that we should think so ourselves, for, if there is one nuisance greater than another—the reader of course sympathises with us, so we will spare him a diatribe against spouting children.

Neither did Harold shine with peculiar brilliancy at the rudimentary academy of Mr. Flayman, whither he was sent in the first instance, till his mother could reconcile herself to the interposition of the South Down range between herself and her darling. It may be that, like Gibbon, he was "hiving knowledge with each studious year;" but whatever he learnt he assuredly kept to himself, and the only excuse which Mr. Flayman could find for awarding him a prize was "close attention;" it was not necessary, he thought, to develop the question further.

As Harold's intellect was not harassed by being over-crammed, his bodily health and strength took care of themselves, and he grew—slowly of course, for it was not in his nature to shoot up—into what his father called "a fine boy," or, as more indifferent observers would have said, a sturdy one; in which respect he might be likened to the famous Bertrand du Guesclin, who, at his age, appears to have been much such another, and was more celebrated for the weight of his fists than the force of his

arguments. It is not to be understood by this that Harold—like the Breton worthy—was of a pugnacious disposition; but as there are some things that take place at school which will make even the quietest show fight, we merely mention the circumstance to prove that the stuff was in him, though, like “the sweetness that pleasure has in it,” it was generally “slow to come forth.” When it did come, there was no question about it being effective.

This was one of the earliest facts established when Harold was removed from Heavysterne to Brighton, and formed one of the batch of exclusives under the training of Dr. Do'emall. The notions of the elder Mr. Heavysterne, as became a landed proprietor of his standing, were eminently aristocratic, and it moreover flattered what vanity there was in Mrs. Heavysterne's composition, to think that her son was thus early made the associate of the youthful Marquis of Felltimber, of young Lord Scarecrow, of the Hon. Mr. Wheyface—then entering his teens—and of some half-a-dozen other scions of illustrious houses, one or two Sussex magnates included.

It was Wheyface, who, in that spirit of amiability which characterises ingenuous youth, was the first to sneer at the tardy development of Harold's mental accomplishments; and, encouraged by the passiveness with which his remarks were received, proceeded practically to show how they ought to be “beaten into his stupid head.” But it was the same Wheyface who had not got very far with his illustration before he received a blow which hinted, too plainly to be mistaken, that the *voie de fait* was not likely to prove the best course towards an agreeable condition of affairs for himself. Lord Scarecrow was the next to learn the same lesson; and when he looked in the glass after the sound thrashing which young Heavysterne gave him at the end of a fortnight's provocation, he was free to confess that his title became him better than ever, and that he, too, would act wisely if he abstained in future from urging “the slow coach” out of his pace. These, and some other evidences of pluck, and the capacity to make pluck useful, were not thrown away upon Harold's youthful compeers; and as it was soon discovered that he did not presume upon his courage and strength, but was excessively goodnatured, and took everything remarkably easy, he was unanimously voted a good fellow, and they all—the Marquis of Felltimber particularly—took a great liking to him.

Following the example of his lordship, Harold cultivated those exercises, which we once heard spoken of as “athletic,” with a steady assiduity which, though it was some time on hand, brought him home in the end. At Mr. Brown's cricket-ground, and in Mr. Sharp's tennis-court, his hitting, like Tom Cribb's in a different way, if slow, was strong; Jonathan gave lessons in billiards to the marquis; and the marquis gave points to Heavysterne; but in “a hundred up,” Harold eventually had the best of it, and won without odds. He was certainly not the worst rider in Mr. Roberts's academy of equitation, though Scarecrow and Wheyface used to criticise his seat, and hint, between themselves, at feather-weight! but where he appeared to the least advantage was, we must freely admit, in “the Hall of Terpsichore” in Great Gun-street, which was presided over by the accomplished Mr. Bright.

That smart little gentleman, whose skill in this sort of tuition admits of no dispute, was compelled at last to say that “Mr. 'Arold 'Eavysterne”

was "incorrigible;" by which figure of speech he meant that our young friend was unteachable. Dancing, indeed, like cookery, requires delicate treatment; a light hand for the one, and a light foot for the other, are indispensable. Now, Harold's foot was by no means a light one, as more than one of his partners in the class very soon found out; and, what was worse, he had no ear for music. "Time" was a quality which he vainly attempted to measure; when others went up to the inspiring notes of Mr. Bright's kit, Harold Heavysterne went down, and, when once he was down, it was no easy matter to get him up again. He was consequently always at cross-purposes with the time, the figure, and everything belonging to the lesson, and was finally banished from the set and compelled to exhibit apart, very much to the inward satisfaction of the Hon. Mr. Wheyface, who piqued himself on being the professor's most successful pupil. As laurels of this description are not very generally contended for in society, they may be allowed to rest undisturbed on the brows of the august youth.

Of the intellectual culture at Dr. Do'emall's there is not much to be said. The programme of the establishment gave out a formidable "curriculum" of Greek, Latin, astronomy, chemistry, geology, botany, and "all the modern languages;" but, as the bill of fare was so various, the reverend doctor left his scholars to help themselves pretty much as they chose, and they none of them took more than they could comfortably digest. Heavysterne's tastes being rural, and having lived for the greater part of his life within sight of an enormous chalk-pit, he was curious to know what the Downs were made of, and went in, at first, for geology; but the subject proved so dry that he gave it up before he had got half through the loose flint formation, and being on the sea-shore he turned his attention to the marine department of botany. He collected several specimens, chiefly with the view of making barometrical observations, and we believe he kept a daily register of the fluctuations of his damp monitor, which, as it is likely to prove a highly interesting work, will, we have reason to think, be one day given to the world, when a sufficiently enterprising publisher can be found to undertake it on the advantageous terms of "half-profits." The modern languages next attracted him. He began with German, being led to do so, no doubt, by its congenial slowness; but what progress he made under Professor Schnarcher (who generally went to sleep during the lesson) cannot well be ascertained; he believes, himself, that he lost his way one day in a splendid passage of a poem written by the ex-King of Bavaria, on the "Life-and-Death-Immensurability of the Power of Song" (*Die Leben-und-Tods-Unermesslichkeit des Gesanges-Macht*), and was never able to find his way out again. He then took up with French, and in consequence of that earnestness of application for which he had already been commended by Mr. Flayman, succeeded in mastering the language thoroughly, with the trifling exception of the genders, the idiom, and the pronunciation. It has often struck us as somewhat singular that he should have failed in the latter particular, the Sussex accent being so flexible and harmonious. One would have thought so melodious a dialect would have formed his organs for anything. Do what he would, however, Monsieur Siffleur (who came from Blois, and conducted this branch of education at Dr. Do'emall's) could never inoculate him with the real French twang; and we very much fear that

Harold was chiefly responsible for the rash act which ended his irritable tutor's days, for, after a whole week unintermittingly devoted to the vain attempt to teach him the proper pronunciation of the letter u, Monsieur Siffleur left the class hastily one morning, and, not returning at the appointed hour, inquiry was made, and it was ascertained that he had suffocated himself in his lodging with the fumes of charcoal. Young Heavysterne's accent remained, therefore, exactly where the unfortunate Frenchman found it, and so it continues to this hour.

Of the rest of his accomplishments brief mention must suffice, as those which we now fail to enumerate will probably develop themselves hereafter.

Though he had, as we have said, no ear for music, he was not of opinion that he ought on that account to debar himself altogether from the study of it; and the instrument he made choice of was the violin, having been given to understand that it could be mastered in about fifteen years, at the rate of eight hours' hard practice every day—Sundays and holidays at the Bank excepted. Harold was thoroughly convinced that he possessed perseverance enough for the undertaking, and accordingly set to work with the most praiseworthy determination. The full period allotted has expired since he first took the violin in hand; but when questioned on the subject of his progress, he contents himself by repeating the praises of his last master, who says that his "bowing" is in a bold, grand style, but that his "fingering" wants a *little* more rapidity. When that is accomplished, he shall, he thinks, be in a fair way for getting on.

After passing six years with Dr. Do'emall, he left that gentleman's establishment for the university. Had he delayed his departure a week longer Dr. Do'emall would have left *him*—for at the expiration of that period it was discovered that the reverend doctor had shipped himself for France by the Dieppe packet, leaving upwards of ten thousand reminiscences behind him, in the shape of bills unsettled.

CHAPTER IV.

THE POND IS STIRRED BY A FEEBLE.

COLLEGE LIFE—like Falstaff's sherris-sack—"hath a twofold operation." It brings out the ambitious and shuts up the torpid. Harold Heavysterne had no desire to signalise himself on the road or the river, by driving tandem or pulling "stroke-oar;" he did not covet the renown of being head over ears in debt; champagne parties and midnight cigars were not to his taste; neither did he aim at celebrity in pugilistic encounters with herculean bargemen. That he was, therefore, voted "slow," by those master-spirits who achieve the above-mentioned feats, is not at all surprising. His "mental grasp"—as Mr. Crammer, his college-tutor, said—"was not comprehensive enough for first-class honours;" Harold, accordingly, forbore that flight, and contented himself with the "little-go," which might, in time, have expanded to a great one, had not his well-grown whiskers suggested to the elder Mr. Heavysterne the bright idea that his son might serve his country more effectually by wearing a red instead of a black coat;—not that whiskers

are by any means an impediment to fame in any of the learned professions, least of all in the church.

Having interest at the Horse Guards—acres always have interest, even in these times of depression—his father obtained a commission for Harold, and he was gazetted to a cornetcy, “by purchase,” into the Twelfth Dragoon Guards, which gallant regiment he was eminently qualified to enter on more than one account. The best reason, perhaps, was to be found in the fact that he stood six feet two in his stockings, and was stout in proportion; another, scarcely less valid, was that the distinguished “arm” to which he was appointed, is familiarly known as “the heavy.” The services of the Twelfth Dragoon Guards were of the most brilliant description, and on their kettle-drums were inscribed the names of the various barracks in different parts of the United Kingdom where they had been quartered. The officer commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel Nobber, a veteran of ten years’ standing, was indebted for his rapid promotion to the long purse bequeathed to him by his father the eminent carriage-builder, who gave his name to one of the vehicles of his own construction. As Colonel Nobber rode eighteen stone in his high *demi-pique* saddle, head, helmet, and holsters included, he justly considered himself “a splendid figure,” and the great object of his life was to have none but splendid figures in the corps, conjecturing (for Colonel Nobber’s mind was one that never arrived at a settled conviction on any assured grounds) that it was only raised to be looked at. Cornet Heavysterne was, in this point of view—as in most others—a very desirable acquisition, and, indeed, he might have passed muster in either of those vaulted sentry-boxes, whose occupants are so much the admiration of the nursemaids, butcher boys, and other awe-stricken individuals who throng the pavement opposite Whitehall, every morning at the hour of guard-mounting. To perform some such duty as this—to share in the labours of an occasional field-day—to deliver an oracular judgment at a regimental court-martial—to eat doubtful mess-dinners, and stand up at county balls—formed the principal features of Harold’s military career during a period of service of about two years, at the end of which time, his father dying suddenly of apoplexy, he sold out and returned to Heavysterne Hall, to take his place amongst the landed proprietors of the county.

It was of course expected, that being now his own master, he would follow the example his sire had set him, some five-and-thirty years before, and forthwith take unto himself a wife; but whether he had had reason, during his peace campaigns, for mistrusting the sex—whether the fellowship of the Twelfth Dragoon Guards had made his brain more “cloggy” than it was before, or whether it rose from supreme indifference, cannot with accuracy be ascertained; the only thing about which there can be no doubt is, that neither the pretty Miss Patching, the clever Miss Hurst, the lively Miss Lancing, the sentimental Miss Arundel, nor the fearless Miss Devilsdyke, all of whom set their caps at him, succeeded in convincing Harold that he ought to fetter himself in hymeneal bonds—silken or steel, as they might chance to prove. Nature had happily endowed him with the faculty of being able to stand fire, in its most dangerous sense; that is, when exposed to the killing flames of a pair of bright eyes, or to the honeyed words of a persuasive tongue. He had no objection to gaze on a beautiful face, or to listen to an eloquent voice,

as long as the owner pleased, but any more active demonstration, with a view to a marital right in property of this interesting description, was about the farthest thing from his thoughts. On one occasion he certainly ran some risk, but that was when he was left *tête-à-tête* at a picnic party under the trees of Chancetonbury Ring with the charming Mrs. Colibri, an Indian widow, who was the delight and terror of the whole country, and whose house on the Marine Parade at Brighton was the prettiest gilded rat-trap that ever was baited for matrimonial speculation. How he escaped this peril, after going the length not only of squeezing the lady's hand, but of actually pressing her lips, can only be accounted for on the supposition that the spirit of the champagne which prompted him to the act was as evanescent as it was brisk. Mrs. Colibri of course thought herself an injured woman when she found that nothing came of the "outrage," as she subsequently termed it; "but her "dearest Harold," as she wrote to him on the following morning, could not be moved to declare himself either by her opening tenderness or late reproaches. In technical language he "fought shy" of the lady ever after, and that he might the better avoid her snares, took counsel with a friend somewhat faster than himself, who suggested a change of scene, and recommended a trip to the continent.

Lest anybody should prematurely shed tears over the sad fate of the heart-broken Mrs. Colibri, we think it right to mention that Harold had not been gone more than a month before the lovely Indian widow bestowed her hand, and ten thousand pounds—of debt—on handsome Tom Blackberry, the cleverest whip between Brighton and London, and one of the best riders up to hounds in Sussex. It was thought a great thing for Tom Blackberry to have made a leap from the coach-box to a silken ottoman by marrying a lady of fortune (she had fifteen hundred a year, closely tied up, and settled upon the children by her first marriage); but independently of the trifle of debt to which we have alluded, Mrs. Colibri—now Blackberry—possessed the rare accomplishment of being not only able but willing to spend three times the amount of her income, and the consequence, as far as poor Tom was concerned—after a very sweet but exceedingly brief honeymoon—was a permanent location in that fashionable hotel on which the name of the venerated Chief Justice of England has been bestowed.

It required a strong stimulus to induce one of Harold Heavysterne's sluggish temperament to take so decided a step as expatriation, but anybody of the least experience in such matters knows, that when a man has committed himself with a widow there are only two courses open to him, he must either fight or fly. If he fights, the chances are he will speedily be beaten, and compelled to surrender at discretion; if he flies, he postpones, if he does not altogether avoid his fate. His friend's eloquence, moreover, though usefully exercised, was not altogether disinterested, for which reason, possibly, it was the more effective. He was a young gentleman whose fortune was more in *posse* than in *esse*, his present resources being limited to a couple of hundreds a-year; a sum of money which does not go a great way where their possessor has a taste for dress, a tendency towards billiards, and a turn for the amusements of the turf.

It is true that Fred Hassock—so he was called—had a rich aunt, whose heir he had every reason to suppose himself, but she was remarkably tenacious of two things. The first was her life and the second her money,

so that if she had been exposed to the highwayman's alternative it was more than probable she could not have decided upon which she would least willingly part with. We incline to think, however, that it would not have been her money.

It is scarcely necessary, after stating the preceding facts with respect both to aunt and nephew—or “nevy” as, in the true Sussex Doric, she preferred calling him—it is scarcely necessary, we observe, to say that the name of Frederick Hassock, Esquire, was enrolled—after a kind of Domesday fashion—on the books of many eminent artists within the circle of Conduit-street and Piccadilly, for articles of outward adornment too numerous to mention, and that the chances of its erasure by any process short of going through “the court,” was looked upon by this time as not very great. To avoid inconvenient pressure, which might have led to an introduction to that legal hostelry adverted to in the case of Mr. Blackberry, Frederick Hassock, Esquire, judged it prudent to withdraw for a time from the inquiring eyes of tailors and horse-dealers; but with every wish to do so, his Exodus had not yet been accomplished for want of the necessary funds.

An application to his aunt, Mrs. Griper, had elicited a monologue from that lady, as she sat at her breakfast-table reading his letter, which ran something to the following effect:—

“Oh! ah! yes, I dare say—give him money to go squandering about in foreign parts! I shan’t, though. Two hundred a-year, why he’s got two hundred a-year a’ready! What does he want with more? Travelling, hey? he says travelling’s expensive. That may be; but if ’tis, why should he take and go and travel at all! I never went and travelled. ‘Expand his mind,’ ah, pretty thing, expand my purse he means. Minds don’t want no expanding. The more he expands his mind, the more money he’ll spend! He’s my nevy, he says. So he is. But I can do as I like, I s’pose! Help him on! Ah—well—help—yes, help—so I can, but I’m not called to. A ‘going away for a good while’—ah, well then.”

Here Mrs. Griper fumbled in her dress, and finally produced a pocket-book, from whence she drew two bank notes, one for ten and the other for five pounds. She took them up separately, looked at that pleasantest of German text which declares the amount, then examined the watermark, and held them up to the light to see if the little puncture was in the right place. Her examination convinced her that both were perfectly genuine. Had there been the slightest doubt in her mind that either was a forgery—no very likely occurrence, considering her scrutinising habits—it is possible she might have folded them together and enclosed them in the letter she was about to write; but they both so unmistakably belonged to the family whose value is vouched for by “Wm. Marshall,” that she had not the heart to commit the rash act. She accordingly returned the ten-pound note to its former resting-place, and, marvelling at her own generosity, transmitted its smaller brother to the address of her nevy—“At Limmer’s Hotel, till called for”—an event which very soon took place, though Mr. Frederick Hassock did not apply there in person.

Had he followed his first impulse, the note would have found its way back to the donor by return of post; but the future stared him in the face, so he quietly put it in his waistcoat pocket, and wrote a letter of thanks with the grateful feelings of a disappointed young man.

To travel on the continent with a five-pound note for his sole exchequer, was a feat of management to which Mr. Frederick Hassock did

not feel himself equal. He might, it is true—as others had done before him—have reached Boulogne, and lived there upon it for a fortnight, provided he refrained from *écarté*; but, as he calculated on a more prolonged existence than this chance offered, he thought he would just run down and “wake up” his friend Harold, who had more than once invited him to Heavysterne, and stay quietly there “till things got a little more settled.”

As “The Time of Day” coach, charioteered by Tom Blackberry (it happened just before the Brighton Railway was opened), passed the lodge-gate at Heavysterne, he was under his friend’s roof within five hours of coming to the above determination. He arrived at an opportune moment—Harold being found by him still wining under the endearing expressions contained in Mrs. Colibri’s *billet-doux*. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, Hassock’s argument in favour of a continental excursion prevailed; not, however, until he had kindly promised to bear Harold company wherever he might happen to wander.

“If you didn’t mind coming with me, old fellow,” was Harold’s remark in reply to a leading question from Hassock, “I’d stand Sam.”

The unprepared youth threw himself back in his chair, and seemed for a few moments lost in the consideration of the subject. He then leant forward, with an expression of countenance that betokened the severity of the recent mental struggle, and, squeezing Heavysterne’s hand, exclaimed,

“Well, then, Harold, as you make such a point of it, I don’t care if I do.”

On the following day their passports were *visé* at the Belgian Embassy, and with a celerity of movement which perfectly bewildered Harold, who was never able afterwards to give a clear account of how it happened, they found themselves on board of the *Ocean*, steaming down the river towards Antwerp—the early hour of the morning at which they took their departure being more favourable to the movements of Mr. Frederick Hassock than if the mid-day sun had shone upon them. He had not breathed so freely for a long time as when the Isle of Sheppey faded in the distance, and the steamer’s head was fairly set towards the mouth of the Scheldt.

CHAPTER V.

MESSRS. HEAVYSTERNE AND HASSOCK SET OUT ON THEIR TRAVELS, AND MEET WITH A “GUARDIAN ANGEL.”

IT was with no more definite object in view than simply “to get away” that the travellers thus committed themselves to the mercy of the winds and waves. Voltaire’s type of our countrymen,

Parfait Anglais, voyageant sans dessein,

is not, however, absolutely true even of those who can least explain why they travel; for there is no greater incentive to locomotion than being “sick of a place.” The French call this *ennui*, and bear it, *tant bien que mal*; we, whenever we can afford to do so, run away from it. But Heavysterne and Hassock, as we have shown, had each a motive. A widow’s love impelled one, the tender solicitude of a host of creditors set the other in motion. For them to get away was, therefore, clearly a rational proceeding.

The voyage, it being summer weather, was not on the whole an un-

pleasant one; for, though Harold experienced certain qualms shortly after they passed the Nore (which timid passengers on their way to Margate identify with Cape Horn), he made it out very well for a first attempt, and was able to give a very good account of a cold round of beef and pickles, when that remedy against sea-sickness was recommended by his friend Hassock, who confessed to being troubled with no severer malady than an almost unappeasable appetite. Neither did the cold brandy-and-water—also recommended—which followed, disagree with him, nor the cigars from Hassock's own case, but recently filed at Hudson's.

With these agreeable adjuncts to a sea-voyage, and the moon shining full on the dancing waters, suggesting to the poetical Hassock, though not to his companion, the inevitable rhyme of "ripple" and "tipple," the night wore away quickly; some part of it being also passed unconsciously in slumber as they sat on deck shrouded in their wide, warm cloaks; and soon after daylight broke, the houses on the low shores of Zealand were distinctly visible, though a more positive evidence of their nearing the Flemish coast was afforded in the uncouth accents of the Flushing pilots, who then boarded the steamer.

To a person of Heavysterne's temperament there was something congenial in the aspect of these new shores, where the slow but enduring labour of man had wrought such beneficial results, and as the dykes and the polders which they guarded were pointed out he felt a strong sympathy for the painstaking race, who, by dint of firm resolve and unsparring toil, had conquered a foe so restless and destructive as the raging sea. It even came into his head to institute a comparison between these different objects and his own position with regard to Mrs. Colibri, but, as the parallel was not of the closest, seeing that he had withdrawn from instead of withstanding the widow's advances, the metaphor did not altogether carry with it that conviction which its ingenuity merited.

He was awakened from his reverie, which eventually degenerated into a doze, by Hassock informing him, with a gentle salutation between the shoulders, that the steeple of Antwerp cathedral was in sight; but, like many a man's hopes of promotion in this world, the city was still much farther off than he expected, and was only reached at last after making a good many turns and windings, which admit also of a moral resemblance. Not to detain the reader, however, in the lazy waters of the Scheldt, we will land the travelling companions a little more expeditiously than Heavysterne's inaptness allowed, and suppose all custom-house obstacles surmounted, and the welcome portals of the Hôtel St. Antoine, on the Place Verte, opened to receive them.

As the first thing, after swearing at the natives, which an Englishman, whether fast or slow, invariably does when he visits the continent for the first time, is to provide himself with sustenance as substantial as the place affords, and to call for a bottle of champagne, in the belief that it grows everywhere, ready corked and wired, it may well be supposed that Messieurs Heavysterne and Hassock were not backward in this particular; and we are happy to say that the excellent *cuisine* of the Hôtel St. Antoine was in a condition to supply their hungriest cravings. They stared rather at some of the *plats*, wondering why "these fellows ate soup and spinach for breakfast, and took parsley and butter with their potatoes;" but, though some reservations, which they considered prudent, were made, the *table d'hôte déjeuner* was voted "by no means a bad

style of thing," and Heavysterne congratulated his friend on the facility with which they "got on in a foreign country." This "getting on" was an allusion to the difference of language, but as the bustling, little head waiter, who spoke every dialect under the sun, knew English as well as if he had been brought up in Wapping, and was constantly at Heavysterne's elbow, ministering to all his wants, the fact upon which that gentleman piqued himself will not be looked upon as arising from any extraordinary exercise of ability on his part. Had little Pierre's English, on the other hand, proved the kind which always excites the risibility of our countrymen, while they are themselves mutilating an unknown tongue, it is to be feared that neither Heavysterne nor Hassock would have fared quite so well, for in point of lingual accomplishments they were about on a par, Heavysterne knowing most without being able to make himself intelligible, and Hassock possessing only a few glib phrases which were seldom applied in the right place.

But, besides the waiter, there came to their assistance a Guardian Angel in the shape of a *valet de place*, who held out so many cogent reasons why he should take them in tow, that Heavysterne yielded without resistance. To tell the truth, the offer was an inexpressible relief to his mind, and he was not above saying so, differing in this respect from the majority of English travellers, who accept these necessary services, but are much too proud to acknowledge that they are necessary. Heavysterne set down the intervention of the *valet de place* to the score of "good luck;" and so it was, though not exactly in the sense in which he understood it.

The name of this accommodating individual was Louis Petit. He was one of those loose fish who, wherever they may have been spawned, are at home in all waters. The place of his birth was unknown, even to himself. It might have been anywhere between Brussels or Geneva, for the *ménage* of his sire, a courier by profession, was never stationary for three months together. In all probability he first saw the light in Paris; at all events his earliest recollections were of that capital; and his nature was so thoroughly inoculated with the spirit of the *gamin*, that it is only a fair inference to suppose he had a legitimate claim to the properties of mind which he so ably developed. From the wandering life which he began at a very early age to lead, a cosmopolite feeling arose, the true interpretation of which is, a happy indifference with regard to locality. The *maladie du pays* was a complaint he had no experience of. Whenever he shifted his quarters he was troubled with none of those regrets which make men turn backward with a lingering gaze upon the steeple. The object of his life was always to look before him, and the only consideration which he gave to the past was when the experience belonging to it might be of service to the present. It is true that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but, on the other hand, all its inequalities are smoothed by perpetual friction, and Louis Petit felt the advantage of gliding through the world without the risk of being brought up at an unexpected turn by any stray feeling or affection. A supple nature and the accident of position had rendered him fertile in resources, expert in contrivances. There was nothing he was not willing to attempt, in order to gain a livelihood, and there were very few *métiers* he had not tried, with more or less success.

He had commenced his independent career as a dealer in *contre-*

marques at the doors of the Paris theatres—a good introduction to any profession requiring a *fond* of assurance. From thence he had passed to the stage of the *Funambules*, where he figured as an *acrobate* of some reputation; but a severe sprain, which laid him up and gave his position to a detested rival, threw him back once more on the *paavé*, and his next pursuit, being gifted with a very shrill voice, was that of a hawker of evening journals, and his cry of “*V’là ç’qui vient d’paraître*” might be heard every evening from one end of the Italian Boulevard to the other. He then, for reasons which he called political, but which others said had as much to do with the police simply, transferred his operations to a more removed ground, and became alternately a postilion, a *marmiton*, a hairdresser, a *décrotteur*, the driver of a diligence, a *marchand de vin*, a courier, a *laquais* in private families, a *marguillier*, a picture-dealer, a cigar manufacturer, and when without any visible means of existence, *tout bonnement*, a *chevalier d’industrie*.

In exercising these various avocations, he found himself sometimes a resident in London, sometimes in Madrid; in troublous times he was again in his element in Paris; anon he might be seen in Brussels, in Lausanne, in Berlin, in Vienna—in short, wherever chance or opportunity conducted him. Of late years he had chiefly affected the Low Countries and the banks of the Rhine, being induced thereto by those districts “having the call” with the wandering English. He knew by heart the contents of every church and picture-gallery on both sides of the Alps, from Naples to Amsterdam; he was an antiquarian, a wine-taster, a judge of horseflesh, a connoisseur in all matters musical and theatrical, a guide of unimpeachable accuracy, and, it need scarcely be added, a *fripon*, *par dessus le marché*. Pity, with all his accomplishments, that he had never yet made his fortune! He had been very near it a great many times, for his invention was unrivalled, and some of his discoveries were perfectly sublime. There was but one lever wanting to set them all in motion; and this was Capital, unfortunately unattainable in his case, his propensity being to get rid of his money as fast as he got it—a fondness for games of chance assisting his endeavours.

So much for his *morale*; a few words now as to his *physique*.

He was appropriately named Petit, for he scarcely exceeded in height that celebrated French orator, who, to admit of his being seen, was accommodated with a *tabouret* in the tribune whenever he addressed the Assembly. But, unlike that eminent little man, there was nothing feminine in his general appearance. His figure, though small, was angular and wiry, and his face was as hard and red as a brick. It might well be so, after all the wear and tear it had undergone, after all the buffets it had encountered. The *contour* of his head was not quite perfect, and suggested the notion that it had been battered slightly out of shape. Neither were his features perfectly regular, for his nose swerved from the perpendicular, and his small, black, twinkling eyes were set obliquely beneath his brows, and gave something of an *air Chinois* to their cunning expression. On the volubility of his tongue, and the force of his expressions, there is little need to dilate; had these been wanting, he would have been deficient in the main attributes of his profession. To liken a man of his qualifications to the lower animals may savour of indignity; but the account of his person is scarcely complete without adding that he possessed the agility of a cat and the powers of endurance of a badger.

His costume was of the kind which is best described by the word "seedy." There was a good deal of buttoning-up across the chest, and some careful strapping down over the feet: no ostentatious display of fine linen, and not much nap on his coffee-coloured hat. He wore a black neckcloth, as much from convenience as choice, and dispensed altogether with gloves. The only articles of value on his person were a pinchbeck watch with a lacquered chain, a copper ring set with a splendid (glass) amethyst, a *papier-maché* snuff-box, supported by an indispensable red cotton handkerchief, and a greasy black leather pocket-book filled with hotel cards, old passports, one or two bills that had been receipted, and about a score of the same class of documents which stood no chance of ever being so. As the possession of "*papiers*" is always an indication of personal importance in France and Belgium, Monsieur Petit never failed to produce his pocket-book on every available occasion, though he favoured the world with only a partial knowledge of its contents.

Monsieur Louis Petit was, on his own representation, the confidential agent of some of the greatest lords in England, who honoured him by asking his advice and requesting his services in the execution of important commissions. If this statement were true, it rather reflects upon the liberality of the British nobility not to have provided better for such an invaluable *homme d'affaires*; a counting house, and half a dozen clerks should have been the basis on which the extensive operations he spoke of ought to have been performed; but no—he was left to get through his work single handed. In justice to Monsieur Petit's candour, we must, however, say that he entirely acquitted those noble lords of their apparent meanness; he was so fond of the "Angleesh" that no persuasion could induce him "not to take no more from dem" than from "everybody else in all the world," a mode of expressing himself which conveyed at first a strong impression of his generosity, though the delusion was dispelled when he afterwards presented his "littell bill."

Such, with all his attributes, was Monsieur Louis Petit, the "guardian angel" of Messieurs Heavysterne and Hassock.

His first appearance in the streets of Antwerp with these gentlemen in his wake justified the appellation: for at the sight of his well-known face the crowd of expectant *commissionaires* who hover round the doors of continental hotels, and especially harry and vex our countrymen in the Low Countries, at once withdrew the claim which they were ready to prefer. They saw at a glance that the travellers were committed, "rescue or no rescue," to the custody of Monsieur Petit, and he was much too old a hand to throw away the slightest chance of which they could take advantage. A few ironical compliments on the guardian angel's abilities, and a friendly intimation to the Englishmen to beware of their protector, whom they politely designated as a "*polisson*," were all that passed on the occasion; but the philosophy of Monsieur Petit remained undisturbed. He had long outlived the care of his reputation, and slander and abuse were as powerless to hurt his feelings as a shower of hail to damage a stone wall. He relied, moreover, on the chance of what was said by these worthies being only imperfectly understood, and his sagacity met with its reward, for the gentlemen followed with an impression on their minds that Monsieur Petit was only obnoxious to the crowd on account of being a "policeman."

AIR SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HÜCKERT.

By LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Wär' ich die Luft um die Flügel zu schlagen.

W^{HEN} I the breeze that the birds' wings move,
Or could I chase the clouds as they rove,
Over the mountain peaks to speed—

That were a life indeed!

The pines to rock and the oaks to shake,
Farther and farther my flight to take;
A soul to the whispering shades to give—

That were indeed to live!

The slumberer Echo to vex and wake,
To startle the nymphs by stream and brake,
To hover above the quivering mead—

That were to live indeed!

To win by caresses the smile of the rose,
To fan the young bud of the pink as it glows,
Gently the veil of the lily remove—

That were a life of love!

To rustle and sigh in the robe of the bride,
To curl the long locks that her charms would hide,
To take, as a due, the fragrance they give—

That were a life to live!

Myrrh and all perfumes as off'rings to bear,
—Oh what delight in that odorous air!—

A breath to the flame of the altar to give,

That were indeed to live!

To shake the thick branches with treasure that swell,
And to bend the full ear of the corn-stalk as well,
In the lap of the vine the rich clusters to kiss—

Oh what a life were this!

To sound forth the early *reveille* of morn,
To waken the roe, and the flowers on the lawn,
And at evening the dreams of Creation to twine—

Oh what a life were mine!

When noon in its ardour may burningly glow,
To plunge in the cool wave that freshens below,
In a soft passing show'r the faint fields to revive—

That were indeed to live!

The doors, closely fastened, at length to uncloze,
And draw from its cell the soft breath of the rose,
To the song of the poet her sweetness to give,

That were indeed to live!

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

WE have made our readers so perfectly acquainted with the progress of research in the Arctic Regions, that it may be very fairly expected, in a case where interest is so intense and so widely diffused, that we should persevere in our chronicle of enterprise and adventure. We have seen that, in the year 1845, 138 as noble fellows as ever trod a plank, sailed from England in the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, under Captain Sir John Franklin, with orders to enter the Polar Sea by Barrow's Straits, and sail westward to those of Behring. On the 26th of July, 1845, this expedition was spoken with in latitude 74 deg. 48 min. north, and longitude 66 deg. 13 min. west, not far from the entrance of Lancaster Sound, the ice comparatively open, prospects promising, and officers and men in health and sanguine spirits. The vessels were victualled for three years, yet since that day, now four years seven months ago, nought has been heard of them.

In 1848 three expeditions left England in search of our missing countrymen. The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were sent on the track of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under Sir James Ross: they wintered in Leopold Harbour, examined the neighbouring shores for many miles by means of land parties; but when, in August, 1849, the ships got out of their winter quarters, they were, as we have before recorded, immediately inextricably surrounded with ice, and swept by it into Baffin's Bay. The second expedition was an overland party under Sir J. Richardson. We have recorded its progress, and mentioned that Dr. Rae had been left on the Arctic shores, to attempt, during the summer of 1849, to penetrate into Victoria and Wollaston's Lands. Intelligence of the results of such a bold undertaking may be almost daily expected.

The third expedition—and of which we have not before been able to give an account—was composed of the *Plover*, Commander Moore, which was to approach the Arctic Archipelago from Behring's Straits, but being an old clumsy vessel, she failed in 1848, and was only able to enter on the prosecution of her appointed work in the summer of 1849. The same year the *Herald* (Captain Kellett) was ordered up from Oahu to the Straits, to forward the object of the expedition. The *Herald* found at Petropaulski the Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner *Nancy Dawson* (Mr. Shedden), who had come along the Chinese coast to Behring's Straits, also in search of Sir John Franklin and his party. The yacht was placed at Captain Kellett's disposal; and the crew being in a state of disorganisation, an officer was sent on board. The two vessels sailed from Petropaulski on the 25th of June, and on the 15th of July joined the *Plover*, at anchor under Chamisso Island. On this island they dug up 336 lbs. of flour, left there twenty-three years before by Captain Beechey, of which 175 lbs. was as sweet and well-tasted as any they had on board. The sand in which it was buried was frozen so hard, that it emitted sparks with every blow of the pickaxe. On July 18 the vessels stood out to sea, with a south-west wind. On the 25th they were off Wainwright's Inlet, surrounded by vast numbers of whales, walruses that kept up a continual bellowing and grunting, innumerable seals that barked as lustily as dogs, and immense flocks of ducks.

At this point another expedition, consisting of four boats and twenty-five persons, with seventy 'days' provisions, was started, under the command of Lieutenant Pullen. On the 26th the ice could be seen in heavy masses, extending from the shore near the Seahorse Islands, and the same day they made the pack, which was composed of dirty-coloured ice, not more than five or six feet high, with columns and pinnacles some distance in. The pack was traced for forty leagues, and being perfectly impenetrable, the most northerly point reached was in latitude 72 deg. 51 min. north, and 163 west. July 30th, being packed in shore, the survey of Wainwright's Inlet was recommenced. The natives supplied them freely with fresh provisions. Early in August the pack was again coasted in a westerly direction, wolves grunting around in groups of eight and ten together; but strong winds and thick weather forced them to return to the eastward.

On the 12th of August, being in latitude 70 deg. 20 min. N., and 171 deg. 23 min. W. long., the *Herald* discovered a shoal. On the 15th, at noon, the vessel was in lat. 70 deg. 20 min., and long. 171 deg. 10 min. W., and on the 17th the exciting report of land ho! was made from the mast-head, and several small islands were gradually made out, with a very extensive and high land beyond. One of these islands being a solid mass of granite, about four and a half miles in extent east and west, and rising about 1400 feet out of the sea, in 71 deg. 20 min. N., long. 175 deg. 16 min. W., was reached in the *Herald* boat with great difficulty, and taken possession of in the name of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The high land seen in the distance Captain Kellett considered to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Baron Wrangell in his Polar voyages.

A strong northerly wind, constant snow-storms, and excessive cold, prevented further examination, and obliged Captain Kellett to return to the rendezvous off Cape Lisburne for the boats. On the 24th of August the *Herald* sighted off the low land the *Nancy Dawson* yacht and one of the larger boats. Mr. Shedden came on board, accompanied by Mr. Martin, the second master of the *Plover*, who had been sent back by Lieut. Pullen in charge of the two large boats of the expedition. The boats had been accompanied as far as Point Barrow by the yacht. This vessel had many escapes. She was pressed on shore once, ran on shore on another occasion to the eastward of Point Barrow, and was only got off by the assistance of the natives, who manned her capstan, and hoveled with great good will. On another occasion she parted her lower cable from the pressure of the ice that came suddenly down on her, and had a narrow escape from a severe squeeze.

Finding it impossible to remain on the coast, Captain Kellett began on the 28th to work off with all the sail the ship would carry. Passed Cape Krusenstern on the 1st of September, and the same evening found the *Plover* and the yacht at anchor under Choris Peninsula, Chamisso Island. After a boat expedition up Buckland River, the *Herald* sailed from the Kotzebue Sound, in company with the yacht, on the 29th of September for the Pacific, Mr. Shedden being at that time suffering from the illness which probably predisposed him to that final malady which carried him off at Mazatlan, where the yacht arrived the 13th, and the *Herald* the 14th of November.

The *Plover*, it is to be remarked, remained during the winter now just elapsed at Chamisso Island, while the small expedition under Lieutenant Pullen, consisting of two twenty-seven foot whale-boats and one native baidar, manned with fourteen persons in all, and carrying 100 days' provision, were on their way, with God's blessing, to one of the Hudson's Bay establishments on the Mackenzie River. By the reports that were received of the expedition by the return boats, it appears that they fell in with the main pack of ice in 71 deg. 15 min. 58 sec. north—much further south than was expected, from the mildness of the weather and the fine open sea. Lieutenant Pullen stopped at Point Barrow till the 4th of August, when he parted company from the yacht and larger boats, amidst three hearty good cheers on both sides. News may be expected of this expedition this spring; and unless instructions of a different nature are forwarded by the Admiralty to York Factory, Lieutenant Pullen was to return in the summer of 1850 to Point Barrow, where it was the intention of Commander Moore to return to his assistance. Captain Kellett lays great stress in his reports on the health, bodily strength, endurance, ability, and great decision of character which ensure success to Lieutenant Pullen in this arduous voyage.

It is impossible to contemplate the results of this exploratory journey without being appalled at the difficulties which present themselves to the expedition sent out this spring under Captain Collinson by the same route. The day after the *Herald* left Chamisso Island in company with the *Plover*, the expedition changed colours with an American whaler, whales at the time blowing in every direction around her, but the wind was too strong, and there was too much sea for her "to attempt them." No sooner had the expedition attained a westerly longitude of about 162 deg. in the parallel of 71 to 71°30', than they were stopped by the ice, along the edge of which they ran to the northward, until finally stopped by the pack in 72 deg. 51 min. N. lat., and 163 deg. 48 min. W. long.; that is to say, to the eastward of Point Barrow, and at the outermost verge of the seas which they were sent to explore.

The expedition from the west was thus stopped at a distance of nearly 1500 miles from Barrow's Straits, and nearly 1000 from the most easterly lands discovered in the Arctic Archipelago. And what difficulties may there not exist between the point reached by the *Herald* and Parry Islands? Suppose this vast portion of the Arctic Ocean to be without lands, the sea of ice to be traversed is fearful to think of! True, that when at their more northerly position Commander Moore and the ice-master reported a water sky, but the hope to be derived from so faint a promise is as delusive, almost, as the mirage. The fact is, that every exploratory expedition in the Arctic Regions which has got a few steps beyond another, has always found land. To Melville Peninsula succeeded Boothia; and to Bathurst Island, Melville Island. To the Continent succeeded Woolaston and Victoria Lands; and to the Parry Islands, Cape Walker and Banks' Land. And now 1000 miles to the westward of these the *Herald* finds what its captain deems to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan on the coast of Asia! Everything, therefore, tends to the conclusion that that portion of the Arctic Sea which extends northwards of the American continent is, with the exception of the line of coast, almost entirely land and ice-locked. Thus were the outer pack forced, what unknown obstacles would be presented to progress

for some time yet to come by unknown and unexplored lands and islands? Where in regions of perpetual ice and snow, the point where land ends and water commences is so difficult to determine, how find where a channel lies, and when found, how tortuous and uncertain the line of navigation in an archipelago so circumstanced? Barrow's Straits were discovered in Parry's first voyage, and yet the very last attempt made to navigate them failed in two successive years. If this is the case in a known channel, what must it be in 1000 miles of unexplored ice and land?

We by no means wish to say that such an expedition as that sent out under Captain Collinson ought not to have been undertaken. No measures, so long as there is a chance left to save our fellow-countrymen, should be neglected. We only wish to point out to our readers the real difficulties of the case. It may be considered as pretty well determined, by Sir James Ross's expedition, that Sir John Franklin had neither been imbayed in Prince Regent's Inlet, nor gone to the south instead of the west after passing the coast of North Somerset. There is every reason to believe that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, having screw propelling power, would have forced their way through young ice into narrow and difficult channels and against contrary winds. These ships may be within sight of Cape Walker, or off Banks' Land. They may be beset amongst the Parry Islands, or they may be in the broad expanse of unknown sea which lies between Banks' Land and the longitude of Cape Barrow, to the east of which the *Herald* could not force its way. But neither *Herald* nor *Plover*, no more than *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, could, without propelling power, be expected to succeed by any amount of seamanship or manual labour in gaining the position which we are led to suppose Sir John Franklin's party to have attained. The best that can befall any party that shall follow in their track is to get back again. The same sea that would carry a vessel of succour to the relief of the missing expedition would in all probability set our countrymen at liberty. The chances are, the ships and their crews being safe and sound, that a fair season may restore them to us from their perilous position by their own unaided efforts, and that one of the many exploratory expeditions sent out will be there, not to rescue, but to tender to them that help and succour of which, by this time, they must assuredly be much in need of.

Last year, while the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were struggling in the east, the *Herald* and *Plover* and the little yacht in the west, and Sir John Richardson and his land party in the south, parliament granted 20,000*l.* reward as an inducement for whalers and private individuals to attempt the rescue of Franklin and his companions; and at an expense of 12,000*l.* the *North Star* was filled with provisions, and despatched with the hope of meeting Sir James Ross, to revictual his vessels and instruct him to persevere in his search. There are reasons to hope that the said *North Star* is safe at this moment in Leopold Harbour, and her stock of provisions may perchance be yet devoted to the very objects here faintly anticipated.

Thus at this very moment there are three relieving parties in the Arctic Seas: the gallant Lieutenant Pullen and his crew off the inhospitable coast of the Mackenzie River; Dr. Rae and his party off the still more perplexing coast of the Coppermine River; and the *North Star*, it is to be hoped, on the very track of the long missing expedition.

The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* sailed again from this country, but

in an opposite direction to that previously taken. under the command of Captain Collinson, in the month of January, furnished with provisions for three years, as well as with a quantity of extra stores, and fortified in every respect against the dangers and inclemencies of the Arctic Seas. Captain Collinson was to proceed to Cape Virgins, where he would find a steamer in waiting to tow him through the Straits of Magellan, and so on to Valparaiso. From this port the two ships are to proceed to the Sandwich Islands, where they will receive despatches from home, and meanwhile, if possible, effect a junction with the *Herald* and *Plover*. In case he should join company with these vessels, Captain Collinson is directed to add Commander Moore and the *Plover* to his expedition, and make all despatch so as to reach Behring's Straits in July, and actually to strike the ice by the first of August.

Once arrived at the ice, for three years Captain Collinson is left to himself, subject only to some general directions as to winter quarters. For three years he will be sedulously engaged in despatching parties of men in such directions as may seem the most likely to produce favourable results, and in organising boat expeditions to search every nook and cranny of the Arctic shores for traces of Franklin and his companions. The reason why the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were despatched by way of Behring's instead of Barrow's Straits was, as recorded by the Admiralty, because the efforts which had been made for the last two years to relieve the *Erebus* and *Terror* had failed, and all access to Parry Islands has been prevented by the accumulation of ice in the upper part of Barrow's Straits; and whereas it is possible that the same severity of weather may not prevail at the same time in both the eastern and western entrances to the Arctic Sea, they determined to send an expedition into the Polar Sea from the westward.

The result of the efforts made by the *Herald* and *Plover* to penetrate from the westward, and in which, as we have seen, they were repulsed by the ice at the very onset, having, in fact, like the eastern expedition, merely arrived at the extreme confines of the region in which the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* may yet be expecting relief in lingering misery, would to a certain extent negative this last hope held out of a difference in seasons between the east and west approaches to the Arctic Ocean. The resolution now come to, however, of sending out another expedition by Barrow's Straits, lends very great importance to that under Captain Collinson; for while it is impossible not to feel that, taking into account the enterprising character and Arctic experience of Sir John Franklin, that if his ships were hopelessly involved in the ice, and life were yet spared to him and his companions, that he would not be contented to remain inactive until relief should reach him, and that the natural direction he would take would be either for the whaling ships by Barrow's Straits or for the northern coast of America, in order to reach one of the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, still it is almost equally impossible to conceive two expeditions acting in concert from the east and the west at the same time, and that perseveringly during several consecutive years, aided by balloons, rockets, collared foxes, and a hundred other resources of an anxious and charitable ingenuity, but that, some how or other, intelligence of aid and succour may be conveyed across the great and unknown interval that will lie between the two expeditions. Lieutenant Pullen's expedition scarcely proceeds

sufficiently to the eastward to have reasonable expectations of being of any use; but Dr. Rae's party should be strengthened; and for three years the Hudson's Bay Company should have the coast of North America, from the Great Fish River to the Mackenzie, under strict surveillance. This might be effected by three parties; one at each of the above-mentioned rivers, and a third in the centre, at the Coppermine River, keeping up constant communication with the natives. How far for purposes of combined movement with the naval expeditions parties could be despatched from the northern coast across sea, towards Parry's Islands, we cannot venture to say. Our feelings are, that such are fraught with infinite danger. The seas in these regions are liable to sudden and great disturbances from trivial, almost unknown causes; and the currents in the narrow channels of the icy archipelago are most adverse. Captain Kellett, when off Cape Hope (August 25th) in a calm, describes heavy rollers as coming in without any apparent cause; and had the yacht and boats remained at their anchorage, they certainly would have driven on shore without his being able to render them any assistance. And again, on the 27th, he says: "I have never seen so hollow or distressing a sea for a ship; no small decked boat could have lived in it." Nothing seems so certain, that in those ordinances of Providence which govern terrestrial phenomena, the Arctic Ocean is, when free of ice, as much the peculiar region of movement and turbulence, and the abode of animals such as whales, walruses, seals, and birds, that delight in such (for it is at once their safety and that state of things which favours their alimentation), just as much as the Pacific is the region of calms and the home of the turtle and the coral.

We are not among those who trust that in this expedition all projects of geographical exploration will be discountenanced. Should the pack be found open in the parallel of, but north of Barrow Point, we should say by all means wait for nothing, but push on for Parry's Islands if possible—but this is begging the question; the pack may be found in 1850 as compact as in 1849, and to the westward of Barrow Point this expedition, with the *Plover* added to it, will be a large and efficient one, and one party at all events may visit Kellett's Island; an elevation of 1400 feet will give great power of observation as to the distribution of land, the trending of the high land discovered by the *Herald*, the existence of an open sea to the northwards, or the possible existence of an open channel in the pack.

Sir Robert Inglis, in laying before the House of Commons a proposal for a new expedition from the eastward, very properly, although in opposition to opinions industriously circulated of late, placed foremost in consideration the expediency of applying steam navigation directly and primarily in the search. The honourable member for Oxford further suggested that instead of two vessels being employed, the same amount of tonnage should be distributed among four vessels. The object, as he justly remarked, was not so much to go from one point to another, as to make a search in all directions.

Mr. M'Cormack, formerly surgeon of the *Erebus*, on the contrary, advocated that the expedition should be mainly carried on by boats, having a vessel as a *point d'appui* at the head of Baffin's Bay, to investigate Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, and Wellington Channel.

The Rev. W. Scoresby—the well-known Arctic traveller, and author

of many works on the Arctic regions—has also published “Considerations on Measures for the Discovery and Relief of our Absent Adventurers in the Arctic Regions,” in which, after giving it as his opinion—and a very important one it is too—that the crews of the two ships could not be *summarily lost*—that Arctic expeditions are attended with small comparative risk to human life, for “there are no heavy seas which could prevent escape from a shipwreck, nor could any imaginable catastrophe by the ice of these regions suddenly overwhelm the entire crews.” He argues, as we have also done, in favour of three combined movements from the west, the east, and the northern coast of America.

With respect to the renewal of the search in the direction of Barrow’s Straits, Dr. Scoresby observes:—

“The plan of search in this hopeful direction, which I venture to submit, comprehends the employment of four vessels, together with one or two boats, or steam-launches, for detached parties in the proposed investigations. One of the vessels, the principal in magnitude and accommodations, I would propose for serving as a general depôt, receiving ship, or place of retreat for parties, or crews of the other vessels. For it has appeared to me, after every consideration which I could myself give to the subject, to be of vast importance, in its bearing on this research of humanity, *to retain to the very last* one effective ship, at least, at some safe position within the range of our former explorations to Melville Island. Port Leopold, however unfavourable for an early escape for vessels designed for active operations, appears to present many advantages for the head-quarters of exploring parties in this particular region; ‘a position,’ as described by Sir James Ross, ‘of all others the most desirable, if any one spot had to be selected, for the purpose of wintering.’ With such an arrangement for a *point d’appui*, vessels of an inferior class, two or three in number, might be safely and advantageously employed for pushing investigation westward of Cape Walker, as well as up the channels extending out of Barrow Strait northward. Vessels of the class or description of the *dockyard lighters*, being strongly built, and of small tonnage, might conveniently serve this purpose; or vessels of a like class, at present employed in the coasting trade, or in the trade with the continent of Europe, being of a burden of 100 to 150 tons (or even below 100 tons might do), and these *fast sailers*, could easily be found for sale, so as to be capable of being fortified and fitted up for the navigation of the Arctic ices, and for an early departure in the ensuing spring. Could a whaler or two be procured, either by purchase or hire as transports—as to which, I imagine, there would, at the present time, be no difficulty—an advantage might be gained in economy, as well as in the time that would otherwise be requisite for strengthening ordinary vessels for collision with the ice. A vessel of this class would have abundant capacity for the one suggested as a depôt. A second vessel, as a depôt, might advantageously be planted at Melville Island, which would serve as an additional security for the whole expedition in this quarter, as well as being sufficiently well placed for active operations.”

According to the plan here proposed, it would follow that the three or four ships would be thus disposed:—

“The largest vessel of the series (which might be a whaler) would be appointed to take position in, or not remote from, Port Leopold; another vessel—say the next largest—might take up a position as a second depôt

and place of refuge at Melville Island. A third—a small vessel—would be directed to the west side of Cape Walker, for penetrating from thence, as far as she conveniently might, to the south-westward, should the position of the land and the condition of the ice permit an advance in that direction. The other small vessel would have assigned to her the search of Wellington Channel, and other inlets proceeding out of Barrow Strait northward; whilst the boat, being dropped, after the passage of the 'middle ice,' might undertake, with great advantage, the researches which are still requisite within the different indents of the upper part of Baffin's Bay (principally that of Jones Sound, and secondarily that of Smith Sound, with any other penetrable channels which might be discovered), such indents seeming to promise additional outlets, westward, after the manner of Lancaster Sound."

With regard to this plan, it may be observed that something similar will no doubt be followed out by government; the number of outlets from Barrow's Straits are not so numerous but that almost every possible or likely channel will be investigated. As far as Dr. Scoresby's other suggestions go, we cannot, however, but think that the passages west of Cape Walker, and between Banks' Land and Melville Island, are of primary importance. With respect to the weight attached by Dr. Scoresby and Mr. M'Cormack to the exploration of Smith's and Jones' Sounds, at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, such cannot but be looked upon but as deviations from the great and primary objects of an expedition of relief; and even Wellington Sound, although within Barrow's Straits, does not present itself to us as worthy of the same efforts as the due westerly and southerly line which the *Erebus* and *Terror* would in all probability have pursued, once the ices of Barrow's Straits had been encompassed.

Dr. Scoresby conceives, with regard to expeditions from the northern coast of America, that one starting from the mouth of the River Colville, and proceeding northwards, would be of considerable utility; and he recommends that another should proceed from Cape Bathurst in the direction of Banks' Land. The learned doctor, it is to be observed, however, by no means makes out his case of Arctic expeditions being attended with little risk. When illustrating the power of moving bodies of ice, he gives a long and detailed account of the total loss of twenty ships out of a fleet of whalers in the offing of Melville Bay in 1830. He describes ships as being actually run through their broadsides by the ice, and then thrown on their beam ends, or fairly on their broadsides, some actually tossed up almost in the position of rearing horses, others capsized, and others again overrun by the advancing floe, and totally buried by it!

The Lords of the Admiralty, on obtaining the sanction of the House of Commons, lost no time in deciding on the plan to be adopted for another expedition to proceed "onwards to Melville Island" in search of Captain Sir John Franklin and the officers and crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The services of Captain H. T. Austen, C. B., were immediately engaged to command the new expedition, which is to consist of two sailing vessels and two small steamers, having a small draught of water, and both fitted with screw-propellers. Highly to the honour of the officers of the British navy, a host of volunteers, among whom Captains William Peel and Caffin, Commander C. Forsyth, Lieutenants M'Clintock, Browne, Osborne, and others, at once offered their services in this arduous and perilous enterprise. It will be at once felt that an expedition so constituted will meet all that has been proposed to be done by means of boats

and fixed stations, and, with the aid of two small steamers, we should think far more efficiently.

Mr. Penny, formerly of the *Advice*, has at the same time been retained by Lady Franklin for an especial expedition, to be accomplished in a vessel of his own selection at present at Aberdeen, and he is to be entirely under his own control, independent of Captain Austin's expedition, excepting the mutual good services they may render to each other should they meet in the Polar Seas.

The President of the United States, appealed to in the cause of the missing expedition by the same lady, whose indefatigable exertions have won for her the admiration of the civilised world, has transmitted a message to Congress, in which he states that he had been hitherto prevented from "accomplishing the object he had in view," in consequence of the want of vessels suitable to encounter the perils of a proper exploration, and the want of an appropriation by Congress to enable him to furnish and equip an efficient squadron for that object; but Congress being now in session, the propriety and expediency of an appropriation for fitting out an expedition to proceed in search of the missing ships, with their officers and crews, were respectfully submitted to their consideration.

Truly whatever ingenuity can suggest, or the means at the disposal of government can effect, is in the way of being done to relieve the anguish and suspense of the hundreds of persons who are interested in the fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to carry succour to our brave countrymen in suffering and affliction, and to wipe away the stain to our national honour that would be sustained by leaving the devoted and gallant crews of two ships to an unknown fate in unknown regions.

P'LL KEEP YOU IN REMEMBRANCE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I'LL keep You in remembrance still,

I'll treasure every word you say ;

Your every look my soul shall fill,

Through many a future day :

There *cannot* come a time when I

May cease to fondly think of thee,

Nor be a place beneath the sky,

Where thou'lt forgotten be !

I'll keep You in remembrance till

My life's last sigh has pass'd away ;

For Memory is undying still,

Though Love itself decay.

I'll keep You in remembrance, thou

Art still to me a guiding star ;

But one that I must worship now

Alone—unseen—afar !

I do not ask You still to view

This lone and wayward course of mine,—

Enough if I may still pursue

The path o'er which you shine !

I'll keep You in remembrance till

My life's last sigh has pass'd away ;

For Memory is undying still,

Though Love itself decay !

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MAN OF P-R-O-R-PERTY.

AND now behold Mr. Puffington, fat, fair, and rather more than forty. Puffington no longer the light limber lad who patronised us in Bond-street, but Puffington a plump, portly sort of personage, filling his smart clothes uncommonly full. Men no longer hailing him heartily from bay windows, or greeting him cheerily in short but familiar terms, but bowing ceremoniously as they passed with their wives, or perhaps turning down streets or into shops to avoid him. What is the last rose of summer to do under such circumstances? What indeed but retire into the country. A man may shine there long after he is voted a bore in town, provided none of his old friends are there to proclaim him. Country people are tolerant of twaddle, and slow of finding things out for themselves. Puff now turned his attention to the country, or rather to the advertisements of estates for sale, and immortal George Robins soon fitted him with one of his earthly paradises; a mansion replete with every modern elegance, luxury, and convenience, situated in the heart of the most lovely scenery in the world, with eight hundred acres of land of the finest quality, capable of growing forty bushels of wheat after turnips. In addition to the estate there was a lordship or reputed lordship to shoot over, a river to fish in, a pack of fox-hounds to hunt with, and the advertisements gave a sly hint as to the possibility of the property influencing the representation of the neighbouring borough of Swillingford, if not of returning the member itself.

This was Hanby House, and though the description undoubtedly partook of George's usual high flown *couleur-de-rose* style, the manor being only a manor provided the owner sacrificed his interest in Swillingford by driving off its poachers, and the river being only a river when the tiny Swill was swollen into one, still Hanby House was a very nice attractive sort of place, and seen in the rich foliage of its summer dress, with all its roses and flowering shrubs in full blow, the description was not so wide of the mark as his descriptions usually were. Puff bought it, and became what he called "a man of p-r-o-r-perty." To be sure, after he got possession he found that it was only an acre here and there that would grow forty bushels of wheat after turnips, and that there was a good deal more to do at the house than he expected, the furniture of the late occupants having hidden many defects, added to which they had walked off with almost everything they could wrench down, under the name of fixtures; indeed, there was not a peg to hang up his hat when he entered. This, however, to a great mind with a great deal of money at command was nothing, and Messrs. Gillow and Trollope very soon made it into one of the most perfect bachelor residences that ever was seen. Not but that it was a family house, with good nurseries and offices of every description; but Puff used to take a sort of wicked pleasure in telling the old ladies who came trooping over with their most presentable daughters, pretending they thought he was from home, and wishing to see the elegant furniture, that there was nothing in the nurseries, which he was going to convert into billiard and

smoking rooms. This, and a few similar sallies, earned our friend the reputation of a conjurer in the country.

There was a great rush of gentlemen to call upon him; many of the mammas seemed to think that first come would be first served, and sent their husbands over, before he was fairly squatted. Various and contradictory were the accounts they brought home. Men are so stupid at seeing and remembering things. Old Mr. Muddle came back bemused with sherry, declaring that he thought Mr. Puffington was as old as he was (sixty-two), while Mrs. Mousetrap thought he wasn't more than five-and-twenty, or thirty at the outside. She described him as "painfully handsome." Mr. Slowan couldn't tell whether the drawing-room furniture was chintz, or damask, or what it was; indeed, he wasn't sure that he was in the drawing-room at all; while Mr. Gapes insisted that the carpet was a Turkey carpet, whereas it was a royal cut pile. It might be that the sweetness and freshness of everything confused the bucolic minds, little accustomed to wholesale grandeur.

Mr. Puffington quite eclipsed all the old country families with their "company rooms" and put-away furniture. Then, when he began to grind about the country in his lofty mail-phaeton, with a pair of spanking, high-stepping bays, and a couple of arm-folded, lolling grooms behind, shedding his cards in return, there was such a talk, such a commotion, as had never been known before. Then indeed he was appreciated at his true worth.

"Mr. Puffington was here the other day," said Mrs. Smirk to Mrs. Smooth in the well-known "great-deal-more-meant-than-said" style. "Oh such a charming man! Such ease! such manners! such knowledge of high life!"

Puff had been at his old tricks. He had resuscitated Lord Legbail, now Earl of Loosfish; imported Sir Harry Blueun from the — near Geneva, whither he had retired on marrying his mistress; and resuscitated Lord Mudlark, who had broken his neck many years before from his tandem in Piccadilly. Whatever was said, Puff always had a duplicate or illustration involving a nobleman. The great names might be rather far fetched at times to be sure, but when people are inclined to be pleased they don't keep putting that and that together to see how they fit, and whether they come in naturally, or are lugged in neck and heels. Puff's talk was very telling.

One great man to a house is the usual country allowance, and many are not very long in letting out who theirs are; but Puffington seemed to have the whole peerage, baronetage, knightage at command. Old Mrs. Slyboots, indeed, thought that he must be connected with the peerage some way; his mother, perhaps, had been the daughter of a peer, and she gave herself an infinity of trouble in hunting through the "matches"—with what success it is not necessary to say. Still Puffington lost nothing by the omission. The old ladies unanimously agreed that he was a most agreeable, interesting young man; and though the young ones did pretend to run him down among themselves, calling him ugly, and so on, it was only in the vain hope of dissuading each other from thinking of him.

Mr. Puffington still stuck to the "amaazin' pop'lar man" character; a character that is more inconvenient to support in the country than it is in town. The borough of Swillingford, as we have already intimated, was not the best conducted borough in the world; indeed, when we say that

the principal trade of the place was poaching; our country readers will be able to form a very accurate opinion on that head. When Puff took possession of Hanby there was a fair show of pheasants about the house, and a good sprinkling of hares and partridges over the estate and manor generally; but refusing to prosecute the first poachers that were caught, the rest took the hint, and cleared everything off in a week, dividing the plunder among them. They also burnt his river and bagged his fine Dorking fowls, and all these feats being accomplished with impunity, they turned their attention to his fat sheep.

"Poacher" is only a mild term for "thief."

He was a perfect milch cow in the way of generosity. He gave to everything and everybody, and did not seem to be acquainted with any smaller sum than a five-pound note: a five-pound note to replace Giles Jolter's cart horse (that used to carry his game for the poachers to the poulterers at Plunderston)—five pounds to buy Dame Doubletongue another pig, though she had only just given three pounds for the one that died—five pounds towards the fire at farmer Scratchley's, though it had taken place two years before Puff came into the country, and Scratchley had been living upon it ever since—and sundry other five pounds to other equally deserving and amiable people. He put his name down for fifty to the Mangeysterne hounds without ever being asked; and this reminds us that we ought to be directing our attention to that noble establishment.

It is hard to have to go behind the scenes of an ill-supported hunt and raise the curtain of revelation to the curious, and we will be as brief and tender with the cripples as we can. The Mangeysterne hounds were not a well-supported pack. They wanted that great ingredient of prosperity, a large nest-egg subscriber, to whom all others could be tributary—paying or not as might be convenient. The consequence was, they were always up the spout. They were neither a scratch pack nor a regular pack, but something betwixt and between. They were hunted by a saddler, who found his own horses, and sometimes they had a whip and sometimes they hadn't. The establishment died as often as old Mantalini himself. Every season that came to a close was proclaimed to be their last, but some how or other they always managed to scramble into existence on the approach of another. It is a way, indeed, that delicate packs have of recruiting their finances. Nevertheless, the Mangeysternes did look very like coming to an end about the time that Mr. Puffington bought Hanby House. The saddler huntsman had failed; John Doe had taken one of his screws, and Richard Roe the other, and anybody might have the hounds that liked: Puffington then turned up.

Great was the joy diffused throughout the Mangeysterne country when it transpired, through the medium of his valet, Louis Bergamotte, that "his lor' had *beaucoup* habit rouge" in his wardrobe. Not only habit rouge, but habit blue and buff, that he used to sport with "Old Beaufort" and the Badminton hunt—coats that he certainly had no chance of ever getting into again, but still which he kept as sweet memorials of the past—*souvenirs* of the days when he was young, and slim, and slight. The bottle conjurer could just as soon have got into his quart bottle as Puff could into the Beaufort coat at the time of which we are writing. The intelligence of their existence was quickly followed by the aforesaid fifty-pound cheque. A meeting of the Mangeysterne hunt was called at the sign of the Thirsty Freeman in Swillingford—Sir Charles Figg, Knight—a large

promising but bad paying subscriber—in the chair, when it was proposed and carried unanimously that Mr. Puffington was eminently qualified for the mastership of the hunt, and that it be offered to him accordingly. Puff "bit." He recalled his early exploits with "Mostyn and Old Beaufort," and resolved that the hunt had taken a right view of his abilities. In coming to this decision he, perhaps, was not altogether uninfluenced by a plausible subscription list, which seemed about equal to the ordinary expenses, supposing that any reliance could be placed on the figures and calculations of Sir Charles. All those, however, who have had anything to do with subscription lists—and in these days of universal testimonialising who has not?—well know that pounds upon paper and pounds in the pocket are very different things. Above all, Puff felt that he was a new man in the country, and that taking the hounds would give him weight.

The "Mangeysterne dogs" then began to "look up;" Mr. Puffington took to them in earnest; bought a "Beckford," and shortened his stirrups to a hunting seat.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SWELL HUNTSMAN, DICK BRAGG.

ONE evening the rattle of Puff's pole-chains, as the mail phaeton bowled up the stable-yard, brought, in addition to the usual rush of shirt-sleeved helpers, an extremely smart, dapper little man, who might be either a jockey or a gentleman, or both, or neither. He was a clean-shaved, close-trimmed, spruce little fellow; remarkably natty about the legs—indeed, all over. His close-napped hat was carefully brushed, and what little hair appeared below its slightly curved brim was of the pepper-and-salt mixture of—say, some fifty years. His face, though somewhat wrinkled and weatherbeaten, was bright and healthy; and there was a twinkle about his little grey eyes that spoke of quickness and watchful observation. Altogether, he was a very quick-looking little man—a sort of man that would know what you were going to say before you had well broke ground. He wore no gills; and his neatly tied starcher had a white ground with small black spots, about the size of currants. The slight interregnum between it and his step-collared striped vest (blue stripe on a canary-coloured ground) showed three golden foxes' heads, acting as studs to his well-washed, neatly-plaited shirt; while a sort of careless turn back of the right cuff showed similar ornaments at his shirt-wrists. His single-breasted, cut-away coat was Oxford mixture, with a thin cord binding and very natty light kerseymere mother-o'-pearl buttoned breeches, met a pair of bright, beautifully fitting, rose-tinted tops, that wrinkled most elegantly down to the Jersey-patterned spur. He was a remarkably well-got-up little man, and looked the horseman all over.

As he emerged from the stable, where he had been mastering the ins and outs of the establishment, learning what was allowed and what was not, what had not been found fault with and, therefore, might be presumed upon, and so on, he carried the smart dogskin wash-leather palmed glove of his right hand in his left one, while the fox's head of a massive silver-mounted jockey-whip protruded from under his arm. On a ring

round the fox's neck was the following inscription :—"FROM JACK BRAGG TO HIS COUSIN DICK."

Mr. Puffington having drawn his mail phaeton up, and thrown the ribbons to the active grooms at the horses' heads in the true coaching style, proceeded to descend from his throne, and had reached the ground ere he was aware of the presence of a stranger. Seeing him then, he made the sort of half-obsequiousness that a man does when he does not know whether he is addressing a gentleman or a servant, or may be a scamp going about with a prospectus. Puff had been bit in the matter of some maps in London, and was wary of these birds.

The stranger came sidling up with a half bow, half touch of the hat, saying,

"Seeuuse me, sir—seeuuse me, sir," with another half bow and another half touch of the hat. "I'm Mister Bragg, sir—Mister Richard Bragg, sir; of whom you have most likely heard."

"Bragg—Richard Bragg," repeated our friend, thoughtfully, while he scanned the man's features, and run his sporting acquaintance through his mind. "Bragg, Bragg," repeated he, without hitting him off.

"I was huntsman, sir, to my Lord Reynard, sir," observed the stranger, with a touch of the hat to each "sir." "Thought p'r'aps you might have known his ludship, sir. Before him, sir, I held office, sir, under the Duke of Downeybird, sir, of Downeybird Castle, sir, in Downeybirdshire, sir."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Puffington, with a half bow and a smile of politeness.

"Hearing, sir, you had taken these Mangeysterne *dogs*, sir," continued the stranger, with rather a significant emphasis on the word "*dogs*"—"hearing, sir, you had taken these Mangeysterne *dogs*, sir, it occurred to me that possibly I might be useful to you, sir, in your new calling, sir; and if you were of the same opinion, sir, why, sir, I should be glad to negotiate a connexion, sir."

"Hem!—hem!—hem!" coughed Mr. Puffington. "In the way of a huntsman do you mean?" hesitating rather to talk of servitude to so fine a gentleman.

"Just so," said Mr. Bragg, with a chuck of his head—"just so. The fact is, though I'm used to the grass countries, sir, and could go to the Marquis of Maneylies, sir, to-morrow, sir, I should prefer a quiet place in a somewhat inferior country, sir, to a five-days-a-week one in the best. Five and six days a-week, sir, is a terrible tax, sir, on the constitution, sir; and though, sir, I'm thankful to say, sir, I've pretty good 'ealth, sir, yet, sir, you know, sir, it don't do, sir, to take too great liberties with oneself, sir;" Mr. Bragg sawing away at his hat as he spoke, measuring off a touch as it were to each "sir," the action becoming quick towards the end.

"Why, to tell you the truth," said Puff, looking rather sheepish—"to tell you the truth—I intended—I thought at least of—of—of—hunting them myself."

"Ah! that's another pair of shoes altogether, as we say in France," replied Bragg, with a low bow and a copious sweep of the hand to the hat. "That's *another* pair of shoes altogether," repeated he, tapping his boot with his whip.

"Why I thought of it," rejoined Puff, not feeling quite sure whether he could or no.

"Well," said Mr. Bragg, drawing on his dog-skin glove as if to be off.

"My friend Swellcove does it," observed Puff.

"True," replied Bragg, "true; but my Lord Swellcove is one of a thousand. See how many have failed for one that has succeeded. Why even my Lord Scamperdale was 'bliged to give it up, and no man rides harder than my Lord Scamperdale—always goes as if he had a spare neck in his pocket. But he cotldn't 'unt a pack of 'ounds. Your gen'l'men 'untsmen are all very well on fine scentin' days when everything goes smoothly and well, and the 'ounds are tied to their fox as it were, but see them in difficulties—a failing scent, 'ounds pressed upon by the field, fox chased by a dog, storm in the air, big brook to get over to make a cast. Oh, sir, sir, it makes even me, with all my acknowledged science and experience, shudder to think of the ordeal one undergoes."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Puffington, staring and beginning to think it mightn't be quite so easy as it looked.

"I don't wish, sir, to dissuade you, sir, from the attempt, sir," continued Mr. Bragg; "far from it, sir—for he, sir, who never makes an effort, sir, never risks a failure, sir, and in great attempts, sir, 'tis glorious to fail, sir;" Mr. Bragg sawing away at his hat as he spoke, and then sticking the fox-head handle of his whip under his chin.

Puff stood mute for some seconds.

"My Lord Scamperdale," continued Mr. Bragg, scrutinising our friend attentively, "was as likely a man, sir, as ever I see'd, sir, to make an 'untsman, for he had a deal of ret (rat) ketchin' cunnin' about him, and, as I said before, didn't care one dim for his neck, but a more signal disastrous failure was never recognised. It was quite lamentable to witness his proceedin's."

"How?" asked Mr. Puffington.

"How, sir?" repeated Mr. Bragg; "why, sir, in all wayses. He had no dog language to begin with—he had little idea of makin' a cast—no science, no judgment, no manner, no nothin'—I'm dim'd if ever I see'd sich a mess as he made."

Puff looked unutterable things.

"He never did no good, in fact, till I fit him with Frostyface. I taught Frosty," continued Mr. Bragg. "He whipped in to me when I 'unted the Duke of Downeybird's 'ounds—civil, nice, 'cute, active, clean, sober, 'tel-ligent chap he was—of all my pupils—and I've made some first-rate 'untsmen, I'm dim'd if I don't think Frostyface does me about as much credit as any on 'em. Ah, sir," continued Mr. Bragg, with a shake of his head; "take my word for it, sir, there's nothin' like a professional. S-c-e-u-s-e me, sir," added he, with a low bow and a sort of military salute of his hat; "but dim all gen'l'men 'untsmen say I."

Had this veracious narrative appeared in the pages of a sporting periodical it would have been unnecessary to say anything about Mr. Bragg's previous career, for all the world—the hunting world, at least—knows it. Appearing in the *New Monthly*, however, it may not be out of place here to state that though Mr. Bragg certainly had talked himself into several good places, Lord Reynard's and the Duke of Downeybird's among others, he had never been able to keep any beyond his third season, his

sauce or his science being always greater than the sport he showed. Still he kept up appearances, and was nothing daunted, it being a maxim of his, that "as one door closed another opened."

Mr. Puffington's was the door that now opened for him.

What greater humiliation can a free-born Briton be subjected to than paying a man eighty or a hundred pounds a-year, and finding him, too, house, coals, and candles, to be his master?

Such was the case with poor Mr. Puffington, and such, we grieve to say, is the case with nine-tenths of the men who keep hounds; with all, indeed, save those who can hunt themselves, or who are blessed with an aspiring whip, ready to step into the huntsman's boots if he seems inclined to put them off in the field. How many portly butlers are kept in subjection solely because they know that the footman is ready to supplant them. Of all cards in the pack, however, the huntsman is the most difficult one to play. A man may say, "I'm dimmed if I won't clean my own boots or my own horse before I'll put up with such a fellow's impudence," but when it comes to hunting his own hounds it is quite another pair of shoes, as Mr. Bragg would say.

Mr. Bragg regularly took possession of poor Puff; as regularly as a policeman takes possession of a prisoner. The reader knows the sort of sensation one feels when a lawyer, or a doctor, or an architect, or any one whom we have called in to assist, takes the initiative, and treats one as a nonentity, pooh-poohing all one's pet ideas, and upsetting all one's well-considered arrangements.

Bragg soon saw he had a greenhorn to deal with, and treated Puff accordingly. If a "perfect servant" is only to be got out of the establishments of the great, Mr. Bragg might be looked upon as a paragon of perfection, and now combined in his own person all the bad practices of all the places he had been in. Having "accepted Mr. Puffington's situation," as the elegant phraseology of servitude goes, he considered that Mr. Puffington had nothing more to do with the hounds, and that any interference in "his department" was a piece of great impertinence. Puffington felt like a man who has bought a good horse, but which he finds on riding is rather more of a horse than he likes. He had no doubt that Bragg was a good man, but he thought he was rather more of a gentleman than he required. On the other hand, Mr. Bragg's opinion of his master may be gleaned from the following letter which he wrote to his successor, Mr. Brick, at Lord Reynard's:—

"Hanby House, Swillingford.

"DEAR BRICK,

"If your old man is done daffling with your draft, I should like to have the pick of it. I'm with one Mr. Puffington, a city gent. His father was a great confectioner in the Poultry, just by the Mansion House, and made his money out of Lord Mares. I shall only stay with him till I can get myself suited in the rank of life in which I have been accustomed to move, but in the mean time I consider it necessary for my own credit to do things as they should be. You know my sort of hound; good shoulders, deep chests, strong loins, straight legs, round feet, with plenty of bone all over. I hate a weedy animal; a small hound, light of bone, is only fit to hunt a kat in a kitchen.

"I shall also want a couple of whips—light, active *men*, not boys. I'll have nothin' to do with boys; every boy requires a man to look arter

him. No; a couple of short, light, active men, say from five-and-twenty to thirty, with bow-legs and good cheery voices, as nearly of the same make as you can find them. I shall not give them large wage, you know; but they will have opportunities of improving themselves under me, and qualifying themselves for high places. But mind, they *must be steady*—I'll keep no unsteady servants; the first act of drunkenness, with me, is the last.

"I shall also want a second horseman; and here I wouldn't mind a mute boy who could keep his elbows down and never touch the curb; but he must be bred in the line; a huntsman's second horseman is a critical article, and the sporting world must not be put in mourning for Dick Bragg. The lad will have to clean my boots, and wait at table when I have company—yourself, for instance.

"This is only a poor, rough, ungentlemanly sort of shire, as far as I have seen of it; and however they got on with the things I found that they called hounds I can't for the life of me imagine. I understand they went stringing over the country like a flock of wild geese. However, I have rectified that in a manner by knocking all the fast'uns and slow'uns on the head; and I shall require at least twenty couple before I can take the field. In your official report of what your old file puts back, you'll have the kindness to cobble us up good long pedigrees, and carry half of them at least back to the Beaufort Justice. My man has got a crochet into his head about that hound, and I'm dimmed if he doesn't think half the hounds in England are descended from the Beaufort Justice. These hounds are at present called the Mangeysternes, a very proper title I should say from all I've seen and heard. That, however, must be changed, and we must have a button struck instead of the plain pewter plates the men have been in the habit of hunting in.

"As to horses, I'm sure I don't know what we are to do in that line. Our pastrycook seems to think that a hunter, like one of his pa's pies, can be made and baked in a day. He talks of going over to Rowdodow Fair, and picking some up himself, but I should say a gentleman de-means himself sadly who interferes with the just prerogative of the groom. It has never been allowed I know in any place I have lived, nor do I think servants do justice to themselves or their order who submit to it. Howsomever the crittur has what Mr. Cobden would call the 'raw material' for sport—that is to say, plenty of money—and I must see and apply it in such a way as will produce it. I'll do the thing as it should be, or not at all.

"I hope your good lady is well—also all the little Bricks. I purpose making a little tower of some of the last kennels as soon as the drafts are arranged, and will spend a day or two with you, and see how you get on without me. Dear Brick,

"Yours to the far end,

"RICHARD BRAGG.

"To Benjamin Brick, Esq.,
Huntsman to the Right Hon. the Earl of Reynard,
Turkeypout Park.

"P.S. I hope your old man keeps a cleaner tongue in his head than he did when I was premier. I always say there was a dimmed good bargeman spoiled when they made him a lord.

"R. B."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BEAUFORT JUSTICE.

THERE is nothing more characteristic of your real fine people than the easy indifferent sort of way they take leave of their friends. They never seem to care a farthing for parting.

Our friend Jawleyford was quite a man of fashion in this respect. He saw Soapey Sponge's preparations for departure with an unconcerned air, and a—"sorry you're going," was all that accompanied an imitation shake, or rather touch of the hand, on leaving. There was no "I hope we shall see you again soon," or "pray look in if you are passing our way, or now that you've found your way here we hope you'll not be long in being back," or any of those blarneyments that fools take for earnest and wise men for nothing. Jawleyford had been bit once, and he was not going to give Mr. Sponge a second chance. Amelia too, we are sorry to say, did not seem particularly distressed, though she gave him just as much of a sweet look as he squeezed her hand, as said, "Now, if you *should* be a man of money, and my Lord Scamperdale does not make me my lady, you may," &c.

There is an old saying, that it is well to be "off with the old love before one is on with the new," and Amelia thought it was well to be on with the new love before she was off with the old. Sponge, therefore, was to be in abeyance.

We concluded chapter thirty-three by stating the delight infused into Jawleyford Court by the receipt of Lord Scamperdale's letter, volunteering a visit, nor was his lordship less gratified at hearing in reply that Mr. Sponge was on the eve of departure, leaving the coast quite clear for his reception. His lordship was not only delighted at getting rid of his horror, but at proving the superiority of his judgment over that of Jack, who had always stoutly maintained that the only way to get rid of Mr. Sponge was by buying his horses.

"Well, that's *good*," said his lordship, as he read the letter; "that's *good*," repeated he, with a hearty slap of his thigh. "Jaw's not such a bad chap after all; worse chaps in the world than Jaw." And his lordship worked away at the point till he very nearly got him up to be a good chap.

They say it never rains but it pours, and letters seldom come singly, at least if they do, they are quickly followed by others.

As Jack and his lordship were discussing their gin, after a delicious repast of cow-heel and batter-pudding, Baggs entered with the old brown weather-bleached letter-bag, containing a county paper, the second-hand copy of *Bell's Life*, that his lordship and Frostyface took in between them, and a very natty "thick cream-laid" paper note.

"That must be from a 'oman," observed Jack, squinting ardently at the writing, as his lordship inspected the fine seal.

"Not far wrong," replied his lordship. "From a bitch of a fellow, at all events," said he, reading the words "Hanby House" in the wax.

"What can old Puffey be wanting now?" inquired Jack.

"Some bother about hounds, most likely," replied his lordship, breaking the seal, adding, "the thing is always amusing itself with playing at

sportsman. D—n his impudence!" exclaimed his lordship, as he opened the note.

"What's happened now?" asked Jack.

"How d'ye think he begins?" asked his lordship, looking at his friend.

"Can't tell, I'm sure," said Jack, squinting his eyes inside out.

"Dear Scamp!" exclaimed his lordship, throwing out his arms.

"Dear Scamp!" repeated Jack, in astonishment. "It must be a mistake. It must be dear Frost, not dear Scamp."

"Dear Scamp is the word," replied his lordship, again applying himself to the letter. "Dear Scamp," repeated he, with a snort, adding, "the impudent button-maker! I'll dear Scamp him! 'Dear Scamp, our friend Sponge!' *Bo-o-y* the powers, just fancy that!" exclaimed his lordship, throwing himself back in his chair, as if thoroughly overcome with disgust. "*Our friend Sponge!* the man who nearly knocked me into the middle of the week after next—the man who, first and last, has broken every bone in my skin—the man who I hate the sight of, and detest afresh every time I see—the 'bomination of all 'bominations; and then to call him our friend Sponge! 'Our friend Sponge,' continued his lordship, reading, "'is coming on a visit of inspection to my hounds, and I should be glad if you would meet him.'"

"Shouldn't wonder!" exclaimed Jack.

"*Meet him!*" snapped his lordship; "I'd go ten miles to avoid him."

"'Glad if you would meet him,'" repeated his lordship, returning to the letter, and reading as follows: "'If you bring a couple of nags or so we can put them up, and you may get a wrinkle or two from Bragg.' A wrinkle or two from Bragg!" exclaimed his lordship, dropping the letter and rolling in his chair with laughter. "A wrinkle or two from Bragg!—he—he—he—he! The idea of a wrinkle or two from Bragg!—haw—haw—haw—haw!"

"That beats cockfightin'," observed Jack, squinting frightfully.

"Doesn't it?" replied his lordship. "The man who's so brimful of science that he doesn't kill above three brace of foxes in a season."

"Which Puff calls thirty," observed Jack.

"Th-i-r-ty!" exclaimed his lordship; adding, "I'll lay he'll not kill thirty, no, nor half thirty, in ten years."

"And I'll go your halves," rejoined Jack.

His lordship then picked the letter from the floor, and resumed where he had left off.

"'I expect you will meet Tom Washball, Lumpleg, and Charley Slapp.'"

"A very pretty party," observed Jack; adding, "Wouldn't be seen goin' to a bull-bait with any on them."

"Nor I," replied his lordship.

"Birds of a feather," observed Jack.

"Just so," said his lordship. He then resumed his reading.

"'I think I have a hound that may be useful to you—' The devil you have!" exclaimed his lordship, grinding his teeth with disgust. "Useful to *me*, you confounded haberdasher!—you hav'n't a hound in your pack that I'd take. 'I think I have a hound that may be useful to you—'" repeated his lordship.

"A Beaufort Justice one, for a guinea!" interrupted Jack; adding,

"He got the name into his head at Oxford, and has been harping upon it ever since."

"I think I have a hound that may be useful to you—" resumed his lordship, for the third time. "'It is Old Merryman, a remarkably stout, true line hunting hound; but who is getting slow for me—' Slow for you, you beggar!" exclaimed his lordship; "I should have thought nothin' short of a wooden 'un would have been slow for you. 'He is a six-season hunter, and is by Fitzwilliam's Singwell, out of his Darling. Singwell was by the Rutland Rallywood, out of Tavistock's Rhapsody. Rallywood was by Old Lonsdale's—' Old Lonsdale's!—the snob!" sneered Lord Scamperdale—"Old Lonsdale's Palafox, out of Anson's—' Anson's!—d—n the fellow," again muttered his lordship—"out of Anson's Madrigal. Darling was by Old Grafton's Bolivar, out of Blowzy. Bolivar was by the Brocklesby; that's Yarborough's—' That's Yarborough's!" sneered his lordship, "as if one didn't know that as well as him—' by the Brocklesby; that's Yarborough's Marmion out of Petre's Matchless; and Marmion was by that undeniable hound, the—the—what?" asked his lordship.

"Beaufort Justice, to be sure!" replied Jack.

"The Beaufort Justice!" read his lordship, with due emphasis.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Jack, waving the dirty, egg-stained, mustardy copy of *Bell's Life* over his head. "Hurrah! I told you so."

"But hark to Justice!" exclaimed his lordship, resuming his reading.

"I've always been a great admirer of the Beaufort Justice blood—"

"No doubt," said Jack; "it's the only blood you know."

"It was in great repute in the Badminton country in Old Beaufort's time, with whom I hunted a great deal many years ago, I'm sorry to say. The late Mr. Warde, who, of course, was very justly partial to his own sort, had never any objection to breeding from this *Beaufort Justice*. He was of Lord Egremont's blood, by the New Forest Justice; Justice by Mr. Gilbert's Jasper; and Jasper, bred by Egremont—' Oh, the hosier!" exclaimed his lordship; "he'll be the death of me."

"Is that all?" asked Jack, as his lordship seemed lost in meditation.

"All?—no!" replied he, starting up, adding: "Here's something about you."

"Me!" exclaimed Jack.

"If Mr. Spraggon is with you, and you like to bring him, I can manage to put him up too," read his lordship. "What think you of that?" asked he, turning to our friend, who was now squinting his eyes inside out with anger.

"Think of it!" retorted Jack, kicking out his legs—"think of it!—why, I think he's a dim'd impittant feller, as Bragg would say."

"So he is," replied his lordship; "treating my friend Jack so."

"I've a good mind to go," observed Jack, after a pause, thinking he might punish Puff, and try to do a little business with Sponge. "I've a good mind to go," repeated he; "just by way of paying Master Puff off. He's a consequential jackass, and wants taking down a peg or two."

"I think you may as well go and do it," replied his lordship, after thinking the matter over; "I think you may as well go and do it. Not that he'll be good to take the conceit out of, but you may vex him a bit; and also learn something of the movements of his friend Sponge."

If he sarves Puff out as he's sarved me," continued his lordship, rubbing his ribs with his elbows, "he'll very soon have enough of him."

"Well," said Jack, "I really think it will be worth doing. I've never been at the beggar's shop, and they say he lives well."

"*Well*, aye!" exclaimed his lordship; "fat o' the land—dare say that man has fish and soup every day."

"And wax-candles to read by, most likely," observed Jack, squinting at the dim mutton-fats that Baggs now brought in.

"Not so grand as *that*, perhaps," observed his lordship, doubting whether any man could be guilty of such extravagance.

It being decided that Jack should answer Mr. Puffington's invitation as well and saucily as he could, and a sheet of very inferior paper being at length discovered in the sideboard drawer, the two forthwith proceeded to concoct it. Jack having at length got all square, and the black-ink lines introduced below, dipped his pen in the little stone ink-bottle, and, squinting up at his lordship, said,

"How shall I begin?"

"Begin?" replied he. "Begin—oh, let's see—begin—begin, 'Dear Puff,' to be sure."

"That'll do," said Jack, writing away.

("Dear Puff!" sneered our friend, when he read it: "the idea of a fellow like that writing to a man of my p-r-o-r-p-erty that way.")

"Say 'Scamp,'" continued his lordship, dictating again, "'is engaged, but I'll be with you at feeding-time.'"

("Scamp's engaged," read Puffington, with a contemptuous curl of the lip—"Scamp's engaged: I like the impudence of a fellow like that calling a nobleman nicknames.")

The letter concluded by advising Puffington to stick to the Beaufort Justice blood, for there was nothing in the world to equal it. And now, having got both our friends booked for visits, we must yield precedence to the nobleman, and accompany him to Jawleyford Court.

That we may not be accused of treating his lordship disrespectfully, we will begin a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LORD SCAMPERDALE AT JAWLEYFORD COURT.

ALTHOUGH we have hitherto depicted Lord Scamperdale either in his great uncouth hunting clothes, or in the flare-up red-and-yellow tartan of the Stunner Clan, it must not be supposed that he had not fine clothes when he chose to wear them, only he was inclined to save them, as he said, to be married in. That he had fine ones, indeed, was evident from the rig out he lent Jack, when that worthy went to Jawleyford Court, as detailed in our twenty-seventh chapter; and, in addition to those which were of the evening order, he had an uncommonly smart Stultz frock-coat, with velvet collar, velvet facings, velvet cuffs, and a silk lining. Though so rough and ready among the men, he was quite the dandy among the ladies, and was as anxious about his appearance as a girl of eighteen. He got himself clipped and trimmed, and shaved with the greatest care, curving his whiskers high on to the cheek-bones, leaving a

great breadth of bare fallow below. His lordship was a close shaver in every respect.

Baggs the butler was despatched betimes to Jawleyford Court with the dog-cart freighted with clothes, driven by a groom to attend to the horses, while his lordship mounted his galloping grey hack towards noon, and dashed through the country like a comet. The people, who were only accustomed to see him in his short, square, country-cut hunting-coats, baggy breeches, and shapeless boots, could hardly recognise the frock-coated, fancy-vested, military-trousered swell, as Lord Scamperdale. Even Titus Grabbington, the superintendent of police—a man of most acute vision, out of the A division itself—declared that he wouldn't have known him but for his hat and specs. The latter, we need hardly say, were the silver ones—the pair that he would not let Jack have when he went to Jawleyford Court. So his lordship went capering and careering along; avoiding, of course, all the turnpike-gates, of which he had a mortal aversion.

We need scarcely say that Jawleyford Court was in full dress to receive him—everything was full fig. Smell was recalled from his cow-house and piggery; Spigot appeared in buckled shorts and black silk stockings; while vases of evergreens and winter flowers mounted sentry on passage tables and landing-places. Everything bespoke the elegant presence of the fair.

To the credit of Dame Fortune let us record that everything went smoothly and well. Even the kitchen fire behaved as it ought. Neither did Lord Scamperdale arrive before he was wanted, a very common custom with people unused to public visiting. He cast up just when he was wanted. His ring of the door-bell acted like the little tinkling bell at a theatre, sending all parties to their places, for the curtain to rise.

Spigot and his two footmen answered the summons, while his lordship's groom rushed out of a side-door with his mouth full of cold meat to take his hack.

Having given his flat hat to Spigot, his whip-stick to one footman, and his gloves to the other, he proceeded to the family *tableaux* in the drawing-room.

Though his lordship lived so much by himself he was neither *gauche* nor stupid when he went into society. Unlike Mr. Spraggon, he had a tremendous determination of words to the mouth, and went best pace with his tongue instead of coughing and hemming, and stammering and stuttering, wishing himself "well out of it," as the saying is. His seclusion only seemed to sharpen his faculties and make him enjoy society more. He came forth with a gush like a pent-up waterfall. He was not a bit afraid of the women—rather the contrary; indeed, he would make love to them all—all that were good looking, at least, for he always candidly said that he "wouldn't have anything to do with the ugly 'uns." If anything, he was rather too vehement, and talked to the ladies in such an earnest, interested sort of way, as made even bystanders think there was "something in it," whereas, in point of fact, it was mere manner.

He began as soon as ever he got to Jawleyford Court,—at least as soon as he had paid his respects all round and got himself partially thawed at the fire, for the cold had struck through his person, his fine clothes

being a poor substitute for his thick double-milled red coat, blankety waistcoat, and Jersey shirt.

There are some good-natured well-meaning people in this world who think that fox-hunters can talk of nothing but hunting, and who put themselves to very serious inconvenience in endeavouring to get up a little conversation for them. We knew a bulky old boy of this sort, who invariably, after the cloth was drawn, and he had given each leg a kick out to see if they were on, commenced with "Well, I suppose Mr. Harkington has a fine set of dogs this season?" "A fine set of dogs this season!" What an observation! How on earth could any one hope to drive a conversation with such a commencement?

Some ladies are equally obliging in this respect. They can stoop to almost any subject that they think will procure them husbands. Music!—if a man is fond of music, they will sing themselves into his good graces in no time. Painting!—oh, they adore painting—though in general they don't profess to be great hands at it themselves. Balls, boating, archery, racing,—all these they can take a lively interest in; or, if occasion requires, can go on the serious tack and hunt a parson with penny subscriptions for a clothing club or soup-kitchen.

Fox-hunting!—we do not know that fox-hunting is so safe a speculation for young ladies as any of the foregoing. There are many *pros* and *cons* in the matter of the chase. A man may think—especially in these hard times, with "wheat below forty," as Mr. Springwheat would say—that it will be as much as he can do to mount himself. Again, he may not think a lady looks any better for running down with perspiration, and being daubed with mud. Above all, if he belongs to the worshipful company of Craners, he may not like for his wife to be seen beating him across country.

Still, there are many ways that young ladies may insinuate themselves into the good graces of sportsmen without following them into the hunting-field. Talking about their horses, above all admiring them,—taking an interest in their sport,—seeing that they have nice papers of sandwiches to take out with them,—or recommending them to be bled when they come home with dirty faces after falls.

Miss Amelia Jawleyford, who was most elegantly attired in a sea-green silk dress with large imitation pearl buttons, claiming the usual privilege of seniority of birth, very soon led the charge against Lord Scamperdale.

"Oh, what a lovely horse that is you were riding," observed she, as his lordship kept stooping with both his little red fists close in to the bars of the grate.

"Isn't it!" exclaimed he, rubbing his hands heartily together. "Isn't it!" repeated he; adding, "That's what I call a clipper."

"Why do you call it so?" asked she.

"Oh, I don't mean that clipper is its name," replied he; "indeed, we call her Cherry Bounce in the stable,—but she's what they call a clipper—a good 'un to go, you know," continued he, staring at the fair speaker through his great, formidable spectacles.

We believe there is nothing frightens a woman so much as staring at her through spectacles.

"Will he eat bread out of your hand?" asked Amelia; adding, "I *should* so like a horse that would eat bread out of my hand."

"Oh, yes; or cheese either," replied his lordship, who was a bit of a wag, and as likely to try it with one as the other.

"Oh, how delightful! what a charming horse!" exclaimed Amelia, turning her fine eyes up to the ceiling.

"Are you fond of horses?" asked his lordship, smacking one hand against the other with a noise like the report of a pistol.

"Oh, so fond!" exclaimed Amelia, with a start, for she hadn't got through her favourite, and, as she thought, most attractive attitude.

"Well, now, that's *nice*," said his lordship, giving his other hand a similar bang; adding, "I *like* a woman that's fond of horses."

"Then 'Melia and you'll 'gree nicely," observed Mrs. Jawleyford, who was always ready to give a helping hand to her own daughters at least.

"I don't doubt it!" replied his lordship, with emphasis, and a third bang of his hand, louder if possible than before. "And do *you* like horses?" asked his lordship, darting sharp round on Emily, who had been yielding, or rather submitting, to the precedence of her sister.

"Oh, yes; and hounds, too," replied she, eagerly.

"And hounds, too!" exclaimed his lordship, with a start, and another hearty bang of the fist; adding, "Well, now, I *like* a woman that likes hounds."

Amelia frowned at the unhandsome march her sister had stolen upon her. Just then in came Jawleyford, much to the annoyance of all parties. A host should never show before the dressing-bell rings.

When that glad sound was at length heard, the ladies, as usual, immediately withdrew, and of course the first thing Amelia did when she got to her room was to run to the glass to see how she had been looking; when, grievous to relate, she found an angry hot spot in the act of breaking out on her nose.

What a distressing situation for a young lady, especially one with a spectaclad suitor. "Oh, dear!" she thought, as she eyed it in the glass, "it will look like Vesuvius itself through his formidable inquisitors." Worst of all, it was on the side she would have next him at dinner, should he choose to sit with his back to the fire. However, there was no help for it, and the maid kindly assuring her, as she worked away at her hair, that it "would never be seen," she ceased to watch it, and turned her attention to her toilette. The fine, new broad-lace flounced, light blue satin dress—a dress so much like a ball dress as to be only appreciable as a dinner one by female eyes—was again in requisition, while her fine arms were encircled with chains and armlets of various brilliance and devices. Thus attired, with a parting inspection of the spot, she swept down stairs, with as smart a bouquet as the season would afford. As luck would have it, she encountered his lordship himself wandering about the passage in search of the drawing-room, of whose door he had not made a sufficient observation on leaving. He, too, was uncommonly smart, with the identical dress-coat Mr. Spraggon wore, a white waist-coat with turquoise buttons, a lace-frilled shirt, and a most extensive once round Joinville. He had been eminently successful in accomplishing a tie that would almost rival the sticks farmers put upon truant geese to prevent their getting through gaps or under gates.

Well, Miss Amelia having come to his lordship's assistance and eased him of his candle, now showed him into the drawing-room, and his hands being disengaged, like a true Englishman, he must be doing, and accordingly he commenced an attack on her bouquet.

"That's a fine nosegay!" exclaimed he, staring and running his snub nose into the midst of it.

"Let me give you a piece," replied Amelia, proceeding to detach some of the best.

"Do," replied his lordship, banging one hand against the other; adding, "I'll wear it next my heart of hearts."

It sidled Miss Emily just as his lordship was adjusting it in his button-hole, and the inconstant man immediately chopped over to her.

"Well, now, that is a beautiful nosegay!" exclaimed he, turning upon her in precisely the same way, with a bang of the hand and a dive of his nose into Emily's.

She did not offer him any, and his lordship continued his attention to her until Mrs. Jawleyford entered.

Dinner was presently announced, but his lordship, instead of choosing to sit with his back to the fire, took the single chair opposite, which gave him a commanding view of the young ladies. He did not, however, take any advantage of his position during the repast, neither did he talk much, his maxim being to let his meat stop his mouth. The preponderance of his observations, perhaps, were addressed to Amelia, though a watchful observer might have seen that the spectacles were oftener turned upon Emily. Up to the withdrawal of the cloth, however, there was no perceptible advantage on either side.

As his lordship settled to the sweets, at which he was a great hand at dessert, Amelia essayed to try her influence with the popular subject of a ball.

"I wish the members of your hunt would give us a ball, my lord," observed she.

"Ah, hay, hum, ball," replied he, ladling up the syrup of some preserved peaches that he had been eating; "ball, ball, ball. No place to give it—no place to give it," repeated he.

"Oh, give it in the town-hall, or the long room at the Angel," replied she.

"Town-hall—long room at the Angel—Angel at the long room of the town-hall—oh, certainly, certainly, certainly," muttered he, scraping away at the contents of his plate.

"Then that's a bargain, mind," observed Amelia, significantly.

"Bargain, bargain, bargain—certainly," replied he, "and I'll lead off with you, or you'll lead off with me—whichever way it is—meanwhile, I'll trouble you for a piece of that gingerbread."

Having supplied him with a most liberal slice, she resumed the subject of the ball.

"Then we'll fix it so," observed she.

"Oh, fix it so, certainly—certainly fix it so," replied his lordship, filling his mouth full of gingerbread.

"Suppose we have it on the day of the steeple-chase," continued Amelia.

"Couldn't be better," replied his lordship; "couldn't be better," repeated he, eyeing her intently through his formidable specs.

His lordship was quite in the assenting humour, and would have agreed to anything—anything short of lending one a five-pound note.

Amelia was charmed with her success. Despite the spot on her nose, she felt she was winning.

His lordship sat like a target, shot at by all, but making the most of his time, both in the way of eating and staring between questions.

At length the ladies withdrew, and his lordship having waddled to the door to assist their egress, now availed himself of Jawleyford's invitation to occupy an arm-chair during the enjoyment of his "Wintle."

Whether it was the excellence of the beverage, or that his lordship was unaccustomed to wine-drinking, or that Jawleyford's conversation was unusually agreeable, we know not, but the summons to tea and coffee was disregarded, and when at length he did make his appearance, he was what the ladies call rather elevated, and talked thicker than there was any occasion for. He was very voluble at first—told all how Soapey Sponge had knocked him about, how he detested him, and wouldn't allow him to come to the hunt ball, &c.; but he gradually died out, and at last fell asleep beside Mrs. Jawleyford on the sofa, with his little legs crossed, and a half-emptied coffee-cup in his hand, which Mr. Jawleyford and she kept anxiously watching, expecting the contents to be over the fine satin furniture every moment.

In this pleasant position they remained till he awoke himself with a hearty snore, and turned the coffee over on to the carpet. Fortunately there was no damage done, and, it being nearly twelve o'clock, his lordship waddled off to bed.

Amelia, when she came to think matters over in the retirement of her own room, was well satisfied with the progress she had made. She thought she only wanted opportunities to capture him. Though she was most anxious for a good night in order that she might appear to advantage in the morning, sleep forsook her eyelids, and she lay awake long thinking what she would do when she was my lady—how she would warm Woodmansterne, and what a dashing equipage she would keep. At length she dropped off, just as she thought she was getting into her well-appointed chariot, showing a becoming portion of her elegantly-turned ankles.

In the morning, she attired herself in her new light satin blue robe, corsage Albanaise, with a sort of three-quarter sleeves, and muslin under ones—something, we believe, out of the last book of fashion. She also had her hair uncommonly well arranged, and sported a pair of clean primrose-coloured gloves. "Now for victory," said she, as she took a parting glance at herself in general, and the hot spot in particular.

Judge of her disgust on meeting her mamma on the staircase at learning that his lordship had got up at six o'clock, and had gone to meet his hounds on the other side of the county. That Baggs had boiled him his oatmeal porridge in his bedroom, and his lordship had eaten it as he was dressing.

It may be asked, what was the maid about not to tell her.

The fact is, that ladies'-maids are only numb hands in all that relates to hunting, and though Juliana knew that his lordship was up, she thought he had gone to have his hunt before breakfast, just as the young gentlemen in the place she lived in before used to go and have a bathe.

Baggs, we may add, was a married man, and Juliana and he had not had much conversation.

COLONIES AND CONSTITUTIONS.

AT the conclusion of an article in our number for July of last year, under the same head as that which we have given to our present remarks, we briefly called attention to the bill then recently brought into parliament under the sponsorship of Lord John Russell, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Hawes, for the better government of the Australian colonies. "The bill," we observed, "gives to each of the four colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, Van Diemen's Land, and South Australia, a representative legislature—hitherto enjoyed by New South Wales alone. *At first the legislature is to consist of a single chamber; but, as time and experience may prompt, the single chamber may resolve itself into two.* This seems judicious; and it shows a flattering degree of confidence in the colonists. Then the colonists may form themselves, *if they please*, into a federation. We almost think the permission premature; but we hope the colonists will not be led into making a hasty use of it. Indeed, there are certain little prejudices among the different colonies, which, we suspect, will repel for some time to come any approaches to an union of this sort. Some of the proposed Customs regulations strike us as open to objection; and some items in the civil lists, we can imagine, may be ill-received by the colonists. But these may be amended before the bill becomes law."

Shortly after we had penned these remarks the bill was withdrawn. Introduced at a rather advanced period of a busy session, no time was left for its fair discussion before the ordinary period for proroguing parliament. It is now, however, again before parliament, and as we write is down for a second reading. Though disappointment will naturally be felt in the colonies at this delay, we doubt not that even they, in the end, will not be dissatisfied that leisure has been afforded for ripened reflection, on a measure of such importance in their future political destinies. Within the last twelvemonths a wonderful parliamentary jealousy has been engendered respecting all our younger colonies, and forms of government for them are no longer likely to be passed in silence in empty houses.

It is certain, too, that since July the present measure has expanded in importance in the estimation of her Majesty's ministers. Promoted into the Queen's opening speech, we find the first regular discussion of the session is on the Australian bill; and in introducing it into parliament Lord John Russell took occasion for delivering an admirable statement of the entire colonial policy of her Majesty's government.

Adverting to the cursory remarks which we made on this measure as it stood last year, we can only say that subsequent reflection has confirmed the views which we were then led to entertain. We are still disposed to uphold the ministerial scheme of one chamber *at first*; and still inclined to question the present expediency of empowering the colonies to create a Confederated union. We fear overlaying these young states with somewhat too much of government and law-making. Sooner or later, however, such an union would be desirable. Perhaps much objection is obviated by an alteration which we observe has been made in the bill of this session. As in the bill of last year, any *two* of the colonies can call into existence a "General Assembly;" but the powers of the General Assembly

seem now to be limited to those colonies which may choose to send representatives to it. Then, with respect to the Customs provisions in the bill of last year, the government have determined not to interfere with the existing Customs system of the colonies; and, accordingly, the objections to which those provisions seemed liable are at an end. On the whole, then, we find ourselves much of accord with the government in their bill of this year—entirely so as respects that portion of it which gives its representative legislature to each of the four colonies. And this, after all, is the most important feature of the measure. It is here that we have to look for the substantial answer to many years of appeal from the colonies. It is the topic to which we shall principally confine ourselves on this occasion.

Most of the controversialists in this matter appear to be agreed in one principle. They all seem to contemplate giving to the colonies “the forms of the British constitution,” or “the benefits of British institutions,” or restoring to the colonists “their inalienable British birthrights.” But when it comes to be an affair of application, we have little difficulty in discovering two distinct schools—the one, wedded to our existing Constitution as a beau idéal of human institutions, would willingly raise up in every colonial society its miniature counterpart; but the first steps in this direction show the utter impracticability of the attempt, and they soon are reduced to the less ambitious design of giving the colonies British institutions *as nearly as circumstances will allow*. Still they keep their idol in view, and the tendency of their doctrine is to *force* men and circumstances into the external resemblances of the British constitution.

Our other school, if not led to pronounce dogmatically, that, in the condition of colonies, there are inherent obstacles to this strictly imitative creation, have perhaps an instinctive leaning in that direction; and at least, so that they can attain the same guarantees for good government, for liberty and order, which the British constitution is found to secure for us in the United Kingdom, the mechanical agencies by which those blessings are secured elsewhere are not regarded as very material. The one party seems to regard lords and commons, or something as nearly like lords and commons as can be contrived, as of the essence of British rights. The other views a well-regulated freedom in that light, as secured by representative legislation and responsible government. With this latter party we shall not presume to rank the present administration, but their measure seems founded on kindred views.

It is impossible to hear or read the speculations of the doctrinaire constitutionalists without recurring to the history of our constitution. A leading feature of that constitution is, that never for a quarter of a century together has it remained the same. For it is a very imperfect account of our system to define the functions of our executive and the conjoint powers of our tripartite legislature, and there leave the matter. Much of our constitution is in the shape of actual statutes, much in the traditions of common law—no little in the form of ancient maxims. Altogether, its perfection has consisted in its very variability—its adaptability to changing circumstances. It never was, like your modern constitutional fabrics, a pre-arranged whole; but it has always, except at precise periods of transition, been in harmony with the social characteristics of the times. Our barons of old were depositaries of real power before they came together as peers of the realm.

When our citizens grew bold and wealthy it was time that they should share in the legislation of the country. When it became convenient the legislature separated into two; and no one can doubt that the separation was followed by special advantages, which, however, like so many of our constitutional benefits, *grew up*, and fulfilled no prophecy. When the crown would retain or revive ancient powers which the growing intelligence of men voted irksome or degrading, the prerogatives of royalty were brought within safe limits. But that excellent "balancing" supposed to exist in our constitution can never be referred to the mere scheme itself. A British constitution, without Britons, and the social combinations of Britain, might work very differently. The men and the machinery go together. In a royal power, a peerage, and a third estate, there *might* be as much antagonism as balancing—destructibility might be the characteristic in place of durability. All that we can say is, that such a polity works well *with us*. It has come to what we see it through a long history, by slow and almost imperceptible gradations; and the depositaries of power, by wisely refraining from an extreme exercise of formal rights, at the same time that they keep them ready for use, have preserved us at once free and unrevolutionised.

But of all idle creations, the idlest appears to us that of a colonial aristocracy! What we are not merely reconciled to, but admire, at Westminster or in an English county, we can only very much laugh at in New Zealand or Newfoundland. It will never do. It is not a matter to be reasoned about. The English peer, besides being the descendant of an ancestry of peers (we speak of the body), represents a powerful and wealthy territorial influence, to a great degree socially separated from the rest of the community. There is nothing ridiculous in *his* rank, even in the eyes of a republican of the eve. But where is the body out of which a colonial peerage is to be constructed? If you have it to-day, where would it be to-morrow? Depend on it, were other reasons wanting, the ups and downs of colonial life would never consort with any conceivable description of titular and hereditary rank. Those who give in to these fancies we suspect have no actual knowledge of colonial life; or, if they have, they strangely overlook its essential characteristics.

It seems pretty clear (writing as we are before the second reading of the bill) that the discussion will mainly turn upon the question of one or two chambers—the formalists of the constitution ranging themselves on one side, the ministerialists on the other. The project of one chamber, in the present measure, may be said to rest on the existing constitutions of the Australian colonies; and we are persuaded that government are acting wisely and well in thus making the present the stepping-stone to the future. Some of the doctrines we have heard broached, even in Conservative quarters, are the most startling ever proposed by men of responsible station. They would, with wondrous inconsistency, make a *tabula rasa* of the past, and give the colonists nothing short of constituent power. They would resolve society into its elements, and bid them form an original social compact. If the language we have in view does not mean this, it means nothing. We must, however, do those who use it the justice of believing that they fully expect the "Constituent Assembly" of each colony would forthwith construct for itself a house of colonial Lords spiritual and temporal, as well as a House of Commons. The government, however, are not satisfied to set aside a body of law and usage,

and even a constitutional system, already in existence in the colonies. The report of the Board of Trade, upon which their measure mainly rests, has the following :—

If we were approaching the present question under circumstances which left to us the unfettered exercise of our own judgment as to the nature of the legislature to be established in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, we should advise that parliament should be moved to recur to the ancient constitutional usage, by establishing in each a governor, a council, and an assembly. For we think it desirable that the political institutions of the British colonies should thus be brought into the nearest possible analogy to the constitution of the United Kingdom. We also think it wise to adhere as closely as possible to our ancient maxims of government on this subject, and to the precedents in which those maxims have been embodied. The experience of centuries has ascertained the value and the practical efficiency of that system of colonial polity to which those maxims and precedents afford their sanction. In the absence of some very clear and urgent reason for breaking up the ancient uniformity of design in the government of the colonial dependencies of the crown, it would seem unwise to depart from that uniformity. And further, the whole body of constitutional law which determines the rights and the duties of the different branches of the ancient colonial governments having, with the lapse of time, been gradually ascertained and firmly established, we must regret any innovation which tends to deprive the Australian colonies of the great advantage of possessing such a code so well defined and so maturely considered.

But great as is the weight that we attach to these considerations, the circumstances under which we actually approach the question are such as to constrain us, however reluctantly, to adopt the opinion that the proposed act of parliament should provide for the establishment in each of the four Australian colonies of a single house of legislature only; one-third of the members of which should be nominated by your Majesty, and the remaining two-thirds elected by the colonists.

For such is, in point of fact, the system which now prevails throughout the territories which will compose the two provinces of New South Wales and Victoria. It was the pleasure of parliament, in the year 1842, to establish that system. Custom appears to have attached the colonists to it. Public opinion in New South Wales would appear to be decidedly opposed to an alteration in this respect of the existing constitution of the colony by the authority of parliament.

Of this fact the most conclusive proof is to be found in the petitions recently presented to your Majesty and to parliament from a large body of the colonists, praying that no change may be made without the consent of the inhabitants at large, in the constitution and form which the local legislature has already received from parliament. In the absence of any counter petitions, we think it reasonable to conclude that such is the deliberate judgment of the great body of the settlers in New South Wales and Victoria, and we are of opinion that it would be unwise and unjustifiable to force such a change upon them. All that in our judgment can be reasonably done, is to leave to the legislatures now to be established the power of amending their own constitutions, by resolving either of these single houses of legislature into two houses. The weight which is justly due to the arguments in favour of that measure will, we trust, not be without its proper influence on both the electoral and the elected bodies.

But even if the state of public opinion in New South Wales were less distinctly ascertained, the adoption of the course which in itself we regard as the most wise, would be forbidden by the pledge into which your Majesty's executive government have already entered on the subject. Proceeding, as we apprehend, in the same view which we ourselves have taken of the wishes and judgment of the inhabitants at large, and anticipating, as we believe, our own view of the impropriety of any direct encounter with that opinion on the present subject, your Majesty's secretary of state having the department of the colonies, in a despatch of the 21st July last, informed the governor of New South Wales, and through him the existing legislature and the colonists at large, that this was not such a "reform as it was at all incumbent on the legislature at home to press on an unwilling or even on an indifferent people." The language of this despatch (in the wisdom of which we entirely concur) will, of course, be regarded by your Majesty as implying an engagement, to which it is necessary strictly to adhere.

The considerations to which we have thus adverted, in favour of thus establishing a single house of legislature in each of the two proposed provinces of New South Wales and Victoria, may perhaps appear applicable to those provinces only. For neither in South Australia nor in Van Diemen's Land has parliament introduced any such constitution; nor has your Majesty's executive government entered into any pledge on the subject to either of those colonies; nor have any petitions been received ascertaining what is the state of public opinion in either of them on the question whether the legislative houses should be combined into one chamber or separated into two. But we cannot, from these considerations, conclude that a real freedom remains to your Majesty and to parliament of selecting that which may appear, on abstract grounds and on general principles, to be the wiser course. We apprehend that the inconvenience of settling the forms of government simultaneously in colonies so closely adjacent and so intimately connected with each other, with any diversity in regard to a principle so fundamental as this, is a much more formidable inconvenience than any which could follow from maintaining a strict uniformity in that respect. As, therefore, for the reasons which we have already assigned, it appears necessary to constitute a single house of legislature only, both in New South Wales and Victoria, we are of opinion that the same system must prevail in regard to South Australia and Van Diemen's Land.

We recommend, therefore, that the proposed act of parliament should provide for convoking in each of the four colonies a legislature comprising two estates only; that is, a governor and a single house, composed of nominees of the crown and of the representatives of the people jointly. We also think that in South Australia and Van Diemen's Land, as in New South Wales and Victoria, the legislatures now to be established ought to have the power of amending their own constitutions by resolving either of these single houses of legislature into two houses. Whatever the result may be in either of the four colonies, your Majesty will thus, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that free scope had been given for the influence of public opinion in them all; and that this constitutional question has been finally adjusted in each in accordance with that opinion.

For the same reason, we think it desirable that the legislatures now to be created should be entrusted with the power of making any other amendments in their own constitution which time and experience may show to be requisite. We are aware of no sufficient cause for withholding the power, and we believe that the want of it in the other British colonies has often been productive of serious inconvenience.

There is no question that for many years as the subject of representative institutions has been agitated in the colonies, the want of a second chamber has never been distinctly or formally "pronounced" by the colonists. For seven years New South Wales and Port Phillip, as one colony, have had the legislative constitution described by the Board of Trade; and we believe we speak the general feeling of the people of the other colonies when we say that they have ever contemplated a similar constitution for themselves, whenever ministers should be prevailed on to acknowledge their fitness for representative legislation. There, as here, we have no doubt men were to be found who had a speculative leaning to the two chamber system; but assuredly there has never been any popular *movement* on the subject; nor does the report of the Board of Trade, which arrived last September in the colonies, appear to have suggested any. In New South Wales the *existing* was founded on the *former* legislative system of that colony. There was a legislature of nominees of the crown—some official persons, others private colonists—all in one chamber. To these, in 1843, were added representative members. And the body now consists of thirty-six members, one-third official and non-official nominees, the other two-thirds elected by the colonists. In the other colonies, the old nominee councils are still the present legislatures; and it is now, as in New South Wales, proposed to add to them representative members. Thus all the usages, the practice and precedents of the different existing

legislatures, are preserved intact. It is bringing a popular element into established forms; and the great advantage is obtained of not having to construct any new and additional machinery. We do not believe it possible to over-estimate the value of this.

We do not mean to say that this question of two chambers is not a very legitimate one for discussion on its own merits. Merely because we have two chambers in England, we do not perceive why we should have two in these young colonies; and it is quite a begging of the question to argue that because two work well here, they would work well there. We are led to fear that in simultaneously starting two legislative bodies for the first time, we are exposed to the danger of suggesting rivalry and opposition. Each body will be too apt to think of its own powers of obstruction, as marking more clearly its rights and privileges, than would a quiet course of harmony. The great advantage of two chambers is the check they are supposed to afford against hasty legislation. It is a way of making society look twice before it leaps. But this advantage is too dearly purchased, if the second chamber should be seduced into any systematic course of opposition. Perpetual convulsions would be a greater evil than the risk of having laws enacted somewhat too summarily. But if the balance of presumptions—for it is only with presumptions we have to deal—should favour the establishment of two houses, we are still persuaded the course suggested is the best—leaving the colonies, after the practice of a few years, to construct two legislative bodies out of their existing single chambers. We believe that is the natural progression; the best practical method of arriving at the desired result. Suddenly to create in each colony two legislative bodies—one, *for the first time*, being representative—would, we are well convinced, be to create obstacles and embarrassments in the working of the new constitutions which would be at once ludicrous and largely detrimental to public interests. Nor can it be said that the actual experience of the last six or seven years in New South Wales is, on the whole, unfavourable to the one chamber system. We might infer that it had worked well from the rival opinions we hear with respect to it—one side alleging that the representatives nullify the crown nominees; the other, that crown nominees unduly influence the popular representation. We believe that in fact the present legislature of New South Wales have (exceptions excepted) displayed considerable ability and judgment throughout their somewhat brief career. Their fault has been a proneness to superfluous oratory; but, at the same time, they accomplish a large amount of solid and useful business every session, as the labour of their various committees proves.

A prejudice was attempted to be raised against this form of legislation in the House of Commons, by asking what would be thought of that assembly if 200 of its members were nominees of the crown? But it was forgotten that this is not merely a matter of proportion. The very numbers are an essential element in the question. A dozen members out of thirty-six (that dozen embracing the principal officers of the local government) may very conceivably produce much less embarrassment in legislative proceedings than a nominee corps of 200 in a total of 600. And we are quite ready to admit, that if one chamber only should be the permanent legislative system of the colonies, the nominee plan might be very questionable, when, in the growing populousness of the colonies, the legislatures will have to be considerably enlarged.

And now, when we see these colonies of England about to be introduced into the great brotherhood of free societies, we have no lingering apprehension that the measure will not be justified. We do not, indeed, expect everything to go on quite smoothly. The long deprivation of a coveted privilege may, when it is at length attained, very naturally lead to excesses in the early use of it. At first, it is not impossible that we may find men apt to lose sight of the end of all political rights—to forget that institutions are only to be valued as they afford the means by which a nation is rendered free and prosperous. We only hope that respectable men of all parties will come forward, and use their personal influence in giving a character of dignity and moderation to the first proceedings in this legalised revolution. It is a chapter in the history of their adopted countries, in which they should be anxious to play a worthy part. The local governments, too, we hope, will all exhibit a cheerful and sympathising spirit under changes which are inevitable. Thus everything would be done to render the transition creditable both to parent country and colonies. But if, despite of every effort, some extravagances should mark the exercise of the new-born franchises, we are persuaded that nothing will prevent the colonists permanently making good use of them. We believe it to be a necessity of the Anglo-Saxon nature, that the men of that race shall be well governed. They have the faculty more than any other people of finding out the beneficial uses of given forms of government, and practically ignoring what constitutional critics would carefully display as inherent vices. This would be one consolation, whatever the final form which the measure before us will have received from the creative ingenuity of the British parliament.

Postscript.—The Australian bill was read a second time in the House of Commons on Monday, the 18th of February; when, as we anticipated, the discussion chiefly turned upon the question of one or two chambers—not, indeed, upon the general principle—for even the government party seemed agreed, that if you could fling the special facts aside and appeal to that “general average” which men call experience, two chambers would be better than one. But the government say further that they do not propose an immutable law of one chamber. They limit themselves to constructing a single chamber in the first instance—leaving the colonists to create two for themselves, if they see fit hereafter. Something was also said, and more has been said out of doors, as to “responsible government.” But this is evidently not the subject of express legislation. Few people can doubt that what is understood as responsible government—the *ordinary* practice of the crown selecting its administrative officers from the predominant parliamentary party—must eventually be the complement of representative legislation, as well in the colonies as in the parent state. But this must be left to the discretion of the Queen’s government. It forms a distinct portion of Lord John’s “Colonial Policy.”

A BALL AT MADAME OCTAVE'S.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Quand des grâces de chaque femme
 Vous réunissez le total,
 Vous pouvez vous flatter, madame,
 D'avoir un joli capital.

Chanté par FELIX à MADAME OCTAVE, dans Paris, sans Impôts.

Entendez-vous au loin l'archet de la folie?
 Suivez-moi, mes amis, j'ouvre mon premier bal.

Les Mairaines de l'An Trois.

LITTLE bird, what will you take? A nice full ear of Indian corn, some fresh groundsel, a Naples biscuit, or a lump of sugar? Sugar, eh, sweet tooth? Well, sugar it shall be, my correct and infallible reporter; and never was tid-bit better earned.

How so? soliloquises the reader, laying down the *New Monthly*, and playing with his paper-cutter.

How so? I like that. Why, didn't the very last paragraph in the February number—? Hang the February number! Who is to recollect anything so far back?

Fie, fie, reader! that speech is not very flattering either to me or to my little bird; but I will be *bon prince*, and refresh your memory. Don't you—now pray put down that paper-cutter, and listen to me—*don't* you remember something about a ball?

Ball! of course I do, exclaims the reader, with sudden energy. I remember thinking it would be rare fun, and wishing I could have got an invite.

Very likely. Something in this style, eh?

"Madame Octave prie Monsieur — de lui faire l'honneur de venir passer la soirée chez elle, le Jeudi, 31 Janvier, à 11 heures.

"On dansera."

There's a faithful copy of the original circular for you; and now, how many lumps of sugar will *you* give my little bird?

"Irez-vous chez la Octave?"

"Parbleu! tout Paris y sera."

Such was the question, and such the answer *de rigueur* that any one might have heard—to the exclusion of all other topics—at least a week previous to the eventful night, either at the Jockey Club, the Cercle Grammont, the Potato Club, the Club des Perruques, or the Club des Moutards. As Thursday approached the excitement became intense; marvels were promised, which no possible reality could ever come up to. The apartment was described as being a *bijou* of taste and luxury—a veritable epitome of fairy land; the supper was to be a gastronomic triumph; five hundred invitations were said to have been issued; each of the embassies was to furnish its quota of dancing *diplomates en herbe*, and at least every third man you met was to be a *représentant*.

"Well, after all," reflects one of my Parisian readers, who was himself present on the occasion; "after all, so far, the description is pretty correct."

Granted, fair sir; but read on a little further. *Vous allez voir.*

Then the ladies! ah! there was a field for conjecture—for sanguine anticipation! Supposing the five hundred invitations to be accepted—and the supposition was far from unreasonable—and assuming that one-fifth of the entire number had been addressed to Madame Octave's bewitching colleagues, why that would give a charming total of one hundred actresses, no longer held captive behind the impassable footlights of their respective theatres, but free as air, now surrendering their tiny waists and taper fingers to the intrepid waltzer, and now revelling in the mysterious complications of the "Schottisch," or the "Redowa!"

Such were the illusory hopes indulged in by many a confiding enthusiast, and circulated far and wide by the ever-ready tongue of rumour; until at last, so fixed and positive became the general idea, that it would have been almost as practicable to dislodge one of the Pyramids from its base, by running against it full butt, as to succeed in reducing the number of expected hours from a hundred even to ninety-nine.

So we, who had our own notions on the subject, smiled, and held our peace.

The clock struck twelve as we ascended the carpeted stairs leading to our hostess's *premier*. Some twenty or thirty guests had already assembled; but not one "of the feminine gender," as Lingo would say, barring Madame Octave herself. And here—as we shall have other matters to allude to presently, when the masses begin to pour in—we may as well say our little say about our fascinating *Amphitryonæ* and her pretty abode.

Madame Octave, without being strictly handsome, is one of the most engaging women either on the French stage or off it. If her features, taken separately, will not all stand the test of a critical ordeal, yet, when once the map is put together, you forget the apparent incongruity of the pieces in your admiration of the *ensemble*. She is rather *pétite* in stature, but excellently formed—as those who have seen her in her famous characters of *Eve* and *Chloé* can testify; and she possesses a pair of arms so exquisitely, so temptingly proportioned, that one would give worlds to be a Phideas, or even an Etty, just long enough to bequeath to posterity a faint reflection of their beauty. Her eyes have that peculiar half-closed, half-voilée expression that is at once so voluptuous and so winning; and if, like the young girls in "Martin, l'Enfant trouvé," she should ever have a fancy for converting her rich and luxuriant tresses into the current coin of the Republic, even *la Levrasse* himself would for once be tempted into liberality.

The apartment occupied by Madame Octave consists of four principal rooms, all sumptuously and comfortably furnished: these are a pretty boudoir, whose dominant colour is blue; a *salon* of goodly dimensions, robed in crimson damask, and transformed for the night into a ball-room; a most coquettish bedchamber, hung round with yellow silk, and a capital dining-room. Costly mirrors, massive chandeliers, elastic sofas, and the thousand and one other indispensables *chez une Parisienne à la mode*, are to be met with in every nook and corner of this beauty's bower, which is further embellished by a still unfinished miniature of its seductive owner.

But stop—what on earth are all the men hurrying towards the door for? Is the house on fire, or has the long-expected *coup d'état* become

at last a *fait accompli*? Not a bit of it; for here they all come again. Every one is flattening himself against the wall, in order to make way for Madame Octave, who sails in as pleased as Punch from the boudoir to the drawing-room, triumphantly escorting the *first* feminine arrival, in the shape of her own *camarade*, Caroline Bader, all smiles and flowers, and looking so cheerful that it does one's heart good to see her.

And never, in the whole course of her dramatic career, has merry little Caroline been more *fêtée* than she was for at least twenty minutes after making her *entrée*. Her dress, her *bouquet*, her joyous round face were each in their turn admiringly commented on. Men clung to her chair as if they were clinging to a raft after shipwreck; and though her tongue travels pretty nimbly, it would have tripped itself up a dozen times had it undertaken to reply to half the questions, remarks, and compliments pouring in fast and furious from every quarter. Even the musicians eyed her complacently, and fell to tuning their instruments with renewed vigour and energy. In short, her coming infused new life and animation into what had hitherto been a very solemn, very Quakerish assembly of black coats and white neckcloths.

The door opens, and Mademoiselle Anouba—also of the Vaudeville—glides in, bearing a nice little *bouquet*, and looking very *espiègle*. Three or four *habits noirs* advance to pay their court to the new-comer, but the majority remain constant to Caroline, who smiles more gaily, and flirts her fan more wickedly than ever.

More rings at the door, more arrivals, but—woe is me!—all more or less whiskered! Here a Russian, there a Neapolitan, here an ex-Etonian, still cherishing the old local antipathy to white cravats; and there, in a snug recess, environed by admiring satellites, Grassot, the inimitable Grassot, sends forth *calembourg* after *calembourg* with railroad velocity. But men do not go to balls to see their own image more or less *en beau*, more or less *en laid*, perpetually before their eyes; and dire were the maledictions lavished on the unfortunate *coiffeurs* and ladies'-maids, to whose slow-coach propensities the non-appearance of the ninety odd remaining actresses was as a matter of course attributed. A stately Russian, in particular, accustomed to speak his mind pretty freely on all occasions, was loud in his expressions of discontent.

"Ces dames se font bien attendre," said he. "Elles nous oublient en écoutant les flatteries que leur débitent leurs miroirs."

"C'est chose grave, Comte, que la toilette d'une femme," remarked a bystander.

"Qui parle des femmes?" exclaimed a merry voice behind the opening door. "Voilà les femmes demandées; faites-vous servir."

And in tripped Mademoiselle Valentin, in all the glories of tulle and white satin, escorted by young—never mind who, and wielding a gigantic *bouquet* of camellias and lilacs.

"Bon soir, Valentin. Will you dance the first polka with me?"

"Retenue, mon cher, retenue."

"By whom?"

An almost imperceptible glance designated the unconscious never mind who.

"Tiens!" exclaimed Valentin, suddenly, "here is Jeanne, with her sister, her sister's friend, *et tout le tremblement*. Engage her, and I'll be your *vis-à-vis*."

"*Bon soir, mademoiselle*; shall we dance the first *contredanse* together?"

"*Je veux bien!*" replied Jeanne; adding, innocently, after the fashion of M. Trubert, ex-director of the Vaudeville, "but the first is always as dull as a *lever de rideau*; I wish they would begin with the second."

"Have you invited many *gens de lettres*?" some one inquired of Madame Octave,

"*Je m'en garderais bien*," said she. "Have you forgotten the *couplet* that Louisa used to sing in Breda Street?"

Je connais ces petits farceurs,
Ils disent aux jeunes artistes
Qu'ils connaissent les directeurs,
Qu'ils connaissent les journalistes.
Et ce qu'ils gagnent à cela,
Ils se donnent avec jactance,
Toutes ces connaissances-là
Pour faire notre connaissance.

That is an exact definition of them. *Pas autre chose.*"

"But," continued the first speaker, glancing at a tall, strongly built, dark-haired individual, who had just made his bow *en passant* to Madame Octave, "unless my eyes deceive me, you will be in the *Corsaire* next Sunday."

"Ah! the *Corsaire*—that's another matter. Everybody reads the *Causubries*. Besides, I should be in either way; so, *voyez-vous, j'aime mieux prendre les devants.*"

Ting, ting, ting. Who have we here? Mademoiselle Constance and Mademoiselle Armande, in white dresses and wreaths to match, each with her hair cruelly tortured into semi-circular waves; and not far behind them the jovial Boisgoutier, and that type of *bonnes filles*, Alice Ozy. Now the musicians, who have been almost falling to sleep over their respective instruments, stimulated by a sign from Madame Octave, set to work in good earnest; a general and simultaneous rush for partners is made into bedroom and boudoir; flirtations are ruthlessly interrupted, and a quadrille is finally formed, in which Mesdemoiselles Caroline, Jeanne, Constance, Anouba, Valentin, and Armande, are the prominent performers. Of their partners, but one deserves singling out from the mass: he is a tallish, simpering, awkward-looking individual, with no earthly kind of nationality (physically speaking) about him. He may be French, English, German, or anything you will, for all his face vouches to the contrary; nor does his tongue betray him, for he never by any chance makes use of it. We will keep an eye on him, though, for we are determined to find him out before we have done with him; meanwhile, for want of a better name, we will call him Dummy.

Pantalon passes off very quietly. Dummy sets to his partner, and turns her round, much to her astonishment. We are inclined to think Dummy English.

L'Été commences more briskly: in the *chassez* forward and back, Mademoiselle Valentin's partner holds her very tight, doubtless to prevent her falling; and she, thus supported, indulges in various slight oscillations, calculated to remind one of the manners and customs of the Château Rouge.

Before the *contredanse* is half over, the lady guests begin to muster comparatively strong. The Théâtre Français is represented by Mademoiselle Bertin, in pink; the Variétés by Mademoiselle Virginie, in white; and the Palais Royal by Mademoiselle Scriwaneck, in yellow. The already considerable quota furnished by the Vaudeville is still further reinforced by the advent of Mademoiselle Renaud, already engaged three deep for the Redowa, and of that tiny *bouton de rose*, Mademoiselle Tata Clary, watching over her bouquet of rosebuds with sisterly care, and looking so ethereal in her gossamer costume, that one involuntarily longs for a glass case to put her under.

The last figure is on the point of concluding as we re-enter the ball-room; we follow Dummy to the refreshment-table, and there behold him absorb a cup of tea with six lumps of sugar in it. We are strongly disposed to set down Dummy for a Frenchman.

While thus engaged, we feel the tap of a fan on our arm. It is a pretty fan—but its owner is still prettier.

"*Donnez-moi donc le bras,*" says she, "*et allons faire un tour.* Have you been dancing?"

"Not yet. I prefer waiting until *you* are disengaged."

"Then you will wait a long time, for I have promised so many that I don't remember half of them. Stay, let me speak to Lucile Durand. *Bon soir*, Lucile. Is Pauline coming? No?—*tant pis!* Ah! here is Louisa Châteaufort at last; how well she looks to-night!"

"Yes," replied we. "One can almost comprehend the enthusiasm of your little *camarade* Léonce, when he began his *couplet* in praise of *les jolies femmes du Vaudeville*, with

Chantons avec ivresse
La fraîcheur de Louisa.
Les—"

"There, that will do, or my turn will be coming. How late you are, Louisa! *Dis donc*, did you remark Valentin's three emeralds this evening in 'un ami malheureux' chez nous? Do you think them real? I don't. *Tiens!* who is that woman in white by the door? I have seen her somewhere.

"C'est le Cerito."

"Bah! so it is. How amiable she looks! And now, I suppose, we are *au grand complet*, for here come Doche and Plunkett. *A-t-elle du chic, cette nini!* on a *beau dire*. . . . Just observe her diamonds, each set singly! *Faut-il qu'ils soient beaux!*"

"Yours is the prettiest bouquet in the room, mademoiselle," said T——, twirling his mustachios as we re-entered the *salle du bal*. *Voulez-vous me faire l'aumône d'une fleur?*"

"*Monsieur*," replied my fair companion, applying to herself the well-known repartee of Mademoiselle Suzanne Brohan, "*j'ai mes pauvres*. And that reminds me of my unfortunate *polkeur*, who must think me lost. Ah, here he is! *Sans adieu, mon petit.*"

"What's the news?" asked a diplomatic dignitary of the grey-haired, good-humoured-looking general—a most assiduous frequenter of actresses' balls—when they were left together during the polka, like a couple of Alexander Selkirks, before the boudoir fire.

"Little enough," replied the general, "save a *mot* of Dupin, which

has been going the round of the Assembly. You must know that to-day the Chamber was even more like a bear-garden than usual; everybody wanted to speak at once. The *Droite* and the *Montagne* were more violent in *interpellations* than ever, and some of the latter jumped about the benches like madmen. One of the secretaries remarked as much to M. Dupin."

"Ma foi," said the president, "cette Chambre me fait aujourd'hui l'effet d'un puits. Un saut (sean) par-ci, un saut par-là; des sauts (seaux) partout." *

"C'est désespérant!" exclaimed a young dancer, elbowing his way out of the ball-room. "The idea of attempting the polka with Cerito or Plunkett! One ought to be a Vestris to do it decently. I have a good mind to break ——"

"What?" said I. "Your staff, like Prospero?"

"Connais pas. No, Cellarius's head, for telling me I knew enough now, and might dance with Taglioni herself. Why, no sooner did we begin than they positively made a ring round us, and that put me out. Then Cerito's dancing is like clockwork; she goes round and round, as if she were wound up for the night. I was *en rage* before I had taken a dozen turns."

"C'est la perfection de la danse," some one remarked.

"That may be," replied Cellarius's pupil, "but for my part I think with the wife in 'Trop Heureuse' (the part, you know, that Doche used to play so well) that—where the polka is concerned—'la perfection, c'est très ennuyeux.'"

It is now past three, and the rooms are gradually thinning. Not that the ladies or dancing-men are on the wing! far from it. In *their eyes* the fun of the evening is yet to come. But the loungers, the wall-flowers, the men of a certain age who merely care about the *coup-d'ail*, and who have been yawning and twiddling their hats for the last half hour, slip out by twos and threes unobserved and unregretted. Their departure seems to have the effect of a thaw on the company at large; conversations, hitherto carried on in a semi-whisper, become more animated and more general; the dancing becomes more animated also, and the orthodox steps of each successive *contredanse* are shown to be as susceptible of embellishment as a polka at the Chaumière or Rode's variations. The champagne, too, makes its appearance, flanked by dainty varieties of fish, flesh, and fowl: tea and ices are deposed by universal consent, and punch reigns triumphantly in their stead.

During the "Prophète" quadrille, two actresses—*des amies qui se détestent*, as Arnal says in "Le Poltron"—take advantage of a mutual *chassez* forward to exchange a few complimentary and honied sentences.

"Bon soir, chère amie," says No. 1, smiling affectionately; "quelle jolie robe tu as là!"

"Et toi," rejoins No. 2, with an equally fond look; "es tu donc belle! Ces fleurs te vont à ravir!"

"A-t-on jamais vu une femme fagotée comme ça?" says No. 1 quietly to her partner as she regains her place.

"Elle est laide à faire peur!" remarks No. 2 to *her* beau.

* May not M. Dupin have intended his *mot* to bear the triple interpretation of *saut*, *sean*, and *sor*?

And the two friends recommence their *chassez*, smiling at each other more lovingly than ever.

"Who will take tickets from me for our ball at the Opéra Comique?" asks little S—— of a group of young men who are snatching a moment's repose on a divan in the bed-room. "It will be charming this year, no *intermèdes*, doors open at ten, for the management gives *relâche* on purpose. Come, Monsieur Ernest?"

"Will you put me down for a polka if I do?"

"I must look at my list first. But at all events you shall have the promise of a *contredanse*, and the hope of a polka. Will that satisfy you? *Dis donc*, Octave," rattles on the little *bavard*, addressing our hostess, who, though, without a single jewel, or even a single flower in her hair, looks, to say the least, quite as pretty, and quite as attractive, as any other woman in the room; "how many tickets did you get rid of last year at the *foire de St. Cloud* that Levassor gave at the Jardin d'Hiver?"

"Above two hundred. I wrapped up every one of Tétard's *statuettes* that I sold in a *billet de bal*."

"And what was the value of each *statuette*?" inquired Ernest.

"One franc."

"And of the envelope?"

"Ten."

"*Fichtre ! le papier coûte cher.*"

We return to the ball-room. A waltz is in progress, and about thirty couples are manœuvring in a circle hardly large enough for ten. Madame Doche is whirling round and round with equal grace and velocity; Mademoiselle Boisgoutier is making head nobly against the incompetency of her partner, who is beginning to find her rather heavy; Mademoiselle Valentin's head is gracefully reclining on her partner's shoulder; and Mademoiselle Clary is being whisked about with such rapidity that her *tulle* skirt makes a "cheese" every step she takes.

Dummy is still hard at work, but is confined, owing to the insufficiency of space, to a diminutive oasis in the middle of the circle, where he and his fair coadjutress spin nimbly round and round like teetotums. We have a faint suspicion that Dummy may be a German.

We then saunter into the refreshment-room: corks are drawing fast, and many a dish begins to look foolish. There we chance to overhear a conversational fragment between a charming young actress, whose admirers are really, though not ostensibly, legion, and a sedulously-attentive gallant, which amuses us.

"Ca, va-t-il bien, mademoiselle?"

"Comme vous voyez. Ça ne va pas trop mal."

"Et, monsieur, comment va-t-il?"

"*Lequel ?*" replies the lady, with the most unconscious *naïveté*.

A pause ensues: the fair spokeswoman looks into her companion's face, discovers she has committed herself, tries to get out of it, and finally laughs herself almost into suffocation, at which crisis we make our escape.

"To-morrow is the first of the month," remarks Jeanne to Anouba, as they are simultaneously doing justice to some excellent salmon; "how much salary are you owed?"

"Three francs, seventy-five centimes," is the reply. "*Et toi ?*"

"Not a *sou*. On the contrary, I owe ten francs already for missing my *entrée* the other evening, and shall owe twenty more to-morrow for shirking the rehearsal, as we all intend doing. So deduct twenty-five francs that they owe me, from thirty that I owe *them*, and the result is a balance against me of five francs."

"What, five-and-twenty francs a month! is that all they give you?"

"Not a *liard* more. Putting fines out of the question, I couldn't pay my *bonne* with it."

"And Tata, how much has she?"

"Seventy-five francs; but then she plays the *ingénues*."

"And Mathilde?"

"Nothing at all. But I see S—— looking out for me?"

"Is it a polka, or a waltz next?"

"A polka. Would you like a partner?"

"Yes. *Tenez*, that young Englishman. Do you know him?"

"*Comme ça*, enough to introduce you. They say he is very rich, so *bonne chance*."

MADemoiselle A. (as a feeler).—"Aimez-vous la danse, monsieur?"

ENGLISHMAN (after a moment's deliberation).—"Ou-i."

MADemoiselle A. (warmly, thinking she has hit on the right subject).—"Et moi aussi, à la folie!"

ENGLISHMAN (relapsing into torpor).—"Ah!"

MADemoiselle A. (still more enthusiastically and as a forlorn hope).—"C'est à dire que je danserais bien du soir au lendemain."

ENGLISHMAN (in a tone some degree below freezing point).—"Aoh!"

Six o'clock has just struck, and even the most indefatigable dancers are glad of a temporary truce. One or two old theatrical *habitués*, unwilling to tear themselves away from the merry scene, still linger in the boudoir, and compare notes.

"What a pity only two of the *Saisons Vivantes* are here to-night," says ——, hissing and sputtering out his words with frightful rapidity.

"They might have got up a *quadrille costumé*. *N'est-ce pas*, T——?"

"Yes; I told them so. But Madame Paul wouldn't come."

"And Cico? Why isn't *she* here, can you tell us *that*?"

"Nourri dans le sérail, j'en connais les détours," exclaimed T——.

"I can tell you all about it. Cico isn't here, because ——"

"Venez donc, T——!" suddenly exclaims our hostess, beckoning from the drawing-room. "We want a *vis-à-vis*, and Mademoiselle Virginie wants a partner."

The injunction is imperative, and brooks no delay. So why Mademoiselle Cico was not at Madame Octave's ball must henceforth remain a mystery.

In another half hour, a sleepy domestic and ourselves are busily engaged in searching for *paletôt* 64, among the ticketed garments that still cover the ante-room table. A minute after, as we are buttoning the bottom button, the door communicating with the boudoir opens, and from it stalks Dummy. Excitement and champagne have evidently been too much for him. He looks at us undecidedly, as if uncertain whether he knows us or not; at length, as we are just arriving at the top button, we overhear him soliloquise, chuckling feebly as he does so:

"Pretty ball, smart women, but con-siderable few."

We go on our way rejoicing, for we no longer bear with us the incubus

of an unsolved mystery. We breathe freely once more, for Dummy is an American.

"Hollo! that's rather a sudden pull-up," grumbles the reader. "Who cares about Dummy? I want to know what time the ball broke up."

What! you must be in at the death, must you? Well, well, I see I must make your peace with my poor ill-used little bird. I thought it would come to that at last. You know what *Mascarille* says to *Lélie*—

Quand nous faisons besoin, nous autres misérables,
Nous sommes les chéris et les incomparables;
Et dans un autre temps, dès le moindre courroux,
Nous sommes des coquins qu'il faut rouer de coups—

or, in other words, leave without seed or sugar, eh, reader?

LITTLE BIRD *loquiter*.

It was nearly eight when the ball broke up,
And a favour'd few remained to sup;
None, save the Vaudeville dames were there,
With a never-mind-who behind each chair.
(Though two young beauties, I have heard say,
To the Maison Dorée bent *their* way,
And breakfasted later—but not alone—
Not a hundred miles from the Bois de Boulogne);
And every one declared with reason
'Twas by far the nicest ball of the season;
And Madame Octave, when all was o'er,
Look'd as fresh as she was the night before;
And Monsieur Paul Ernest thought it fun
To fine the poor lasses, one by one;
And pocketed with no end of thanks
The sum of one hundred and eighty francs;
Which his nine fair truants were forced to disburse all,
For sleeping like dormice, and missing rehearsal.

LAKE AND MOUNTAIN DISTRICT OF SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

THE discovery of a great lake in the interior of Southern Africa, in so southerly a parallel as 20 deg. south latitude, not much more than a thousand miles from the Cape—the removal of the "Mountains of the Moon" from the indefinite position which they have hitherto been made to occupy in the maps in Central Africa to the south-eastern coast of that continent—the discovery in the same range of a snowy peak rivalling in height the loftiest mountains of the world—and the glimpse obtained of a highland country, and a region of lakes and lagoons, and running waters, in Central, Southern, and Eastern Africa—stand first in point of interest among recent geographical discoveries.

Mountains clad with perpetual snow in an intertropical country give promise of a mild temperature where such is most to be desired. High-lands with lakes and running streams that spread out into marshes and lagoons, fertilising the soil, and made to occupy the place of what has hitherto been deemed to be parched, sandy, or stony desert, convert, as with the touch of a magician's wand, a wilderness into a territory full of promise, and lay open to enterprise and adventure mountains of traditional mineral wealth in gold and precious stones—forests and rivers

with inexhaustible stores of ivory and furs—pastoral and agricultural regions populated by secluded natives, or panting for the industrious colonist, and everywhere unknown animals—quadrupeds, birds, and fishes—and new forms of vegetation—plants, among which may be fruits and spices, and alimentary and medicinal herbs, which cannot fail to add to the luxuries and resources of a pampered civilisation.

The most singular thing is, that all these facts should have been, in part, so long unknown, or, when known, ignored, or unattended to. Centuries have elapsed since the “Cape of Tempests” or the “Lion of the Sea”—as the Cape of Good Hope was originally called—was planted by the Dutch, without 1500 miles of the interior being explored. Fleets of ships of all nations have sailed every year up the Mozambique Channel, ever since Vasco de Gama showed the way to India in 1497, without hearing of a mountain that rivals Chimborazo in elevation, being not many hundred miles removed from the coast. As to approaching the same regions by the land of olden civilisation—the Valley of the Nile—that has been attempted from ancient to modern times, till “*Nili querere caput*” became a byword of derision, which the second and last expedition of the Egyptians has at least done something to wipe away. It is true that the slave-dealing Portuguese penetrated to the dominions of the Cazembe, and that natives from the interior, and travellers from coast to coast, brought frequent intelligence of great lakes and rivers, and of mountainous regions difficult of access; yet little or nothing came of the information thus acquired, although the existence of such remained matter of notoriety from the times of Ptolemy, the Alexandrian geographer, and when the Portuguese colonies flourished in mediæval times, down to our days.

This has evidently been mainly owing to the fact, that the connexion of this lake and high-land district with that mysterious land from whence the Nile, the Zaire, the Coanza, the Zambezi, the Lufigi, and other rivers of greater or less note took their origin, could not be felt till the Egyptian expedition made its way up the first-mentioned river to within a few degrees of the equator—till positive information of a central lake and mountain district had been obtained, and a further great southern lake had been discovered. The effect of all these discoveries put together—of a high-land intertropical district in Eastern Africa with an internal hydrographic basin, and of a continuous line of water communication thence to the Mediterranean, to the Atlantic, and to the Indian Ocean—opens an entirely new and comprehensive idea of the constitution of the country. What was local, becomes general: that which appeared to appertain to the south-eastern coast is made to embrace the geography of Central Africa, and the veil of mystery which has shrouded the great mass of this continent, and made a blank of a region well watered and, no doubt, equally well populated—a region which might well be called that of the moon, for its people and its lands and waters were just as little known as those in the lunar orb—is at once removed, and succeeded by a light full of brilliant promises to the geographer, to the philanthropist, and to mankind generally.

Positive and well-attested accounts reached the Portuguese settlements, now upwards of three centuries ago, of a great sea in the interior of Africa. Fernandez de Enciso states it as a fact, in his “*Suma de Geographia*,” fol. 55-6, learned from the natives of Congo, that the river Zaire rises in a lake in the interior, from which issues, in the opposite direction, another great river, presumed at that time to be the Nile.

De Barros (*Asia*, Decad. l. xi.) also speaks of the great lake in the centre of Africa, "whence issue the Nile, the Zaire, and the great river, the branches of which encompass Benomotapa, besides many others that are nameless. It is a sea of such magnitude as to be capable of being navigated by many sail; and among the islands in it there is one capable of sending forth an army of 30,000 men." The branches of the great river which encompasses Benomotapa are, he subsequently explains, the *Espiritu Santo* and the *Cuama*, which is called in the interior *Zembere*; and the lake, he adds, must be a hundred leagues in length.

Mr. W. D. Cooley, to whom we are indebted for a valuable summary of the Portuguese accounts (*Journal of Roy. Geog. Soc.*, vol. xv., p. 185), and a very able discussion of their meaning and value, as compared with other and more recent information, remarks, upon these accounts, that Benomotapa must be considered as a misprint for Monomotapa, and that the *Espiritu Santo* is the Manyissa of Delagoa Bay, and the *Zembere* the *Zambeze*. The practice here exemplified, he says, of deriving several rivers from a common source remained long in vogue with geographers. As to the lake in question, he says, "No matter what may have been intended by the people of Congo, theory and an exaggerated estimate of distance easily carried it into the middle of the continent." And "as to the river called *Zembere*, it is obvious that it can be no other than the *Zambeze*; and that to the still further corruption of the same name is due that of *Zembre* or *Zambre*, subsequently given to the lake, which he (Mr. Cooley) calls the *Nyassi*."

These erroneous notions with which Mr. Cooley started have taken away the value which otherwise would have attached itself to the geographical results attained by researches of so learned and praiseworthy character. The discovery effected by the Rev. Robert Livingston, and Messrs. Oswell and Murray, of a great southern African lake, the *Ngami*, or *Nyami*, corroborate those very statements which were dismissed as not trustworthy by Mr. Cooley; while the reports obtained by Dr. Krapf and Mr. Rebmann, of a lake in *Monomoezi*, called *Usamiro*, would, as suggested by those missionaries, establish where the representative is to be sought for of the original of the Portuguese Lake *Zambre*. And yet neither of these two lakes appear to correspond with Mr. Cooley's great lake of South Eastern Africa.

Among the reports collected by Mr. Cooley are those of Duarte Lopez, who went to Congo in 1587, and stayed there some years, and whose narrative was published by Pigafetta, in 1591. This traveller had heard of a lake called *Achelunda*, from which the *Quanza* and other rivers were said to take their rise; the *Zaire* also flowing through it. But besides this lake, Pigafetta also placed two great lakes further east and north. His words are as follows:—

"It remains for me to speak of the Nile, which does not rise in the country of *Bel Gian* (the Emperor of Abyssinia), nor yet in the Mountains of the Moon, as Ptolemy writes, from two lakes, east and west of each other, and 450 miles asunder. For in that latitude lie Congo and Angola on the one side, and Monomotapa and Sofalah on the other, with 1200 miles from sea to sea. Now Odoardo (Duarte Lopez) affirms that there is but one lake in this region, on the confines of Angola and Monomotapa. It is 195 miles in diameter, and information respecting it is furnished by the people of Angola, and by those of Monomotapa and Sofalah, who give us a full account of this, while they make no mention

of any other lake, so that we may conclude that there is no other in those latitudes. It is true that there are two lakes, not however lying east and west, but north and south of each other, and about 400 miles asunder. The first is in 12 deg. south latitude. The Nile, issuing from it, does not, according to Odoardo, sink in the earth, nor conceal itself; but after flowing northwards it enters the second lake, which is 220 miles in extent, and is called by the natives 'a sea.' Respecting this lake very positive information is given us by the Anzichi, near Congo. They say that on the lake there are people in great ships who can write, have weights and measures, build houses with stone and lime, and may be compared with the Portuguese; whence it is to be inferred that Prete Gian (Prester John) is not far off.*

Upon this Mr. Cooley remarks that the editor, Pigafetta, had elaborated his information into a system harmonising with the prevalent opinions of the age, and that in assuming that the accounts of the people of Angola, of Monomotapa, and of Anzichi, referred not to the same, but to different bodies of water, Pigafetta may have been over-cautious and anxious to shun the necessity of extending the newly-discovered lake through seven or eight degrees of latitude, yet it is more probable that he thought to reconcile them in this way in some measure with the authority of Ptolemy, which seemed the more easy, as the distance between the sources of the Nile, according to the Alexandrian geographer, corresponded tolerably (allowance being made for the diameters of the lakes) with the difference of latitude between the country of the Anzichi and Angola.

All this is gratuitous and superfluous criticism on the part of Mr. Cooley, whose system has not even the advantage of harmonising with the opinions of the age, but simply with his own private preconceived views of the subject. The fact is, that we have in these statements from Pigafetta clear and distinct notices of a great central southern lake, and of two lakes, one of which is called "The Sea," to the north.

It would be difficult to hazard a conjecture as to the correctness of the information which traces the origin of the Nile to the two northerly lakes. We have seen that Pigafetta can allow his imagination a little play when he speaks of great ships and a civilised people in Central Africa—reports which would give promise of a discovery yet to be effected, somewhat similar to that which attended upon the first visit of the Spaniards to the Incas of Peru, on Lake Titicaca;—but certain it is that the same authority places the great empire of Monomugi, or Monomoezi, on the eastern side of the river Nile, where it flows between the two lakes. This is stated to be the earliest mention of a nation which was afterwards for ages supposed to occupy the vast area between Monomotapa, Abyssinia, and Congo, and which has again been recently brought to light as that of the Unamesi, in whose country Lake Usambiro, or Zambezi is situated, and who, therefore, may also occupy the country between Lake Usambiro and the Lake of the Maravi, or the lagoons of the so-called Murusura. Mr. Cooley remarks upon this olden name of the central lake, that it is merely a chief's title. The Maravis of geographers, he says, may be classed with the Dembos Jagas, &c., nations unknown to the Africans by these names, which are properly only chiefs' titles. But he adds, that the title seems to extend through the high-land, from the Zambezi to the Livuma—that is to say the

* "Relatione del Reame di Congo, 1591," p. 79.

country in which his Nyassi and the Lake Maravi of olden geographers is situated.

The same authority quotes, from Dapper's "Description of Africa," a passage which he says corroborates his view of the subject of there being only *one* lake. "East of Makoko" (the King of the Anziki), says Dapper, "and somewhat to the south, is the kingdom of Monemugi, which others call Nimeamaye. At the extremity of this country, as the blacks tell the Portuguese, is a lake which they call 'a sea,' containing many inhabited islands, and from which flow many rivers. On the eastern side of the lake is a land where they hear the ringing of bells, and see buildings like churches. A people with smooth hair, dark, but not black, came from the east to trade with the islanders on the lake. They are more polished in manners, and better attired than other natives. The blacks of Pombo, when asked respecting the distance of the lake, say that it is at least sixty days' journey, going constantly eastwards."

The missionary, Joao Dos Santos, who resided in Monomotapa from 1586 to 1597, is also made to report only one lake. "The Caffers say that they have heard that this river (the Zambezi) rises in a great lake in the centre of Ethiopia, from which issue also some other great rivers, flowing off with different names and in various directions; and in the middle of the lake are many islands, well-peopled, rich, and abounding in provisions. They say, also, that this river is called Zambezi, from the name of a people through whose territory it passes on issuing from the lake." The lake alluded to by Dapper as being at the extremity of the country of the Monomoezi appears to refer to the central lake, or that of the Moravi, while that referred to Joao Dos Santos, as giving origin to the Zambezi, would appear to be the Great Lake of Southern Africa.

The following description of the central lake is given by a missionary of the name of Luigi Mariano, at that time residing near Sena:—

"The Lake of Hemosura (Murusura?) is ninety-seven days distant from Tete. From Moravi (Maravi?) to the lake is half a league, as I have been assured by one who had noted every particular. From the lake flows the River Cherim, extremely gentle at first, but its bed being afterwards divided by numerous rocks, the stream becomes too furious to be navigated. Moravi lies between the lake and Zambezi; the town is well-peopled, and there are merchants in it with whom we carry on a great trade. Beyond that, there are two principal kings; the one is Massi, who is fifteen days distant from Moravi, the other is called Rouenga, and is five days' journey farther off. The people of Rouenga beyond that distance have no knowledge of the commencement of the lake, so great is its extension. It is four or five leagues wide; and in some places the land cannot be seen across it. It is sprinkled over with islands, where those who navigate it can stop for rest. There is a great abundance of fish in it; the depth is eight or ten fathoms, and the Mozambique winds raise a great sea on it; so that whoever would go there for discovery ought to go in April or May. The shores of this lake have plenty of millet, flesh meat, and ivory, which may be had cheap. There are many boats there, called cochi."

In May, 1796, Manoel Caetano Pereira started from Marengue, three days distant from Tete, with a numerous retinue of slaves and Moviza. Trading as he went, which necessarily caused delay, he reached in forty-five days the river Aruangoa, which is described as falling into the

Zambese, at Zumbo, above Tete. This river, which was crossed in canoes, divides the territories of the Maravi chiefs from those of the Moviza. Crossing the country of the latter people, he came in twenty days to their northern limit, at a river called Zambezi. "But this," observes Lacerda, quoted by Mr. Cooley, "cannot be our Zambezi, nor any of the rivers that join it from the Chire upwards, because the Zambezi of the Moviza flows to the right hand with respect to one who crosses it going from Tete; and in that quarter there is, according to the native accounts, another river of which I shall speak presently."

A journey of thirty days from the river brought the traveller to the town of the Cazembe, by whom he was well received, and kindly treated during a residence there of six months. Pereira's account of this monarch's state and demeanour—his rigorous justice—the discipline of his troops, and the superior civilisation of his people, whom Lacerda compares in this respect with the Mexicans and Peruvians when first discovered, has already appeared in many publications, and need not be repeated, but it appears from Mr. Cooley's account, that beyond the Zambezi, Pereira came to a lagoon of such extent that he spent a day in crossing it, with the water to his waist. "According to the natives," says Lacerda, "this lagoon discharges its waters by two canals, one into the Zambezi, and the other into the river Murusura, on the bank of which the king above mentioned resides."

Information was obtained in 1835 from an intelligent Sawahili or Mohammedan native of the eastern coast of Africa, named Khamis bin Othman, and from his slave Nasib, both at that time in London, of a road across the mountains by the Livuma, a great river, with trees on its banks of such magnitude, that canoes capable of holding thirty or forty people can be hollowed out from their trunks, and which empties itself into the Indian Ocean a little north of Cape Delgado. In going up this river, the first nation met with has for its capital Kungombe on the Mulondwezi, a tributary to the Livuma. Beyond this is Lu-Kellingo, capital of Iao, on the river Kelingo. Further up, on the river Mabungo, is the nation of same name, described as being white people; their women fetching as high a price in the market of Zanzibar as the handsomest Abyssinians. The road next winds up the sides of N'jesa, which is described as a very high mountain, hail-stones being frequent on it, and geese and other water-fowl resorting to its summit (?) in countless numbers. From the crest of N'jesa may be seen, at the distance of eight days' journey, Nyassi, or "the sea," with numerous islands sprinkled on its surface. Its waters are quite fresh, and abound in fish. The people dwelling on the shores and island of the lake are called in general Nym-yassi; no doubt the Monomoezi of others. The tribes at the western foot of the mountain appear to be the Mucomango and the Mucaranga. The same informant, however, knew nothing of the great Cazembe or his dominions, stated to be on the western shores of the lake. But the Mucomango and Mucaranga were stated to trade with the Moviza on the other side of the lake, and the latter were described as resembling the other tribes of the Monomoezi, in being tall and handsome, not black but of brown complexion, and similarly marked on the temples. They are also distinguished by their industry, commercial activity, and comparative civilisation.

It has been argued, that as Lacerda states that the Moviza may be

supposed to be well acquainted with the course and outlet of the Murusura, since they must cross it on their way to the capital of Iao, and as Nasib describes the Moviza as inhabiting the shores of the Nyassi opposite to the Mucomango, that the Murusura and the Nyassi are the same. But the position of the Murusura is limited by the routes from Tete through the country of the Moviza, which do not give the distance of the lake from either the dominions of the Moviza or of the Cazembe except by report. Nasib tells us of the Nyassi that its eastern shores are fifteen days' journey from Lukelingo (without any intimation as to what direction, except that the road lays across the mountain N'jessa), and Lukelingo itself is a month or six weeks' journey from Kilwa, and two months or more from Mozambique. If we lay down the position of Lukelingo from these data, at two months' journey from Mozambique, at ten miles a day in a N. W. direction, that is to say, as being on the east side of the mountains, it would make the Kelingo a tributary to the Lufiji, and not, as has been supposed, to the Livuma. Nasib's statements clearly confirm this view of the question. He says, first, that the Kungombe is on a hill beyond the Livuma, and that it requires a journey of fifteen days from that river to reach the Kelingo, on which is Lu-Kelingo, the capital of Iao. This fortnight also, at ten miles per day, exactly gives the distance of the basin of the Livuma from that of the Lufiji.

Beyond Lu-Kelingo, which we have thus brought to a distance of 150 miles north of that before assigned to it, is the mountain N'jessa, which is thus brought into close proximity to the snow-clad Kilimandjaro, and of which it would appear to be an offset, or, more probably, a pass, over the same range to the south of the snowy dome, but still so high as to be subject to hailstorms; and from its summit, that which is scarcely credible, Nyassi, or the sea, is to be seen, at a distance of eight days' journey, allowing even that in a mountainous country the direct distance is much diminished. Still, whether we make of this eight days' journey forty or eighty miles, it would, following the same direction, place the lake at the N. W. foot of the pass of N'jessa and at the western foot of Kilimandjaro, where Mr. Rebmann is in search of Lake Usambiro, or Zambre.

It is evident that the lagoon waded over by Pereira, and which discharges its waters by two canals (one of them at least we must suppose to be artificial), one into the Zambezi and the other into the Murusura, on the banks of which the Cazembe resides, can have no reference to this lake, except that the Murusura and Zambezi may flow into it; but Lacerda inclines to the opinion, that the Murusura is one of the rivers which enter the sea between Quilimane and Mozambique. Mr. Cooley, who says Murusura merely means water, will not allow it to be a river at all, but argues that it is the same as the Nyassi. If so, it is passing strange that Pereira should have been at the residence of the Cazembe, which he describes as being on the river Murusura, and yet not have seen "the sea."

The physical characters of the country now in question may be further judged of from the reports of the Pombeiro (native mercantile traveller), Pedro Joao Baptista, who, proceeding from the south and west to the dominions of the Cazembe, describes himself as wading through the Lufula, a fine stream running into the Luialaba. A little further on he came to an extensive marsh or lagoon, called Quibonda, which it took half a day to cross. After crossing a mountain with copper mines, he

came to the Luigila, which forms, at its junction with the Lusaba, the marsh of Quigila, celebrated for its production of salt.

Throughout, this elevated tract is described as covered with lagoons and watered by numerous streams. Large herds of antelopes, droves of zebras, and crowds of other animals, and flocks of birds, are also described as assembling around these lagoons or frequenting the marshy spots. Again, at the eastern foot of the mountain, called Conda Irungo, the same traveller describes "a dry lake," that is no doubt a lake at certain seasons of the year, ten leagues in extent, and crowded with wild animals of many kinds. Lucenda, the residence of the Cazembe, is described as being situated on the river or broad lagoon called Mouva (Murusura?). The Cazembe is described as obtaining salt from three different salt lakes, or lagoons, called Cabombo, Muagi, and Carucige. On his return to Tete, Pedro forded the Labanzenge, supposed to be Catara's "Risuro Grande," and the lagoon forded by Pereira and the Movisa, and which he said was connected by canals to the Zambesi, or, as Pedro has it, the Hiabengi or Hianbegi, and the lagoon-river, always designated by Mr. Cooley, in the early part of his memoir, Murusura, but in the latter Morisuro.

We have here, then, the statements of three different travellers to the dominions of the Cazembe, two to the effect that his capital, Lucenda, is on the broad lagoon Murusura, one that it is on the lagoon called Mouva. Mr. Cooley himself says, Murusura or Morisuro, means "waters," and a river with lagoons or a lake, and not a river simply; and there can be little or no doubt but that we have here the Maravi of olden geographers, and which in its alternate lake and island prolongation resembles the Bahr el Abyad, north of the equator. This lagoon river is described as ultimately passing behind the mountain of Morembala, which is near the mountain called Manjava-matope, or Shiri, and the natives are said to take three days to cross it, resting on islands by night; and by this is meant, we should suppose, the length of its course as a river with lagoons and islands.

It results also from these statements that we have, proceeding northwards from the parallel of Mozambique, four culminating points: 1st, the Manjavamatope, or Shiri, at the head-waters of that river; 2ndly, Morembala, not far removed from it to the northwards; then the mountain or pass of N'jesa; and next Kilimandjaro. And it further appears that we have a great river, presenting phenomena similar to what the Bahr el Abyad presents throughout a large portion of its course north of the equator, previous to its junction with the Bahr el Azrek. The lagoon crossed by Pereira is one of the first on record; those with numerous islands existing at the foot of the Shiri and Morembala Mountains would be a continuation of the same. And the lakes at the foot of the N'jesa and Kilimandjaro would appear to be of similar character. The term "waters" would apply more consistently to this state of things than to an imaginary sea actually described as being in length a voyage of two months towards the setting sun, or an English ship might sail the same distance in one month!

As the mountains called Jagas turned out to be the name of chiefs, and Maravi, one of the names of the lagoon river, also turns out to be a title given to chieftains in the high land of the Murusura; so the lake itself, so magnificent in its expanse, and so vast its extent on paper, will very probably turn out by positive explorations to be a series of "waters" or lakes, of which one is to all appearance more extensive or differently circumstanced than the other. We do not allude here to the Murusura

(Mr. Cooley's Nyassi), but to the Usambiro, or Zambre, at the foot of Kilimandjaro.

Mariano says that Lake Hemosura is ninety-five days from Tete. This alone would carry the lake to the parallel of the Lufji, if not beyond it; and Pereira spent ninety-five days on his journey to Lucenda, the capital of the Cazembe. Nazib's master, Khamis bin Othman, is said to have been frequently to the shores of the lake, or as the Sowa-hili call it, Ziwa, and the route which he followed, in corroboration of what we have before said of the direction pursued by the servant Nasib, was up the valley of the Lufji, probably after the Limpopo, the greatest river in Eastern Africa, being in some places ordinarily above a league in width, and, like the Murusura, expanding, during the floods in April, May, and June, into a sea.

Khamis bin Othman also gave an account of a singular river called Nearsfer (which Mr. Cooley supposes to be the same as Nyassi), which is two days' sail across for boats with a fair wind; and forty-five days up this river are the "Black Mountains" (a favourite epithet with Arabs), said to be of a pyramidal form, and to stand some distance asunder. Only one of them is reported to be very high. This would correspond apparently with Kilimandjaro. The same authority estimated the journey to the lake along the valley of the Lufji at above two months, and he asserted that that river came from the lake, and that he had seen its egress.

So also in the map obtained by Mr. J. S. Leigh from an Arab merchant of Zanzibar, the Swaha River is described as coming from the lake and cutting through a chain of mountains, two months' journey in length, and abounding in salt and iron. The Swaha is described as being a tributary to the Lufji, and the word is read as a misprint for Ziwa, "river of the lake."

In some "Notes on African Geography" communicated by Mr. Macqueen to the Royal Geographical Society (vol. xv., p. 371), there are the reports of one Lief Ben Saeid, born in Zanzibar, of the Manmoise or Monomoezi tribe, who had been twice to the Great Lake. This traveller left the coast at Buromaji, southward of the south end of Zanzibar, and apparently on the delta of the Lufji, which he calls the Bahar, or "sea." The whole time, from the shore of Africa to the Great Lake, which he distinguishes from "the sea," occupied 140 days, or four and a half months, during which time the party travelled sixty-two days, at about the rate of nine or ten English miles daily. On leaving the African coast, the direction for the first month was about two points south of where the sun sets, and afterwards exactly in the direction of the setting sun. The lake, according to these data, would lie to the north of Kilimandjaro—for the sun sets in September, in the countries in question, to the north of west—and though the direction at first to the mountains appears to have been west a little north, it was subsequently about west-north-west. The distinction made by the Sayid between the Bahr, or river with lakes, as he calls the Lufji and the "Great Lake," is remarkable. It would appear to establish a distinction between the two. And he adds that the river Magrazie, or Masogra, takes its origin from the former, and disembogues itself into the sea between the rivers Lindy and Keelwa; the Masogra being, according to Mr. Macqueen, the Luffia, or Cuavo, or that part of the Lufji which is called Magozi in the maps, while from the latter, the Nile, as we shall subsequently see, probably takes its rise.

Dr. Beke, writing to us upon the subject of the south-westerly direction given by Mr. Cooley to this route to make it meet his views of the Nyassi, informs us that the Chevalier Bunsen and himself have compared it with Rebmann's routes, and that they found them to be identical. We have also laid the same route, as well as the others, down on the map, and have no hesitation in saying that they do not apply to the Nyassi of Mr. Cooley, but to the lake that is said to lie at the westerly foot of Kilimandjaro.

Lieutenant Hardy's testimony, however confused the gallant officer may have made it by bringing the Niger into the question, is still valuable, as corroborating the fact of the Lufiji having its origin from a lake. "The River Lirifée or Loffih," he says, "serpentine for eleven days, and then goes direct for three months and fifteen days up to a lake, in which is a high rocky hill, with a few trees, called Zuwarhah. It is a day's journey round this lake, from which a branch runs two months westwards, and afterwards southwards."

We have here, then, the testimony of five witnesses, four of whom are quite independent of one another,—the Sawahili Khamis bin Othman, his slave Nasib, the Arab informant of Mr. Leigh, Lieutenant Hardy's informant, and Lief bin Sayid,—that one of the greatest rivers in Eastern Africa has its origin in a lake or sea, and yet it remains equally certain that between the lake or sea in question and the populous country of the Monomoezi there exists a waterless desert-track of several days' journey. Mr. Cooley has not attempted to solve this difficulty. Yet a solution might be found in the great probability there is that the rivers in the dominions of the Cazembe, which we know to form lagoons and lakes, one of which is called Murusura, Mouva, or Maravi, after spreading over portions of the upland valleys west of the Lupata mountains, find their way to the sea by the Lufiji, while Lake Usambiro or Zambre in the Monomoezi country is a separate and distinct hydrographical basin.

We are not quite satisfied yet of there being two Zambezis. The great river known by that name which flows into the Mozambique Channel in Monomotapa, may have its origin in the newly-discovered Great Southern Lake. Pereira, on his way to the country of the Cazembe, came to a river in Moviza, also called Zambezi. "But this," says Lacerda, "cannot be our Zambezi, nor any of the rivers that join it from the Chire (Shiri) upwards, because the Zambezi of the Moviza flows to the right hand with respect to one who crosses it going to Tete; and in that quarter (on the right hand) there is, according to the native accounts, another river, of which I shall speak presently. Mr. Cooley gets over this difficulty by supposing the name Zambezi to be a generic name, and not a proper name, signifying, in fact, "Fish River." But Lacerda, on his own journey in the same countries, found (see "Further Explanations," &c., p. 141) the Zambezi flowing to his *left* hand; and he makes some bitter comments on the stupidity of Pereira. In this case the Zambezi, but for the discrepant statement that it runs into the river which flows nearest to the Cazembe's town, might be the north-west tributary to the river of the same name in Monomotapa.

One more observation remains to be made with regard to the outlets of Lake Murusura or Maravi, which is that Lacerda relates, on the authority of the Moviza, that the Murusura, which is three days' voyage in width, passes behind the hills of Morembala, and is the same with the Shiri. Now, this corresponds with the missionary Mariano's statement,

that from Lake Hemosura flows the River Cherim (Chire or Shiri), extremely gentle at first, but its bed being afterwards divided by numerous rocks, the stream becomes too furious to be navigated. If by Cherim, Mariano had in view, as has been advanced, a river entering the sea opposite to the Querimba Islands, it would be the Livuma. Lacerda himself observes that the Moviza, being great travellers, might possibly be well informed respecting the course of the Murusura; though the great breath of the stream in the country of the Cazembe is hardly reconcilable with the moderate size of the Chire; and yet this might be explained by the fact that the river above flows through immense plains, while below it is confined by mountains. We have, however, thus the authority of Lacerda, a traveller in the regions in question, and that of the Jesuit Mariano, that the Murusura empties itself into the sea by the Shiri or the Livuma, while we have the five before-mentioned authorities that it empties itself by the Lufji. With the light that is gradually breaking upon us with regard to the physical constitution of the interior of Southern Africa, is it too much to suppose that the rivers of the coast flow, as is so frequently the case on the Asiatic continent, from high uplands through the littoral mountain-chain; and that the Zambezi comes from its upland lake, the Shiri and the Livuma from their reservoirs, the Lufji from its lake or lakes, and the Coanza, the Congo or Zaire, and the Nile from theirs, and that these lakes are known by the various names of Murusura, Mouva, or Maravi, or Nyami or Ngama, as in the Great Southern Lake, and Nyassi by the Myaos, both signifying "the sea." Lacerda found the Caffres calling the Nyassi, Nhanja; when at Moiro Achinto they informed him that that to the north, between the Mussucuma (Monomoezi?), who reach to the banks of the Shiri or "Nhanja" and the Moviza, are the Nemba, who, as well as the Mussucuma, are deadly enemies of the Cazembe's nation. The name Nemba here alluded to appears to be an abbreviation of Usambiro, the nation of Lake Zambre. Such an hypothesis would explain those great difficulties of the case, and the immense demand made upon our credulity when we are called upon to believe that the Zaire and the Nile have their origin from the same great lake, "an inland sea of a hundred leagues in length," "with islands, of which one alone is capable of sending forth 30,000 men," "in length a voyage of two months," and other extravagances of a similar description. The actual discovery of one Nyami, and the positively ascertained existence of one or more lakes and innumerable lagoons far away to the northward; and the various facts which we have enumerated, as far as are yet known of these most interesting regions, would all tend to corroborate such a view of the subject. Nor would there be much novelty in such an hypothesis, for two centuries and a half have elapsed since Europe first learned the existence of the empire of Monomoezi, and from that time till Mr. W. D. Cooley settled in his cabinet the geography of the interior of Southern Africa, by tracing on the map an African Mediterranean twice the extent of the Sea of Aral, it seems to have been pretty generally understood that that powerful empire filled up the vast space between Monomotapa and Abyssinia, including the country of "the lakes."

It would appear that many of the lakes and lagoons are dry at certain seasons. We have seen that Pereira waded for a day through one—a very singular (if credible) instance of an extensive shallow—that the traveller, Pedro Joao Baptista, found a dry lake at the foot of the Conda

Irungo, ten leagues in extent, and crowded with wild animals of many kinds. What is also called a wide river by one, is sometimes called a lake, or lagoon, by another. Thus the Rofoi, or Lufula, is described by Lacerda as being so broad that it takes half a day to cross it, while the same spot is apparently called the Lagoon of Quibonda by Pedro Baptista. Lucenda, the capital of the Cazembe, is also described by Pedro as being situate on the side of the Mouva, "a broad lagoon;" but there is no mention of the Nyassi. Of shallow salt lakes and marshes we have also seen that numbers are mentioned.

It has also further appeared that Mr. Cooley has fallen short of the truth in the positioning of Lucenda, and other points on which the western portion of his map, including the lake and country, mainly depended, by about 150 miles; and taking these points into consideration, and weighing them with the results obtained by the exploration of the White Nile, made by the Egyptians, Dr. Beke was induced to revive in the seventeenth volume of the Royal Geographical Society the almost forgotten theory of the head of the Nile being situate in Lake Zambre, in the empire of Monomoezi, which country was described as lying immediately round the "Mountains of the Moon."

"After what has been already stated," says Dr. Beke, "there scarcely remains room to doubt the fact that the head of the direct stream of the Bahr el Abyad, or Nile, is in the country of Monomoezi; and such being the case, there is nothing unreasonable in the opinion maintained by the early Portuguese, that that river issues from Lake Zambesi, situate in that country. Indeed, that such is actually the case, is repeated at the present day by a native of Zanzibar, but born of Monomoezi parents—one 'of the Manmoise tribe,' as he is styled by Mr. Macqueen, who communicated the information.* This individual, Lief Ben Sayid by name, states that it is well known by all people there that the river which goes through Egypt takes its course and origin from the lake."

It appears from the statements of this native of Monomoezi, that the Monomoezi, or Manamuse tribe, is under four independent sovereigns; but that the great sultan dwells on the banks of the Great Lake. The extent of the country is described as about two months from north to south, and one month and a half east to west. The appearance of the people is like that of the Abyssinians (we are quite aware that this is an incorrect etymology, and that from the Arabic Habesh comes *Abessinia*; but the word Abyssinia may now be considered as Anglicised, and it is therefore needless to depart from what is commonly accepted), and they are said to be very honest and civil to strangers, and that no instance of ill-treatment or injury has occurred. Bullocks are to be obtained four for one dollar, and sheep eight for one dollar; but they prefer a quarter of a dollar's value of cotton cloth.

This is a country which would appear worth visiting on a variety of accounts. The merchants of London are said to be always on the lookout for new openings to commerce, to rival with one another in the quick anticipation of profit and return, and to pride themselves upon their intelligence in finding out new and unfrequented markets. Is the long continued neglect of a populous inland highland country close by the coast of Eastern Africa, with stores of gold and ivory, and gums and spices to

* Visit of Lief Ben Saëid to the Great African Lake. *Journal of Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xv., p. 371 *et seq.*

offer in return for a little cotton cloth, consonant with these high pretensions to enterprise and discrimination?

It is not to be supposed, however, that this version of the sources of the Nile is without its opponents. M. d'Abbadie claims to have discovered the sources of the Nile to the eastward. This traveller contends that the main stream of the White Nile is formed by the union of the several primary and confluent rivers which he has enumerated (*Bulletin de la Société Géographique, Janvier, 1845, Athenæum*, Nos. 906 and 1041), as having their sources in the irregular basin formed within the mountains of Inarya, which, on the north and east, separate the waters of this basin from those which fall into the Blue Nile and Hawash, or run towards the Gulf of Aden, and on the south and east from those which, disemboguing on the east coast of Africa, fall into the Indian Ocean. A part of this mountainous tract to the south-west of Saka, M. d'Abbadie alleges to be called Gamaro, or Gimiro, whence he derives the Arabic appellation for the same mountains Gebel el Qamar, el Qomr, or Qomri (Jibal al Khamar), signifying, in either form of the last word, "Mountains of the Moon."

Mr. Frederick Ayrton has been so enamoured of this view of the subject, or with the persevering D'Abaddie, that he makes it the object of an apotheosis, after the ancient Egyptian fashion.

"England sent her mission," says Mr. Ayrton, "France her emissaries—both alike returned disappointed. The veil of Isis was not to be removed at the bidding of suitors, who, foregoing their own account, pleaded for nations, which, once foremost in contention to despoil her fane, now only sought to make her presence the subject of their renewed rivalry; and not till she was approached by an admirer, whose devotion to her cause for nine years bespoke the truth of his passion, did she deign to unfold the mystery of her tears."—(*Journal of R. G. S.* vol. xvii., p. 49.)

After taking breath—an operation necessitated by the perusal of these long sentences—we may be allowed to remark, that it can only be when the sources of the river of Monomoezi have been discovered, that it can be determined which are most distant from the Mediterranean—those in the Inarya or those at Kilimandjaro. There can be no question which will be the most southerly. As to the Jibal al Khamar, sufficient grounds exist for the belief that the Arabs recognise the whole of what was formerly called Lupata by that name. This is particularly shown in the passage cited by De Sacy from Makrisi, as to the name of the mountain-chain of the eastern coast of Africa.

Mr. Charles Johnston, an Abyssinian traveller, had contended, previous to M. d'Abaddie, for a considerable prolongation to the south of the table-land of Abyssinia. The light-yellow colour of the people of Enarea (Inarya) and Zingen, he said, attested the elevation at which they lived. All travellers, he said, agreed that the complexion of the inhabitants became fairer as they increase in distance from Shoa southwards; and he thinks it is undeniable that the table-land increases in elevation in the same direction.—(*"Travels," &c.*, vol. ii. p. 116.)

Mr. W. D. Cooley has also entered the lists among those who object to the search for the sources of the Nile in the Monomoezi country. The positions which he had given on the eastern side of the Cape, he says (*Athenæum*, No. 1125), did not require the same correction as had been applied to those in the western, as they had been laid down upon data

totally independent of one another. He objects to Monomoezi being the kingdom of the moon—moezi being a political appellation implying sovereignty, and only signifying moon in Sawahili and Mucaranga, which latter is, however, the language of the Monomoesi!

But this is not all. Mr. Cooley, who thought he had compromised his critical sagacity in averring that snow is quite unknown in every part of Eastern Africa to which his inquiries extended, ran the most desperate muck that we ever had the misfortune to witness in the discussion of matters geographical or philosophical.

To understand the question at issue, it will be necessary to premise that the Portuguese were well aware of a chain of mountains running nearly parallel to the south-eastern coast of Africa. These mountains were called Lupata, it would appear, from the ravine or pass of the Zambezi being so named. The word, however, was looked upon by others as signifying the "Spine of the World;" and Senhor Botelho described these mountains ("Memoria, &c., sobre os dominios Portuguezes," p. 312) as touching the clouds, and being covered with perpetual snow. This became so much the received opinion, that, in the "Great Edinburgh Geographical and Historical Atlas," the Lupata will be seen marked as stretching along the whole length of Southern Africa, and described as being covered with perpetual snow.

Mr. Cooley also obtained notices of certain culminating points in this chain, as the "very high" mountain of N'jesa, upon which hailstorms are frequent, and what he calls the most famous mountain of Eastern Africa—Kirimanjara; which he supposes to be the highest ridge crossed by the road to Monomoezi, and the top of which (*Quære* the pass, not the mountain?) is strewed all over with red carnelian.

Early in the spring of the last year, after Dr. Bialloblotsky had set off on an exploratory journey, aided by a few lovers of geographical science, among whom it was pleasing to see the name of the Prince Consort, to Mombas, and thence to the water parting between the basin of the Upper Nile and that of the rivers Lufiji, Ozi, &c., &c., news arrived in this country that the Rev. Mr. Rebmann, of the Church Missionary Society, had discovered a lofty mountain, covered with perpetual snow, in the parallel of Mombas, in Eastern Africa, about 4 deg. south of the equator; and that it was called Kilimandjaro.* This was, therefore, the Kirimanjara of Cooley, and the "White Mountain" reported by M. d'Abbadie (*Athenæum*, No. 1111), as having been described to Baron Müller's boatman on the Nile, by Nikla, the king of the country on the banks of that river, under 4 deg. and 5 deg. north latitude. The interval between this country of King Nikla's and the snow-capped mountain seen by Mr. Rebmann, from 4 deg. 30 min. north latitude to 3 deg. 40 min. south latitude, being about 600 miles, accords, to a certain extent, supposing the Nile to have its sources at or near the western foot of that mountain, with the statements received by Mr. Werne, that the Bahr el Abyad comes from a distance of thirty days' journey south of the extreme point reached by the second Egyptian expedition, which he accompanied.—("The Sources of the Nile," *New Monthly*, vol. 86, p. 430 *et seq.*)

In Mr. Rebmann's map, Kilimandjaro, covered with eternal snow, is laid down in 3 deg. 40 min. south latitude, and 36 deg. east longitude, and its eastern flank is made to drain into the river Gona, the upper course

* Church Missionary, vol. xx., p. 30 *et seq.*

of the Pangani, which flows into the Indian Ocean in about 5 deg. 30 min. south latitude. The discovery of a mountain covered with perpetual snow in the vicinity of the equator, and which could not hence fall short of an elevation of 20,000 feet—which, high above Mont Blanc, and rivalling the Peruvian Andes, would be visible in the morning sun a distance of at least 150 miles—naturally created the greatest possible interest. It would scarcely, however, have been imagined, even in these days of sceptical hyper-criticism, that any one would have been found to doubt facts which had established upon such circumstantial and conclusive evidence. Yet so it was; Mr. W. D. Cooley combated the whole as a chimera. "The existence of snow on the mountain," he says (*Athenæum*, No. 1125, p. 517), "is not attested in the case before us by the evidence of the senses, but rests solely on the preconceived notions and self-willed inference of the blindest of the party." The same writer, from whose strange spirit of disparagement even so laborious and conscientious a labourer as Carl Ritter could not escape, adds, in the same spirit of dogmatism, "I deny altogether the existence of snow in Kilimandjaro. It rests entirely on the testimony of Mr. Rebmann, opposed to that of the natives; and he ascertained it, not with his eyes, but by inference, and in the visions of his imagination."

In April, 1849, the Rev. Mr. Rebmann set out once more on his way to the interior; his intention being to proceed as far as the lake in Unyamwezi—"the Country of the Moon," as it may be rendered—(*Monomoezi*), where he was to inquire after the further road to the west coast. There was stated to be a tribe there called Usamiro, a name which Dr. Beke at once pointed out as reminding one of the Zambre of the Portuguese.

Upon this occasion, after having attained Kelema, the furthest point to which he had advanced on his previous journey, Mr. Rebmann and his party took a north-west direction towards Kilimandjaro, by Uru, a province at the foot of the Jagga mountains, and which they found to be intersected by valleys from 1500 to 2000 feet in depth, through which ran perennial streams, supplied from the abundant snow stores which covered the head of the mountain. In a day and a half the party crossed about twelve rivers; and as it was the dry season, they must have been dried up had not their sources been from the perpetual snow. At length they reached Madjame, three or four miles from the foot of the mountain, which is described as having two summits, rising to the limit of snow out of the common mountain mass. The eastern is the lower, and terminates in several peaks, which, in the rainy season, are covered far down with snow, but in the dry season it sometimes melts entirely away, while at other times a few spots will remain. The western summit is the proper perpetual snow-mountain, which, rising considerably above its neighbour, affords also much room for snow, it being formed like an immense dome. It is ten or twelve miles distant from the eastern summit, the intervening space presenting a saddle, which, so far as Mr. Rebmann could ascertain, was never covered with snow, or kibo, as the natives call it.

It has been attempted, and not without much plausibility, to trace an analogy between the newly-discovered snow-mountain of Africa and Chimborazo. Both are situate a short distance to the south of the equator, Chimborazo being in 1 deg. 30 min. south, and Kilimandjaro

in 3 deg. 40 min. south. Each is part of a lofty mountain system, which runs along, in a general direction, from north to south, parallel to the coast—Chimborazo being distant inland about 100, and Kilimandjaro about 200 geographical miles—and which forms an anticlinal axis, whose greater declivity is towards the ocean. Each consists of an enormous, and, possibly in both instances, trachytic dome, towering above the limits of perpetual snow, and having near to it a second mountain, somewhat lower, whose summit is composed of several peaks; and each is situate at the head of the basin of the principal stream of its continent—the Maranon, or Amazona, and the Nile—the two largest rivers in the world!

The igneous character of the enormous wall of mountains of which the range of Eastern Africa consists, is, according to Dr. Beke, unquestionable. The plains of Godjam and Damot, and the mountains rising from them, are composed of a mass of trachytic and metamorphic rocks; and further west, in Agaumides, is a system of volcanic mountains, of which Fudi seems to be the centre, the remarkable dome of that name being visible far above the whole. That in this mountain range once called "the Spine of the World," as in the Cordilleras of the Andes, other lofty summits, far different to Fudi in Abyssinia, will be found to exist, we have every reason to anticipate; and we must not omit to observe that the lake in Uniamesi is not supposed by Mr. Rebmann, or by his able colleague Dr. Krapf, to be identical with the Nyassi of Mr. Cooley, nor with the Ngami, or Nyami, of Mr. Livingston.

With regard to the latter, its actual discovery in the parallel of 20 deg. south latitude, separates it entirely from either the hydrographic basin of the Murusura or from the Usambiro. The only accounts of this great recent discovery that have as yet been given to the public are as follow:—

"Mr. Livingston, with his friends, started on the 1st of June last from Kolobeng (25 deg. south latitude and 26 deg. east longitude South Africa) to penetrate the desert in search of the lake. This desert has hitherto presented an insurmountable barrier to Europeans, and a party of Griquas even last year, at two different points, made many and persevering efforts in vain to cross it. When Sekomo, the Bermangueto chief, learned the intention of Mr. Livingston to penetrate through the region beyond him, he ordered his men to drive the Bushmen and Baka-lihari from the route, in order to deprive the party of their assistance in search for water. After a persevering march of about 300 miles, the party at length struck on a magnificent river on the 4th of July; and, following along the banks of this nearly 300 miles more, reached the Batasama, on the Lake Ngami, in the beginning of August. The Bakoba, or Bayeige, are a totally distinct race from the Bachuanas, and are much darker than the latter. Of 300 words collected by Mr. Livingston, only twenty-one appeared to resemble the Sitchuana. 'We greatly admired,' says Mr. Livingston, 'the frank, manly bearing of these inland sailors, who paddle along their river and lake in canoes hollowed out of the trunks of immense trees, take fish in nets made of a weed abounding on the banks, and kill hippopotami with harpoons attached to ropes.' The banks were beautiful in the extreme;—in some parts resembling the Clyde. They were covered with gigantic trees; many of them quite new. Two or three measured in circumference seventy to seventy-six feet. The higher the party ascended the river, the broader it became; until it mea-

sured upwards of 100 yards in breadth between the wide belt of reed lining the sides. The water was clear as crystal, soft, and cold. The Youga is reported to communicate not only with the lake, but also with other large rivers coming from the north. One remarkable feature of the river is its periodical rise and fall. During the short time the party remained, it rose nearly three feet in height, and this, too, in the *dry* season. This rise is evidently not caused by rains, the water being so pure, and, besides the purity, increased as the party ascended towards its junction with the Tamunakle, from which river it receives a large supply. With the periodical rise of the rivers large shoals of fish descend. The latitude of the lake at its north-east extremity is 20 deg. 20 min.—the longitude is supposed by Mr. Livingston to be about 24 deg. east. It gradually widens out from the mouth of the Youga into a frith about fifteen miles across, and towards the south-west presents a large horizon of water."

It would appear from this statement, which is not very clearly expressed, that the magnificent River Youga, with its beautiful wooded banks and paddling natives, was, when met with, flowing from the lake. It is said to become broader the higher the party "ascended" it—a feature common to most of these African lake and lagoon rivers. The fish are also said to "descend" into it with the periodical rise of the lake, and it is said to be joined in its course by other large rivers. The great purity of the waters would appear to be owing as much to their having, like the Rhone and other rivers of the same description, deposited their sediment in the lake, as to their origin from snowy mountains. As the lake expanded in a south-westerly direction, it would appear to have its origin from the mountains westward of Cape Frio, or from the unexplored tracts between the Damaras and Benguela; while as the Youga was flowing to the south-east, it may pour its waters into the Southern Ocean in Inhambane, Sabia, or Sofala.

Upon this subject we have been favoured with the perusal of a letter from Mr. James Macqueen to Dr. Norton Shaw, the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, in which that gentleman, after alluding to information he had received and published three years ago, founded upon previous journeys of Mr. Livingston, states his belief that the river flowing from the lake is the Sharie (if we read it correctly), a considerable and important branch of the Limpopo, and which latter river, he says, is either the same as the Ouio, or Gold River, laid down in the old Portuguese, which enters the Indian Ocean halfway between Delagoa and Inhambane, or it flows into the same ocean to the south of Chatwand Kely Islands, where, in a delta, are the mouths of several rivers, one of them, the Galwaro, of considerable magnitude. Mr. Macqueen inclines to the latter opinion; and he adds, that, according to some accounts, another river courses from the lake to the northwards, in which case it must have formed one of the upper branches of the Cuama or Zambezi. The land to the north-west of the lake he describes as very high, *reaching above the line of perpetual congelation*. The lake has various names; one, Motrese, or lake of the boat; another, Manissaer, from the name and residence of a chief who dwells on its western shores; and another, Tshagga, which latter has led to its being confounded with the lake in Tshagga, to the west of Mombas, but we are not certain as to the orthography of the two first names.

A DRIFT-LOG ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ZEBEDEE HICKORY.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTIVE.

All hurrying on, like men who yield,
 Or men who seek some final field,
 They lead a captive. CROLY.

AT the close of the last chapter we learnt that Selborne's privacy was invaded by a troop of Indians. We shall learn in this that their behaviour was not very ceremonious. Their first act was to bind his hands behind him, and drag him along after them. He was by no means disposed to enjoy the rapidity of motion with which he was now impelled by his captors. But this was one of those occasions when inclination runs counter to circumstances, and when remonstrance and resistance are alike unavailing. He was again under the control of persons and events quite beyond his own agency. In the dark state of the night he was unable to see his conductors. He, however, could discern sufficiently well that they were all genuine sons of the forest, and that, save for the jingling of some trinkets on their persons, they trotted noiselessly by his side, while two of them, each grasping a shoulder, dragged him along at a speed that was more rapid than dignified.

The country through which they passed seemed to be open prairie, studded with moderately-sized trees, which were scarcely beyond the denomination of shrubs. He was occasionally guided with great celerity and dexterity through an apparently dense thicket, which he would not have dared unaided to penetrate except under the blaze of daylight. But his guides never hesitated once; never relaxed in their speed; never seemed at fault. The track which they were pursuing seemed to be a perfectly familiar one. More than once our hero wished they would lose their way for a short time, in order that he might gain space for breathing; but his wishes gave place to hopeless resignation as he found their toilsome journey protracted over a time which appeared to him not less than two hours. The suffering to which he was subjected probably made him overrate the time which the journey occupied. As he was unprepared by previous habits of life, such violent exertion, succeeding the previous immersion he had undergone, was too severe for his strength. A deadly sickness came over him, and he felt himself tripping over the stones and fallen logs which obstructed the path. One after another he lost his shoes, and his bruised and bleeding feet were dragged remorselessly over the rough ground by his unrelenting captors. But he scarcely felt this new aggravation of his misery, for sensation was fast leaving him, and nature at last sunk under the taxation, as, with a groan, he fell fainting in the hands of his conductors.

When he awakened to consciousness, he found himself under the shelter of a roof, and, stranger still, reclining on what seemed to be a bed, the curtains of which were drawn so close as to preclude him from

seeing beyond. He could, however, perceive through an interstice in the drapery that there was a light in the apartment. When a person awakes from an insensibility such as he had undergone, his faculties are not in the best possible state for taking cognizance of objects around. But as he gradually recovered strength and consciousness, he became sensible of the sound of voices. Naturally desirous of learning the character of his position, he endeavoured to raise his hand to remove the curtain, and by that action became painfully aware that his bandages had not been removed. He tried to move his feet, and found that they were in a similar state of captivity. All that he could do, therefore, was to roll himself round, by which motion he discovered that his couch was composed of skins with the hair upwards. If any reader of these imperfect sketches has ever been jammed up at the far end of a crowded omnibus carrying more than its licensed number, the driver of which is racing with an opposition coach, and producing that swinging motion so terrible to "unprotected females," the passenger in question, giving loose to his imagination, has conjectured the probable chance of escape in case of a "spill," and has experienced the sense of impotency which such a situation conveys, will have an idea of the state of mind of a person in full vigour, so helplessly bereft of motion as our hero was on this occasion. Gradually the warmth of his body returned; and an oppressive sense of suffocation seized him. Any one who knows the qualities of a buffalo robe will understand that it is rather more waterproof and air-tight than a vulcanised India-rubber covering. Consequently the atmosphere of the small cell in which Godfrey was confined soon became, in his heated imagination, deprived of its life-supporting qualities; and he fancied—for fancy has much to do with these effects—that he was immersed in a species of "black hole," there to die an agonising and frenzied death. He struggled to free himself from his bonds till he could feel the hard ropes working into his flesh, and causing him the acutest suffering. By a violent effort he succeeded in raising himself to a sitting posture, and, leaning forward, pushed his head against the screen. The effort was so far successful that the whole drapery gave way and fell to the ground, affording him an uninterrupted view of the whole establishment. One takes notice of appearances on such an occasion, and he perceived that he was within a rude habitation, constructed of poles meeting about the centre of the roof, which was covered, to the best of his judgment, with dressed skins. He also observed that there was a fire in the middle of the floor, the smoke from which ascended through the roof, and that round this fire was seated a group of men who did not at all appear to be Indians. He had barely time to make these observations when every light was extinguished, and some garment thrown over the fire, thus plunging the whole place into perfect darkness. Then he was aware that the entire party had retreated by the entrance, startled no doubt by the falling of the robe which curtailed his cell. He was not, however, long in suspense about these mysterious proceedings, when a single person entered, and, producing a light, advanced to his resting-place.

As this person approached, he perceived it was a squaw of prepossessing appearance and almost tender years. Her long and glossy black hair fell in untutored waves over her swarthy shoulders, with a luxuriance that Mr. Rowland might have envied. Her finely rounded limbs, which

protruded from beneath a loose covering of deer skin, were artistic models. Though her eyes gave forth the steady and half defiant glance of an Indian beauty, yet in her pleasant smile and finely chiseled features, lingered an expression of the kindly emotions of a woman's nature. So filled with the horrors of his prison, Godfrey was prepared to expect a hideous Gorgon come to torment him in his adversity, but not a creature of grace and beauty such as now stood before him.

She broke the silence first in a few words in her own dialect, of which, it is needless to say, our hero was totally ignorant. Conjecturing that she had come to minister to his wants, he gasped with his parched mouth and said, "Water."

Apparently comprehending his request, she soon filled a vessel and placed it to his lips. He drank it thrice empty before his thirst was assuaged. Then he cast an imploring look at his bandages, to indicate that he wished them removed; but she shook her head in reply. Leaving him for a moment, she went to some repository in the lodge and produced a dish of eatables, cooked in a manner Selborne had never seen before.

Though he was undoubtedly hungry, a sceptical inquiry suggested itself to his mind as to the materials of which the mess was composed, and, like a true logician, he resolved to give himself the benefit of the doubt. Nevertheless, a savoury smell reaching his nostrils, he eyed the provisions askance, with an expression of uncertainty, which the squaw was at no loss to interpret, for she broke into a merry laugh, and, taking a bone out of the dish, held it to his mouth. Somewhat reassured by this expression of jocularly, Selborne ventured to take an experimental bite off the bone in question, and, finding it by no means so unpalatable as he had expected, took a succession of bites, until his hunger was somewhat appeased. At length, rejecting by signs, the kind offices of his fair attendant, she removed the dish, and seated herself beside the fire.

Then, after muttering in a low tone some words in her own language, to Godfrey's unspeakable joy she uttered a sentence in broken English, which, for convenience, we shall render into the vernacular idiom. She spoke with her face averted, and in a low tone, as follows:—

"Stranger, why are you in the Red man's lodge? Speak low, the Ricarree dogs have ears."

"My good girl," replied our hero, "I came against my will. The Indian seized me, bound me, and brought me hither."

The squaw continued,

"The big 'thunder canoe' floated up the river. Was the young pale face in it?"

"He was," replied Selborne, understanding her to mean the steam-boat. "But she sank in the deep waters, and he was cast alone on the shore of a strange land."

"Ah!" said she, in a tone of compassion. "The Great Spirit was angry. The white men are wise; but their medicine was too great. It crushed them."

We must not accuse our hero of selfishness, but hitherto he had scarcely had time to think of anything but his own misfortunes. At this moment it occurred to him to inquire about the safety of his friend Mr. Snag; and his previous forgetfulness smote him with a pang of remorse.

"Were all the pale faces lost in the flood?" said he.

"One sleeps safely in the lodge of the great white chiefs, not far from hence," replied the squaw.

Selborne rightly judged this to mean the fort to which the steamer was destined, and asked eagerly what the stranger was like.

The squaw knew him not.

"Do none of your tribe know?" asked Selborne.

This inquiry had an unexpected effect on the Indian woman. She started to her feet, and, throwing aside all her previous caution, broke out in a loud and disdainful tone of voice, her eyes flashing fire as she spoke:

"The Ricarrees are dogs. 'War-Eagle' was a great chief. He counted a hundred scalps on his lodge pole. The Ricarrees and the Sioux trembled at his name. But the Great Spirit frowned on his village. A deadly sickness swept off his tribe. He was the last. He saw the last pale face from the 'thunder-boat.' He came alone from the lodge of the pale faces. The cowardly Ricarrees came down like the wolves on the wounded bear, and took him. They will laugh in their lodges to-morrow. 'The Bird-that-Sings' was his wife. She was the wife of a great chief, and the Ricarrees are dogs. Dogs!" she repeated, brandishing her closed fist in the air.

She had not time to say more, for two or three dark figures glided swiftly into the apartment, and with a cruel blow she was laid senseless on the ground.

Vengeance was apparently near at hand, for another figure sprang from the doorway upon the offending savage, and grappled with him. The struggle, however, was short, for numbers of the tribe now poured in and overpowered the champion, who was speedily bound and prostrated on the floor, where he lay, panting with all the ferocity of a caged tiger.

We leave our readers to judge of Selborne's feelings on witnessing this encounter. Apart from selfish apprehensions which suggested the possibility of himself being the victim of ruthless savages, he warmly sympathised with the brave Indian who had interposed on behalf of the beautiful squaw, and whom, he felt almost convinced, could be no other than the renowned "War-Eagle."

But the violence proceeded no further. The Indians, one by one, left the hut. The inanimate form of the squaw lay unmoved on the floor, and the captive chief remained where he was placed, nothing save his flashing eye denoting that he possessed life. Things remained so long in this quiet state that Selborne began to feel a drowsiness creeping over him, which speedily overcame him, and ere long he was fast asleep.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallowed sod;
Throughout the living world,
The sole memorial of their lot
Remains—they *were*, and they are *not*.

MONTGOMERY.

THE sick-bed of an untutored savage is an unusual scene. Travelled men, who have visited hospitals in hot climates, may be tolerably familiar
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with the horrors of a death-bed unsoothed by the ministrations of maternal or sisterly affection; but few have had the opportunity of witnessing the inroad of that fell scourge which, following the white man's track, has desolated the home of the Red Indian, prostrated the pride of his village, exterminated the council of his renowned braves, and left no record of the previous existence of his tribe but a cluster of dismantled wigwams, and a disorderly heap of bleaching skeletons, picked to the bone by ravenous and not too fastidious wolves, which alone tell that once in this spot the pride of manhood and the child of nature had a home.

Civilised white man!—will there be no record against thee in the books of judgment, that, not content with ruthlessly robbing the Red man of his hunting-grounds, thou hast knowingly carried whisky and pestilence into his midst; seen his dwelling desolated, his race and name erased from the book of the living, and complacently congratulated thyself on the spread of civilisation and Christianity?

The reader who is familiar with the history and the fate of various tribes west of the Mississippi would accuse us of an anachronism, in regard to dates, if we were to name the tribe whom we represent as suffering at this particular period; but he cannot accuse of infidelity our narrative, as depicting the fate of too many honest and simple tribes which have fallen under the dire scourge of small-pox.

In a village of hospitable and friendly Indians hundreds and thousands were dying. Unacquainted with the mysteries of pharmacy, the charms of their medicine men were unavailing. Age and youth alike fell before the ravages of this fell disease. From the warrior who counted a hundred scalps to the unfledged hero who could scarce wield his first bow—from the aged matron, who for years had tended the wigwam of a renowned chief, to the blooming girl who was just bursting into the pride of forest beauty—all sank under an infliction they could not resist, much less comprehend. The panic of their terror, no doubt, aided their destruction. In most cases a few hours' illness terminated their career. Those who were seized, in the fever of their torment rushed to the river, and frequently perished before they reached the land; while those who remained, after witnessing the extinction of their households, added their corpses to the piles of dead which lay in the doorway of their dwellings. Funeral rites were unthought of. All bowed in hopeless submission to the decrees of the Great Spirit.

Not to detain the reader with details which are simply disgusting, we would request him to picture to himself a scene of such horrors in an Indian camp;—no sound but the groans of dying and despairing wretches, and the howls of impatient wolves without the stockade, interrupting the gloomy solemnity of the scene.

To return to our hero in the Ricarree village. When Godfrey awoke it was broad day, at least so he concluded from the bright gleams of sunshine which streamed through the crevices of the lodge. None of the internal arrangements had undergone alteration, except that the form of the squaw had disappeared. The captive warrior remained.

The day, to all appearance, was pretty far advanced, but it wore on without any person coming to minister to his wants. He conjectured, and rightly so, as he afterwards found, that the braves of the tribe had set out on a hunting expedition, leaving none but their women and old

men behind them; and the reason why he was not intruded on by any of the tribe was because the apartment which he occupied was the medicine lodge of the village, though why on this occasion it had, contrary to Indian custom, been so employed, he never could afterwards learn.

As the day progressed, his situation became more and more irksome. The ligatures with which he was bound had caused his limbs to swell to a painful degree. The sensation of hunger again seized him, and, much as his appetite had at first rebelled against the repast of the previous evening, he began to reflect how very much more unpalatable it might have been. He did not suffer from personal apprehensions of danger, although the uncertainty of his ultimate fate was by no means a matter of indifference to him. But he was in a measure callous to consequences which might be remote, while he was keenly sensible to the present cravings of his nature. He had long kept his eyes on the recumbent form of the Indian, who was apparently buried in profound repose. As, however, the latter had his back turned towards our hero, he was not much wiser for the inspection. Pretty late on in the afternoon the Indian turned himself over, and Godfrey saw his eyes wander round the hut without apparently being sensible of his presence. Our hero coughed, in order to attract his attention. The Indian started slightly, and uttered an exclamatory "hugh," as his eye fell on Selborne for the first time. Then the latter found a tongue.

"Chief," said he, addressing the Indian.

The chief bent his eyes on the speaker with a steady gaze, but answered not.

"Great chief," asked he again, "what place is this?"

The Indian, either comprehending the words or tone of the inquiry, uttered the word "Ricarree," and relapsed into silence as before.

Godfrey tried him with many other questions, but failed to obtain a reply. Yet the expression of the Indian's face was far from hostile; indeed our hero fancied he could discover a kindly expression, and a glance of the eye telling him that they were brothers in misfortune.

The day drew to a close without any interruption to the monotonous silence but the voices of children at play in the village, and an occasional noise of the squaws in altercation. Now and then one of these persons would approach the door of the wigwam and peep stealthily in, without daring to enter. Just before sunset Selborne made a discovery. In the place where the fire had been he thought he saw the handle of a knife. Hope, hitherto dormant, now revived. He thought to himself, "The Indian no doubt desires freedom as much as I. Let me be the instrument of conveying it to him, and gratitude will make him befriend me. No doubt we are within a moderate distance of the government fort, if I could but reach that in safety." Such were his reflections on the spur of the moment. But how to reach the knife was the difficulty. His couch was some few feet raised from the ground. He was bound hand and foot, and his only plan appeared to be to fall out as lightly as possible. He managed the first part of the exploit successfully, for he fell without any difficulty, but in falling some hard and sharp substance caught him in a tender part of his back, giving him infinite pain.

Suppressing any manifestation of suffering, he rolled over by a series of tortuous movements to the object of his wishes, and succeeded in

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

CHAPTER VII.

WE RETURN TO THE TEMPLE—THE ACCUSATION.

FOR the first time since Hartley had been refused the hand of the woman he once loved, pleasure was an inmate of his bosom. That pleasure might result from the gratification of one of the worst passions incident to our nature; yet the heart was not the less filled with a stern, bitter, and savage delight.

"I thank you," he said, addressing Mr. Pike, who had been communicating to him the success attending his adventure in Norfolk; "you have carried out my wishes in an admirable manner: you have indeed managed this affair with passing skill."

Mr. Pike hung his head, as a man is wont to do when applauded for some magnanimous action. He glanced out of the window, as if engaged in surveying the old trees, coughed, and brushed the top of his hat with his brown sleeve.

"And where is the—child?" asked Hartley, in a cautious whisper. "Did the hurried journey cause——"

"Its death, you would add, sir. No, I am no murderer—thank heaven! my conscience is light. I took due precautions. I fed it during the journey with milk—new, wholesome milk; and now it is in the hands of a nurse."

The countenance of Hartley assumed an expression of distrust and fear.

"S'death! Mr. Pike, can you depend on the party to whose charge you have consigned the infant? What if she should betray us?"

"That's impossible. She believes the poor innocent to be my—my own illegitimate child, its mother being dead."

"Good. But, as I before suggested, you must drop it at the door of some house—that is, some prison or workhouse."

"Yes, in a month, when the hue and cry will be over. At present such a step would be highly impolitic, and might even lead to its discovery."

"And, in that case, its restoration to the parents," said Hartley, quickly. "You are right. Keep it close—keep it close."

Hartley turned aside: it was to enjoy, unobserved and in silence, the luxury of thoughts as they rose up, one after the other, in his mind. Pictures of the past and images of the future; the assurance of that anguish which would overwhelm the parents now; and, when time might soften their grief, the idea of some uncouth, uneducated being, some menial servant, or some houseless vagrant, perhaps, being discovered as their child—all this gave birth to feelings which constituted the very refinement, the ecstasy of revenge, and satisfied the darkest demands of hatred.

But while Hartley was indulging this species of fiend-like satisfaction, his eye was suddenly attracted towards two individuals who had just crossed the open ground in front of the terrace, and were now close upon

his chambers. Could he be mistaken?—did he dream?—no, his senses did not deceive him. They were the last persons in the world he wished just then to meet; and yet he might have expected that some terrible suspicion awaking in their bosoms would have urged them to London—to his office!

They were already mounting the stairs. Hartley turned in great alarm to Mr. Pike: no time was permitted the latter to escape; and if he fell into the hands of Somerset, his residence might be traced, and then, in all probability, the child would be discovered.

"They are come—they are close at hand!" whispered Hartley into the attorney's ear.

"Who?" asked Pike, in consternation.

"My brother and his wife!—this way." He drew the lawyer forcibly by the arm into the next room, and thrust him into a closet. "Silence, or we are lost!" Hartley shut the door, turned the key, and put it into his pocket, then hastening back, seated himself at his desk, and appeared to be busily engaged in writing.

The door opened, and Mr. Somerset walked in, supporting his wife.

The latter, just risen from a bed of sickness, was feeble, pale, and wasted; but, superadded to bodily ailment, was the spirit's anguish. Her beautiful brow seemed painfully contracted; her eyes were swollen with weeping, and around them was traced a faint dark circle. Her lips quivered, and their roses had given place to a deadly whiteness. As she stood leaning heavily on her husband's arm, her agitation was so excessive, that it appeared as though every moment she would drop upon the floor.

Somerset's form was erect. His hat remained on his head. His once mild eyes gleamed with the fire of passion, but sternness and an expression of indignation were the chief characteristics of his altered features. He confronted Hartley, gazing fixedly on his face, but he did not utter a word.

That embarrassing silence was broken by the younger brother, who had mastered his first emotions with consummate art. The surprise now depicted in his face was counterfeited so well, that it appeared both genuine and natural.

"Mr. and Mrs. Somerset," he began, "this visit is indeed unexpected. To what may I ascribe the honour? Certainly something extraordinary must have occurred."

Somerset did not yet speak to him, but placing his almost fainting wife into a chair, he whispered to her, "Would Isabella you had not come! Would I had not yielded to your wishes—your supplications!"

Then, turning he strode towards Hartley; it was evident, by the swelling of his throat and the setting of his teeth, how difficult was the task he sought to perform—the task of coping with and subduing the passions raging within.

He laid his hand on Hartley's collar as though he would prevent him from starting away.

"Roland! act not the hypocrite; it will not avail. Is this your cruel, your diabolical revenge?"

Hartley's features expressed no sentiment but blank and utter astonishment.

"Speak plainly, Hugh, I cannot understand you."

"Plainly? I tell you, then, you are a robber, a knave, a most unnatural villain! You have done that which will expose you and those you employ to the rigour of the law—to transportation! Speak I not plainly now?"

"No; I hear you traduce me; I hear you utter falsehoods, and heap on me insults: as regards all else, I am entirely in the dark."

"Thou liest! Roland Hartley. Thou art my brother—yet I say thou liest!"

The muscles about Hartley's mouth began to contract and his eye to dilate: but the fire of rage was instantly smothered, and gave place to a feeling apparently of intense sympathy.

"I forgive you—I forgive you this language, supposing some terrible misunderstanding to exist on your part. What is it? Inform me, Hugh, what is my crime?"

"You have stolen my child!" exclaimed Somerset, tightening his grasp on Hartley's collar.

"Monstrous accusation!"

"Oh! give me back my child," cried Mrs. Somerset, rushing forwards from her chair with frantic energy. "Do not deny you have taken it from us—in pity do not! Say it is with you—say that it lives! Have mercy on a mother's breaking heart!"

He whom she so ardently supplicated regarded her for a moment earnestly, but in silence. A light broke across his countenance; it was not mockery, it was not pity, that strange unintelligible expression. The soul was inwardly exulting, yet he dared not betray and lay bare its hidden springs. The woman who had rejected his suit, preferring another, was now a suppliant before him—now felt an agony it was in his power to relieve. He had suffered; she in turn should suffer, and, if it were possible, tenfold as much as himself.

"Madam, I entreat you, compose yourself and listen to reason. I solemnly declare this is the first time I have heard of your loss. I forgive you your suspicions, your wild accusations; perhaps they are natural. I am an unfortunate man. I bear the character of a harsh solitary ascetic; and untoward circumstances have unhappily made me my brother's enemy. In the first heat of your bereavement, then, to suspect me of being accessory to the infamous act spoken of, is, I repeat, natural and excusable. But oh! do me justice! do even an enemy who is candid, justice! I have made a confession of my faults which I cannot mend, and of my bitterness which I cannot soften. Do not lay this atrocious deed to my charge. If, however, you wish to be revenged on me—to make the iron enter my soul beyond the pangs I have already endured—then indeed you will persevere in calling me the purloiner of your child."

The subdued manner, the mournful look and voice of Hartley, were eminently calculated to mislead. Whatever his acknowledged errors might be, a person listening to him might well be induced to acquit him of hypocrisy and falsehood. Somerset, upright and honourable himself, was ever ready to view the bright side of human nature. He was a man easily moved, and easily persuaded. He had, in reality, no direct proof to substantiate the charge, being influenced merely by strong suspicion. That Hartley had made an impression on him was evident;

and the wavering state of his opinion might have been read in the comparatively mild look with which he now regarded his brother, and the glance of surprise he cast on his wife.

"Why, Roland, who but yourself could have had a motive in taking the child? We have hurried to London, fully persuaded of your guilt; but if—if, indeed, you are innocent, then Heaven forgive me for having accused you!"

"He is *not* innocent!" cried Mrs. Somerset; of course he did not purloin the child himself, but he employed some villain to do it. Tell me, Mr. Hartley, if this be not the truth. Oh! restore me my child! On my knees I pray—with tears I beseech—inform me where it is, and I will pardon you—I will bless you!"

The wretched mother had, indeed, fallen on her knees, wringing her hands, and sobbing with unrestrained violence. Her pale and worn face was yet paler from that agony which "bleaches" "the cheek while it rends the heart-strings; and her disordered hair fell over her bosom, wet with her tears.

"This will not do," said Somerset, raising his wife from the floor. "If Hartley be guilty, forgiveness is out of the question; the law will transport the man he has employed, and himself also; and if the infant has died, the gallows must be their portion. On the other hand, if my brother is innocent, we have to regret the wrong done him, and to upbraid ourselves for the precipitancy with which we have acted."

"Hugh! how shall I satisfy you?" said the wily Hartley. "To prove to you how deeply I sympathise on your behalf, I confess I seem to have forgotten my late antipathy, the aversion which my weaker or my darker nature entertained for you. I am ready to accompany you to a magistrate. I am ready to do all in my power to assist you in discovering the offender. But whether the robber be a professed child-stealer, or one of those vagrant wretches whom we call gipsies, I think, in the first place, a reward ought to be offered for his apprehension."

"And for the restoration of the child!" cried the mother.

"Certainly," said Somerset, vacillating between two opinions, and shaken in his first belief more and more. His doubts were beginning even to affect his wife. She looked at Hartley, and shuddered less. Her indignation visibly subsided, and her manner, though full of sorrow, gradually softened towards him.

"Children of a very young age," said Hartley, addressing her, "cannot, I believe, be easily identified, or described. Are you aware, madam, that the lost infant had any peculiar mark whereby it might be distinguished from another?"

"Yes; a mole near the elbow."

"That peculiarity, then, should be named in the description. Had we not better at once repair to a magistrate?"

Mr. Somerset hurriedly for a few moments conferred with his wife. Hartley, as he stood behind them unseen, surveyed them from beneath his bent brows. There was a singularly malicious, as well as an exulting expression in the look which stole sideways from those half-shut eyes; and a sneer of intense bitterness lurked in the slight smile which, for an instant, raised his thin upper lip. The speakers, their conference over, turned, and the face of Hartley was calm and anxiously sorrowful as before.

"Roland," said the duped and kind-hearted brother, extending his hand, "can you forgive us? The anguish we felt in the first moment of our loss impaired our better judgment. We are now satisfied. We believe you to be an innocent man!"

Hartley did not consider it prudent, this time, to refuse returning the courtesy of him whom, nevertheless, he still regarded with sentiments of unmitigated hatred.

"Isabella," pursued Somerset, "is fatigued with her journey, and requires rest; I will take her to the hotel, and return in half an hour, when we will consult further together, and proceed to a magistrate."

Hartley approved of what his brother proposed, and Somerset and his wife immediately quitted his chambers.

It was with a feeling of indescribable pleasure and with much self-congratulation that Hartley now, enabled to breathe freely, threw himself into a chair. He had steered through the Scylla of a terrible difficulty, and had not fallen into the whirlpool of Charybdis. So far he was triumphant, and all he desired had come to pass.

But his pleasing meditations were disturbed by a low knocking in the adjoining room, and he suddenly bethought himself of his coadjutor, the imprisoned attorney. Hartley forthwith proceeded to the closet, and set him at liberty.

Mr. Pike, when he came forth, was pale, haggard, and trembling. He had overheard portions of the late conversation, especially that part which referred to transportation beyond the seas. Though conscious of Hartley's ability, he had feared lest some chance word, or unguarded burst of passion, might have betrayed their cause. All, however, had terminated satisfactorily; and, receiving a full assurance of their mutual safety, the little man grinned a pleasant smile, nodded his head briskly two or three times, and rubbed together his lean hands.

"Now go," said Hartley; "for he will very soon return. Stay a moment; had you not better take the child and the woman immediately into the country?"

"By no means. The densely crowded district of Whitechapel, where every alley and hole swarms with infants, offers a safer place of concealment than even the wilds of Yorkshire, or the mountains of Wales. I heard the mother speak about that mole on the child's arm; I'll find a method to erase it, at least for the time: so if they should be examining babies for the reward, never fear, mine sha'n't be identified. But it is not likely all the infants in London can be examined—no, it's an impossibility. Rest satisfied, and trust to my long experience of London life, and my knowledge of the best means of getting easily through a difficult business."

"Good day," said Hartley; "you will draw on me next week for the half-year's income. I think it falls due then."

"It does," said Pike. "Thank you. Good day."

CHAPTER VIII.

MEN SOMETIMES LOVE WHEN THEY DO NOT KNOW IT.

THE wiles of craft baffled the lynx eye of the law. Pike had taken his measures so well, that the child of Hugh Somerset was never re-

covered. Whether it died, or whether it was subsequently received into some metropolitan workhouse as a foundling dropped at their doors, did not appear. The mystery remained unsolved. Pike exulted in his cleverness; Hartley enjoyed his revenge, and the parents mourned; but the world—the great cold selfish world, including the magistrate, and the humbler police functionary, soon forgot everything respecting the circumstance. That world had something else to occupy itself withal; and the dispensers of the law, busied with new cases of crime, gave quietly to oblivion that which was past and could not be remedied.

Yet Hartley had made a discovery which startled himself as well as staggered his philosophy. Up to the moment that Isabella had last entered his chambers, he conceived the love he once entertained for her had given place to feelings of a precisely adverse nature—that he hated, abhorred her. But his thoughts which, in defiance of all his efforts, still reverted to the image of her beauty—the never-ceasing manner in which the tones of her voice, low, tremulous, like mournful music, haunted his spirit; his restlessness; the involuntary way in which her name would frequently spring to his lips—all convinced him that he had not, as he believed, subdued a passion now hopeless, and worse than insanity.

Solitude is the nurse of love. The ethics of the schools, the frigid studies of science and philosophy, fail to quench its fire; the lightnings of daring and evil aspirations will not blast the stubborn plant, nor will the commission of crime, though it hardens, root its tenacious fibres from the heart.

Hartley was a lonely man; his studies were cold and gloomy; his mind harboured daring and sceptical opinions; and we have seen that he was no stranger to criminal actions. Thus situated, and his disposition moulded of such elements, he was a man to love and to hate, not as others who mix freely with the world, but with a depth, a strength, and an endurance, calculated to urge him to any kind of misdeed, and to steep his own soul in wretchedness for a lifetime.

Whether Hartley paced up and down in his chambers, his sinister eyes half concealed by the drooping lids, and fixed on the floor; whether he walked the streets, abstracted, unobserving, undelighted with all that allures and charms others; or whether he sat in the Temple-gardens beneath the trees, the busy Thames before him, and children, with their light feet and happy voices, gamboling around; still his mind brooded on one subject—the envied position of his brother, blessed with the woman he himself had loved.

And Hartley abandoned himself to the promptings of the soul. He struggled no longer. He clung to his passion; he fed upon it, as the Oriental despot* is said to have banqueted upon poisons. He wooed the image during his waking dreams, and, in the wild visions of sleep, his fancy, unchecked, flew unto her side. He cursed her beauty, yet still dwelt upon its witchery with thoughts of fond delirium.

Yet what was Hartley's love? Oh! not the heaven-born unselfish flame which seeks only the welfare and delight of the being adored. He wished Isabella, now that she could not be his, to experience no feeling but wretchedness. He would lacerate her heart with every pang. He

* Mithridates.

would drive her to despair, to madness, all saving death, for death would defeat his purpose by at once suspending her suffering, and dissipating his dreams of solitary delight.

For how long a period would the revenge he had already taken satisfy his soul? His life was monotonous, and consequently time having few points to mark its progress, glided swiftly away. His weeks, his months, his years, were the history of each other repeated. To think, therefore, of the deed he had done, and the pain he had inflicted on those whom he wished to humiliate and crush, would afford food for his evil genius to ruminate on during the space of years. Gold he lightly esteemed, scorning the world and its "usages" too much to be a miser; so the money given to Pike was never grudged. That man was retained in his service, the villain's fidelity being ensured to his patron by the continuance of the annuity. In truth, Hartley knew he should have to employ the attorney again in business probably more difficult, as well as more important, than any affair yet undertaken.

Meantime, like a wasp humming around the forest deer when asleep, the little man had recourse to divers subtle means for disturbing the tranquillity of Somerset. Anonymous letters, paragraphs in the papers, secret scandal, aiming shafts at the honour of his wife—such were the instruments and appliances Mr. Pike made use of. These were but light exercises to keep, as it were, his hand in practice—little skirmishes preparatory to a greater conflict. Pike's more important triumphs were yet to come, and destiny, also, though he dreamed not of that, was weaving its web even for him.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR HEROINE.

FROM what has just been stated, the reader will be prepared to pass over a certain interval of time.

We must introduce him into Brookland Hall, the ancient Elizabethan mansion, the exterior of which we have already described.

The sun beams were streaming cheerfully through the windows in front of the house. They warmed the pavement of the old entrance-hall, that pavement being composed of slabs of white and black marble diamond-shaped. The wide staircase was no longer gloomy, for the sunshine played on the richly-carved oak balusters, and brought out the roses and *fleurs-de-lis* painted long ago in the centre of the panels on the right hand. The beams shot reverently and with a chastened softness through the arched stone-mullioned windows lighting the picture-gallery, so that old full-length portraits in curled wigs, with long straight swords, and lace ruffles, glowed again, and seemed animated with the life which had forsaken the originals for three centuries. The coats of arms emblazoned in gold over the principal doorways especially attracted the bright messengers of the sun, which showed to advantage their quarterings and supporters, to soothe the gazer with dreams of ancestral renown.

But brightest, gayest, gladdest, streamed the dancing rays of morning into the great oak drawing-room. The brown wainscoting with its square panels traced with figures of heathen gods and goddesses; the lofty ceiling divided into compartments, painted to correspond; the heavy gilt cornices; the polished oak doors; the mantel-piece of black Siena

marble, high, spacious, elaborately carved, and surmounted by busts of King James, Elizabeth, and her royal father; the massy furniture of the room; the ample draperies at the windows, green damask fringed with gold bullion—all assumed a rich warm hue, the beams, that themselves never grow old, so thoroughly brightening up and revivifying their faded honours.

Three individuals might have been seen in that ancient drawing-room. There sat Mrs. Somerset at her embroidery-frame. Time had laid his hand lightly on her beauty, which was of a description calculated still to inspire love in its ideal and spiritual, as well as its more mundane form.

Had she forgotten her lost child? Years had healed the wound: moreover, the place of the lost one another supplied. Sorrow had long ceased to weigh on her heart, and her days were days of peace and happiness.

Mr. Somerset was considerably older than his wife, yet their attachment was mutually of the deepest and tenderest nature. He was now leaning in his chair, reading. His head had begun to exhibit, in tell-tale lines of silvery hair, the quiet advance of years. His face, though rather homely, was of that peculiar description which cannot fail to make an agreeable impression. The cheeks were healthy and florid; the eyes clear and open; and his smile had so much benevolence in it, was so full of honest joyous feeling, that its fascination was irresistible.

Mr. Somerset, as he held his book in his hand, at times glanced up from the page. It was not to survey the park without, the groups of old trees, or the church-tower beyond: his eyes fell with inexpressible pride and fondness on a slight figure near him: it was that of a girl about eleven years of age—his daughter Hester.

She was sitting at the table bending over a sheet of drawing-paper. A bunch of flowers lay before her, and she was endeavouring to emulate their colours by the sweet mimicry of the painter's art. Her chair being rather elevated, she was compelled to stoop, so that the bright waves of her long auburn hair, falling forwards, half concealed her features, and many a round curl lay on the paper, like glittering gold rings on a surface of snow. However beautiful in this position she looked, the girl did not appear to like the intrusion of the hair thus shading her face, for, ever and anon, with her little white hand, she impatiently flung back the mass of ringlets, and in that action her head was thrown backwards, and the exquisite contour of every feature perfectly revealed.

The face of a child of eleven years—ah! when the face of childhood is handsome, there is nothing so lovely, so fairy-like, so angelic in created nature. It seems as if the shadow of man's fall had not yet reached those joyous sun-bright features. The light of Eden is still undimmed in those innocent eyes, and the withering influences of care, of thought, and sorrow—the curse pronounced upon man—have not come to steal one hue from those fresh peach-like cheeks. Holy cherubim are painted as children. Is it because these little ones, their span of life being so short, cannot have wandered far from their original source—Deity? Or is it because their love, unmix'd as yet with earthly passion, is the type of all purity and holiness?

Hester, the lighthearted, the beautiful fairy, free and gay as the butterfly of spring; merry as the summer bee; thou pearl beneath the waters of life! thou rosebud with thy delicate leaves still folded up in their coy unblown sweetness! Would it were in our power to paint thee

as thou oughtest to be painted, fair young child ! but thy sweet features, scarcely developed, like some star behind its silvery cloud, must remain undescribed in their soft haze. Little Hebe, with the pouting cherry lip, with the full laugh of delight ringing from the soul ; or with the tear of infantine tenderness hanging on the long lashes of thy deep blue eyes ; the picture must be left to the imagination. We cannot fix the magic hues of the prismatic bow on earthly canvas ; we cannot, therefore, hope to delineate the ever-changing elements of such loveliness, bright child, as thine.

The father hung over the chair of his daughter, and watched the progress which she made in her painting. The pride he felt in possessing for his child a creature so purely beautiful as Hester was excusable, and Mr. Somerset spoke no word, but held his very breath for the delight which he experienced.

Hester was so intent on her occupation that, for a few minutes, she was unconscious her father was near her. A shadow, as he intercepted the light from the window, fell on the drawing-paper ; then she became aware that he stood behind her, and the young girl, flinging aside her curls with both hands, let her head fall back over the chair, looking up into his face with a peal of merry, silvery, musical laughter.

Somerset stooped and kissed her forehead. Happy moments overbrimming with pleasure ! reckless age of the heart's gushing glee and trusting fondness. The earth, with all its darkness and misery, has still scenes and transitory hours which shine like glimpses of lost Paradise—those scenes are scenes of home felicity and hallowed love—those hours are the hours of joyous bounding childhood.

THE APPROACHING OPERA SEASON.

MR. LUMLEY's season is so near at hand, and his honour is a matter of such engrossing interest to the pleasure-seeking public, that our readers will not be surprised at the operatic prospects occupying the limited space usually devoted to theatricals in general. We just record the successes of Mr. Oxenford's version of "Ariadne" at the Olympic, Mr. Geo. Bennett's "Retribution" at Sadler's Wells, Mr. G. H. Lewes's "Noble Heart," likewise at the Olympic, and Mr. Chorley's "Old Love and New Fortune" at the Surrey (our order is chronological), deeming that in the aggregate they make up a pretty good batch of verse for a single month, and then shift our glances to Mr. Lumley's promises, which have been published in a semi-official shape.

The great feature of these promises is a manifest determination to strike into a new path as regards the production of operas. Italy, now fertile in tumults, has ceased to be fertile in the lyrical drama ; and the manager of a theatre professedly Italian is obliged to direct his attention to France or Germany. We always considered the monopoly enjoyed by Verdi a sign that something of the sort would occur ; for though we did not join in the outcry raised against this modern *maestro* by some eminent musical authorities, and though we were willing to admit a certain amount of dramatic feeling, and some originality in the employ-

ment of his choruses, we felt that he was not Atlas enough to support all the Italian theatres of Europe, and we also became painfully aware of the fact, that every new opera which issued from his pen was a degree inferior to the one which immediately preceded it. "Nino," "Ernani," "Foscari," and "Lombardi," have indeed kept possession of the stage to a certain extent, but "Attila" proved an useless affair, and still more so was the "Masnaderi."

The doctrine that Italian music ought to form the staple commodity at an Italian theatre, is perfectly sound; so likewise is that which prohibits the eating of rats and mice. But when the time of Italian non-productiveness arrives, and when the besieged city has lost its orthodox viands, necessity, which respects nothing, causes even these sacred doctrines to become practically useless. Hence, people must not quarrel with Mr. Lumley because he departs from his original intention. Well do we know that he has often sighed for the appearance of some Italian musical genius, capable of taking Europe by storm; and his inviting Verdi to compose an opera on purpose for his theatre, was a public proof of his good intentions.

"La Prigione di Edimburgo," an opera by Ricci, honourably known here by his "Scaramuccia," is the only Italian novelty to be expected. The "Medea" of Meyer will, indeed, be new to a great many of the present generation of play-goers, and will doubtless afford an effective character for Mademoiselle Parodi, who is engaged for the coming season. "Medea" was Madame Pasta's grand rôle, and it is inherited as a matter of right by her pupil.

"L'Enfant Prodigue," the new opera by Auber, will probably make its appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre almost as soon as at Paris. More important is the promised production of an opera, to be composed by M. Halevy, on the subject of Shakspeare's "Tempest." The *Miranda* of Sontag, and the *Cakiban* of Lablache, cannot fail to excite a sensation. Nor will the music of the work be its sole element of attraction. M. Scribe, whose constructive talent and fertility are matters of universal history, is to compose this book; and we are informed that new scenic effects are to be introduced. Knowing the capabilities of Her Majesty's Theatre in this respect, we may venture to predict that these novel effects will be glorious."

From the fact that nothing definite is said with regard to the *ballet* department, we may infer that this will be less important than on some former occasions. If this is the case, Mr. Lumley has only complied with the taste of the times. Cerito, at the commencement of her brilliant career, created a mania for the *ballet* such as had not existed for many years. Comparisons between her and a number of highly distinguished competitors were made in the most violent spirit of rivalry, and the newspapers abounded with metaphysical terms to express the peculiar excellence of each *danseuse*. That period was the culminating point of the *ballet*; it has since gradually declined in its power of creating excitement, the decline being accelerated by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, the *furor* about whom at once raised the operatic department of the establishment beyond all competition with the other.

Let us wind up by expressing our warmest wishes that Mr. Lumley will succeed in his great and difficult undertaking, and our sanguine hopes that these wishes will be realised.

LITERATURE.

THE notices of new books this month be reduced by an imperious necessity to the limits of this page. The republication of *Evelyn's Diary*, by Mr. Colburn, is happily one of those cases which can well afford to be so dismissed for the present. It is only surprising that the work of so admirable a writer, and one of the most valuable additions to our historical knowledge of the latter part of the seventeenth century, should have been suffered to remain so long out of print. The present is a very beautiful edition, and deserves a place in every library.

Evadne; or, An Empire in its Fall, a novel in three volumes, by Charles Rowcroft, published by Messrs. Boone, not only recommends itself by its own literary merits and sustained power, as an able picture of a great empire in its fall; but in the portraiture which it gives of those political and religious dissensions, and the general corruption which led to that fall, there is a lesson which may be perused with great advantage by those now prosperous, and yet whose fate may one day be the same.

Ellen Clayton; or, The Nomades of the West. Another novel, in three volumes, by S. D. S. Huyghue, published by Mr. Bentley, has a title which conveys no idea of the fund of knowledge of back-wood life—remote lands and trackless wilds, with their strange forms of animal life and sublime scenery—which is exhibited in a work in which the character of the Red Man is also searchingly portrayed and ably vindicated.

Courtship and Wedlock; or, Lovers and Husbands, a novel, by the author of "Cousin Geoffrey," published by Mr. Newby, forms by the platitude of its subject a disadvantageous contrast with the preceding work, which is full of noble aspirations and inspiring descriptions. The mysteries of courtship and wedlock, as practised by the adepts of a hyper-civilisation, could not, however, find a happier pen for their delineation than that of the well-known authoress of "Cousin Geoffrey," and the sketches of life, suggested evidently by what the author has seen in the fashionable purlieus of Brighton, will not fail to interest a large class of readers.

The Lady of the Bedchamber, a novel, by Mrs. A. Crawford, in two volumes, also published by Mr. Newby, is a story, the interest of which is made to consist in delaying, with torturing ingenuity, that reconciliation between a man and his wife which the reader feels is inevitable throughout. This conspiracy upon the reader's patience is, however, so effectively carried out, that no one could get over the first few chapters and not read on to the end.

Thoughts on Self-Culture, addressed to Women, by Maria G. Grey and her sister, Emily Shirreff, published by Mr. Moxon, are carefully considered and calmly and seriously expounded. The chief novelty attempted is to show practically and efficiently how the task of self-improvement is to be accomplished.

The History of Ancient Art among the Greeks, translated from the German of John Winckelmann, by G. Henry Lodge, and published by Mr. John Chapman, is a masterpiece of criticism. It forms the second volume of Winckelmann's general history of ancient art; and as it is a work which is alike indispensable to the student and the connoisseur, it is to be hoped that it will meet with a success that will insure the publication of the other volumes.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BITTER GOURD.*

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

"GRACE" in good truth,—renown'd for that rare art
Call'd Perfect Tact (if it indeed be art,
Whose skill implies an all-embracing heart),
Behold,—in Lokman's lord,—the only thing,
In all he did, beyond thy compassing;—
In Lokman's self,—the spirit more than free,
Which thou hadst shown as well, hadst thou been he.

Lokman the Wise, therefore the good (for wise
Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),
Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,
Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master mind,
Gave him, one day, to see how he would treat
So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise,
The sage receiv'd what stretch'd the donor's eyes;
And, piece by piece, as though it had been food
To feast and gloat on, every morsel chew'd;
And so stood eating, with his patient beard,
Till all the nauseous flavour disappear'd.

* See the ground-work of the story in D'Herbelot, and other Eastern authorities. Lokman has sometimes been called the Arabian *Æsop*; and sometimes thought to have been *Æsop* himself.

Vex'd, and confounded, and dispos'd to find
 Some ground of scorn, on which to ease his mind,
 "Lokman!" exclaim'd his master,—“In God's name,
 How can a slave himself become so tame?
 Have all my favours been bestow'd amiss?
 Or could not brains like thine have saved thee this?”

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands.—
 “Have I receiv'd,” he answer'd, “at thine hands
 Favours so sweet they went to mine heart's root,
 And could I not accept one bitter fruit?”

“O Lokman!” said his lord (and as he spoke,
 For ~~very~~ love his words in softness broke),
 “Take but this favour yet:—be slave no more:—
 Be, as thou art, my friend and counsellor:—
 Oh be; nor let me quit thee, self-abhor'd;—
 'Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord.”

MUSINGS IN MY STUDY.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF “BRAMBLETYE HOUSE,” &c.

As there are many way-side flowers scarcely worth gathering individually, which would nevertheless contribute to the beauty of a nosegay, so do spring up in the mind many thoughts of trifling separate value which may be well worth collecting into a posy.

FULTON.

NONE SO BLACK, AND FEW SO WHITE, AS THEY ARE PAINTED.

WHEN Shakspeare wrote

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out,

so deeply was he impressed with the religiousness of the thought, that he introduced it by a solemn invocation of the Deity—a feeling not less characteristic of the man than the sentiment itself was honourable to mankind. Yes, earthly creatures though we be, not altogether have we lost the purifying influences of the heaven from which we fall. Nay, we cannot, even if we would, divest ourselves of this hallowing, this celestial infusion. Every man, it has been said, carries a chained devil in his heart: with more truth might it be asserted that every man has a guardian angel in his bosom, whose wings are free, whose yearnings are always heavenward. What! shall we crown Satan and dethrone the Deity? When we are evil-doers shall we pitifully urge that we were moved and tempted by the devil, as if he were irresistible? And, when holier invitations beckon us to virtue, shall we not ejaculate with pious gratitude—“'Tis the divinity that stirs within us?” Small, however, is

the merit of recognising the source of these promptings, when their nature is righteous and lofty. We must go further: we must adopt Shakespeare's recommendation, and acknowledge "some soul of goodness in things evil."

As the cloud that looks black and fuliginous to the earth has a bright side to the sun, so may we hope that the darkness of human offences may present some atoning gleams when contemplated from above; and if Heaven can find a plea for forgiving our misdeeds, surely we may exercise a similar indulgence towards each other. Alas! in our compound elements virtue and vice are almost inevitable companions. They are the medal and its reverse: they attract and repel each other by a sort of antipathetical sympathy. As physical nature is subject to passions—such as storms, inundations, volcanoes, earthquakes, which, however terrible their immediate devastation, eventually purify the atmosphere, and fertilise the earth; so do our human passions, despite their imminent danger and mischief, frequently produce the most beneficial results. Many of our vices—the shadows or caricatures of our virtues—are but so many good qualities pushed to distortion and ugliness: some of our virtues, on the contrary, borrow their radiance from the defects of our nature, as the luminousness of certain organised bodies proceeds from their corruption. Passion, like the bias of the bowl, will sometimes carry us to the right point in the end, by drawing us away from it at first. To march straightforward, and to storm every impediment we meet, when, by a trifling deviation, we might avoid it, is to be wrong-headed in pursuit of what is right. A winding path will enable us to ascend a mountain which would be inaccessible in a direct one. Many a man has fallen by looking too high. Thales, the Milesian, tumbled into a pond while staring at the moon. "Feel that I am!" exclaimed the philosopher, "by looking into the pond I might have seen the moon, but I could never see the pond by gazing at the moon."

Good and evil, like the Siamese twins, can have no separate existence. There can be no light, either moral or material, without shadow; no shadow without light. Turn the hinges upon which the cardinal virtues swing, and you will see their opposite vices. Were there no such failings in the world as infidelity, despair, and misanthropy, then faith, hope, and charity—the inevitable conditions of our existence—would confer no more merit on their possessor than the merely animal functions of eating, drinking, and sleeping. What passion so prolific of wretchedness and crime as jealousy; yet this snake among the roses springs from love—the best and holiest of our impulses. Revenge is only a wild sense of justice: it is taking the law into our own hands when we cannot find or cannot trust other hands to wield it. Tyranny has often been exercised for the good of mankind. Freedom, as recent examples abundantly prove, often degenerates into oppression. Prodigality is only an excessive generosity; parsimony nothing but a too rigid economy. Though we do not always injure those whom we hate, we generally hate those whom we have injured—a feeling which, however culpable, is not altogether without a palliating explanation; since it may arise from an effort to recover our own respect, by persuading ourselves that our victim was really odious, and merited what we have inflicted.

Oh, superficial reader! (should I have any such) I beseech thee to

banish the thought that I have been seeking to remove any moral landmark—to confuse the boundaries that separate right from wrong—to dim the beauty of virtue, or varnish over the ugliness of vice. “Believe me, I had no such stuff in my thoughts.” It was my object to show, that, in the mysterious interfusion of our double nature, our motives must often be unconsciously mixed; and that when we reflect upon the weakness of our strength, and the strength of our weakness, it becomes us incessantly to exercise towards each other the “charity that suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself; that is not easily provoked; that thinketh no evil.”

THE MAN-MICROCOSM.

From the conceit of certain philosophers, that man has in him something analogous to the four elements, he has been called a microcosm, or little world. Little indeed! In the immeasurable expansion given to the universe by recent improvements in our telescopes, and the inconceivable, the infinite enlargement of which we shall probably become cognisant as we increase the power of our optical instruments, man can hardly assume the title even of a little world without rendering himself ridiculous. If he must claim mundane honours, let him at the same time confess his comparative insignificance, and dub himself—*mundus mundulus in mundo immundo*.

As the centuries roll on, burying generations upon generations, the human microscope does not seem to gather wisdom, nor to have made up his mind very easily even as to the physical laws of his dwelling place. In the heathen mythology, Vesta personified the stability of the earth; and when the Samian astronomer, Aristarchus, first taught that the earth revolved on its axis and round the sun, he was publicly accused of impiety, for moving the everlasting Vesta from her place! A thousand or two of years elapsed, and the human microcosm had gathered so much sapience in the interval, that Galileo received similar treatment for promulgating the same opinions. O most enlightened little world! Two hundred and thirty-three years have passed away since his imprisonment, during which term education has been regularly expanding; yet we have wisecracks, ecclesiastical and lay, who apply to our geologists and their discoveries the precise terms of the Jesuits, when they declared the positions of Galileo to be “absurd, false in philosophy, and contrary to the express word of God.” O most learned and liberal Pundits!—if ignorance is bliss, ye must be wise indeed; if bigotry be religion, ye are most unquestionably devout.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Pythagoras is said to have borrowed this theory from the Egyptians, or from the Indian Brahmins, among the latter of whom the doctrine still forms a leading feature of their religion; but it is probable that the belief prevailed long before its existence can be proved by any historical record or assignable tradition. In the infancy of the world, when man could not even guess at a solution of the many mysteries by which he was surrounded, when he saw the grub transformed into the butterfly, the egg into the eagle, the acorn into the oak; when other products of the

animal and vegetable world were presenting the most startling changes to his eyes, it was not unnatural to suppose that the soul of man passed after death into other bodies. This theory, however visionary, was so far beneficial that it involved a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments; for if the deceased had been vicious, he was to be imprisoned in the body of some appropriate beast, there to do penance for several ages; but if he had lived virtuously, some happy brute, or even a human creature, was to receive his soul.

What so natural as a belief in this transmigration of a being whose body was subjected to various metamorphoses and constant interfusion with the outward world? Hamlet deduced the lump of earth which

Patch'd a wall to expel the winter's flaw,

from imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, and he might have followed its subsequent mutations until it again became animated in the person of some future emperor. Men, animals, and plants undergo a perpetual incorporation into one another, the same primary elements, which are only four in number, forming the basis in all organic beings. United thus together in the consanguinity of universal nature, we are of brotherhood with the lion, the eagle, and the oak; but not the less closely connected with the weasel, the gnat, and the weed. Happy the man who feels that there is but one family in the world, and who is imbued with a love for all his relations.

Curious the speculation, assuming the truth of the metempsychosis, to follow out the judicial transmigrations to which the different classes of mankind would probably be doomed. Conquerors and warlike kings, animating the bodies of gamecocks, would lacerate, torment, and destroy each other for the amusement of the populace, just as they themselves, for their own royal pastime, encouraged popular throat-cutting. Worldly priests might be converted into hawks, which only fly heavenward in pursuit of prey; or into larks, which seem to be seeking the sky for the sole purpose of singing hymns, but which never lose sight of their snug home and their nest eggs on the earth below. Surgical experimentalists, vivifying frogs, dogs, or rabbits, would undergo the tortures they had wantonly inflicted, the operators being their own sons, who had succeeded to their practice and their cruelty. Anglers would exchange the amusement of the rod for the anguish of the hook, which should be torn out of them, after they had gorged it, at least twice a day. Sportsmen, incorporated in pheasants and partridges, and condemned to taste for once what they had so frequently dispensed, would crawl with maimed and broken limbs, or blinded eyes, to some hidden ditch, there slowly to expire of hunger; and foxhunters, metamorphosed into hunted foxes, should be allowed the daily privilege, after a desperate run, of being in at their own death! Authors, and more especially critics, realising the nickname sometimes bestowed upon them, and converted into real book-worms, should pass their lives in defacing the leaves by which they are supported, and constantly picking holes in the works before them.

To speculate upon the probable fate of individuals, and more especially of those still living, might appear invidious, otherwise I could name a celebrated ex-chancellor, who would find himself quite in his element as a chameleon. I could point out two never-silent senators—" *Et cantare pares, et respondere parati* "—either of whom might give an appropriate

soul to the great animal killed by Meleager. I could indicate a distinguished— Let me not, however, be tempted into any such perilous personalities—

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON RELIGION.¹

Idolatry is of southern growth, the countries for which God has done the most being generally the most deficient in pure and true religion. In those sunny and soul-seducing lands men become enamoured of the beauty of the earth, and worship it as a divinity. Their religion is the gratitude of their senses, not of their understanding. In the cheerless and unlovely north, man, repelled from the outward, betakes himself to the inward temple, and turns from the unattractive visible to the beauties of the unseen. Let it not be supposed that such abstractions are cold or even incompatible with a fiery enthusiasm, for spiritual imaginings have often a stronger hold upon the mind than tangible realities.

Who can preserve his religion, however steadfast and settled, from the influences of climate? Who can render his mind independent of the barometer? On a gloomy November day I have sometimes fancied that I could hear the tolling of my own passing-bell, and my soul has been the more saddened by the boom of its silent echoes, because at such moments misgiving clouds have passed over my mind, dark and spectral as the shadow of a monumental figure. A sunny May morning, on the contrary, intoxicating my spirit with its delicious breath, has made me feel as if life were a perpetual ecstasy, and earth contained no tomb. Merely animal enjoyments, in fact, lower us to the level of animals who are virtually immortal from their ignorance of death; whose present is also their future; and who find in this world, according to the treatment they experience, either their heaven or their hell.

COMMUNISM.

Stubbes, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," speaking of the "toyes, fantasies, and babberies whereof the world is full," exclaims—"are they not invented and excogitate by Belzebub, written by Lucifer, licensed by Pluto, printed by Cerberus, and set abroad to sale by the infernal Furies themselves, to the poysoning of the whole world?" He could not have said more, and he ought not to have said less, had he been reading the recent writings of the French Communists.

TRUTH.

From the time of Pilate downwards thousands have asked, "What is the truth?" and as many more have attempted to define it; but M. de la Motte seems to have been the first who sought a solution of the difficulty by tracing its genealogy—"When Ignorance was brought to bed of Opinion," says that writer—"Pride and Idleness, the parents of Ignorance, without hesitation named the child TRUTH."

Moral truth, being to a certain degree conventional, may vary in its aspect; but whatever theologians may say to the contrary, there is but one religious truth that is uniform and immutable—viz., the truth that is enshrined in the intention and manifested by worship.

TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY.*

THE Ottoman Turks are to the present day rather encamped, than permanently settled, in Europe. Their real country is Asia, and their habits and manners are Asiatic. It requires no great stress of imagination to picture to oneself how the sturdy shepherds, leading their herds and flocks, under the protection of the sultans of Karamania, to the hills and plains around the Greek capital of Bithynia, emboldened by the successes of the Seljukiyan king against a weak and effeminate enemy, and stimulated by a turbulent and licentious chieftain, were gradually led, from the possession of a few frontier strongholds, to further conquests, to the foundation of a dynasty at Brusa, to the passage of the Hellespont, and ultimately, ninety-three years after the capture of Adrianople, and nearly two centuries after the first contests of Othman, to the mastery of Constantinople and the whole Eastern Roman Empire.

The Osmanli, or Ottoman Turks, have thus no other right to the great and rich and once Christian countries which they now rule over, than that of conquest. They are not the aborigines of the country; they rose to power within that country, but they came from without, subjugating at first the degenerate Greeks, and then all the different races which people Turkey in Europe.

Hence, from the period of crossing the Hellespont, now four centuries ago, to the present day, has been one long usurpation of a great portion of Europe, characterised only by a fierce hatred of the conquered, by incapability of civilisation, religious bigotry, bad government, luxurious and indolent habits, fanaticism, pride, and ambition, the latter occasionally rousing the Osmanli to a spirit of foreign conquest; and above all, by a stern, unyielding, inflexible hatred to Christianity, and to all that emanates from it, or assimilates them to it.

But the Turk himself feels that he has no permanent right to the position he now occupies. Every writer and every eye-witness of credit repeats the same thing; that the Turk is aware by tradition, by belief, or by the visible state of things, that his tenure of a portion of Europe must soon go by; the more devout among them take care that their bodies shall be carried across to the Asiatic shore, where they feel that their descendants must follow them. The native Christians look forward with the most perfect confidence to the day that will emancipate them from the thralldom of the Mussulman, and the testimony of all Europeans acquainted with the country would tend to establish the same thing—that the Turks, like the Moors of Spain, must one day depart from the land of their temporary triumph and glory. The Turkish empire, it has been said, has been in its nominal agony for five generations, but there are signs that this great catastrophe is now close at hand. It is very questionable if the united onslaught of Great Britain and Turkey upon the Greeks, supported as the latter are by the imperial head of their church, may not at once bring about a long expected solu-

* Turkey and its Destiny: the Result of Journeys made in 1847 and 1848 to examine into the State of that Country. By Charles Mac Farlane, Esq. 2 vols.

What is to be done with Turkey? or, Turkey, its Present and Future. Henry Colburn.

tion to this great question. Nations may hurry to their ruin as well as await it. But whether or not, it cannot be long delayed, although the immediate impulse, whether originating in the refuge given to a handful of Hungarian combatants, or in a struggle against Russian ascendancy on the Danube or in the Morea, may bring that conclusion about, it would be as difficult as it would be premature to prophesy at the present moment.

What is the picture now presented to us by Turkey in Europe after nearly four centuries of misrule? This fine country is as fortunate in its position as in the diversified productions of its soil, while its mountainous character renders the climate at once varied and salubrious. Here may be seen, growing in rich luxuriance, at the base of snow-crowned alps, groves of orange, olive, fig-trees, and vines; there, at the foot of mountains covered at the summit with majestic forest trees, fields waving with the cotton and tobacco plant, the rich maize, and every description of the choicest grain. Again, we have the leaping cascade, and the mountain torrent, bursting from a chaotic wilderness of rock and precipice, gradually expanding into the meandering river, which, after fertilising vast plains and valleys, at length mingles its waters with the ocean.

But, alas! if we except occasional crumbling towns and villages with the cultivated fields around them, which impart something of life and cheerfulness to the landscape, and gladden the eye of the traveller, this highly-favoured region remains for the most part, in point of population, a desert. This will be readily understood when we remember that it nearly equals France in extent, and surpasses it in fertility and in the variety of its productions, while its inhabitants, exclusive of the Trans-Danubian provinces, scarcely amount to 7,000,000. How forcibly are we impressed with the difference presented by the same country in ancient and in modern times, when we reflect that a great part of this immense territory was once the densely-populated home of civilised men, who, confined within too contracted an area, quitted their native land to found colonies in various parts of the globe.

But it is not enough that all eye-witnesses should report that decay and death have been making their slow way for a long time past; it would be impossible to form an opinion as to the future without placing before the reader the progress and results of those great reforms which were to bring Turkey, by its own efforts and sacrifices, into its proper position and rank among the other nations of civilised Europe. Mr. Mac Farlane's book comes very opportunely for this purpose. This gentleman, well known for a previous work on the same country, had been induced to believe that, since his last sojourn there in 1827-8, the government and the condition of the people had been greatly improved; that an equality of rights had been established between the Mussulmans and the Christians; that the tyranny, oppression, and corruption, on the part of the men in office and power had almost ceased; and that, throughout the country, a considerable progress was making in order, justice, and civilisation. He went in 1847, not knowingly, he says, to gloat over the dying agonies of an empire, but honestly to witness this improvement, and to see and judge for himself; and that which met his eyes is consigned, in pleasant gossiping language, in the two bulky tomes from which we shall make a few extracts.

The first thing that struck our traveller was the change that has

taken place in dress—that forced change of costume which he says has transformed the Turks into rather mean, shabby-looking people. But he does not add how much the Turk abhors this dress, and how his accumulated spite is vented upon the Frank for the change. Twice has the writer of this notice come in for his share of opprobrium from this cause; once from a detachment of fatigued soldiers, who cursed the tight and narrow inexpressibles, which had taken place of the loose, baggy, nether garments of olden times; and a second time, in a still more angry and insulting tone, from a defeated soldiery, who found the Frank trousers impeded their flight so much, as in many instances to be induced to cast them away, and to continue their inglorious retreat in more primitive and simple attire.

The next point was the notorious abominations of Pera—the dogs, horses and asses, the porters, the offensive smells, and bad streets—these were as they ever were, only that Mr. Mac Farlane had become himself more aged, and more fastidious and sensitive to these evils, which he dilates upon at too great length and almost too much gusto. Once seated at a *table d'hôte*, Mr. Mac Farlane met with some Frenchmen, officers and civilians :—

Monsieur le Colonel very soon told us that he was on a sort of tour of inspection, a *mission extraordinaire*, that he had seen very extraordinary scenes since his arrival, and that he thought Turkish reform was all a mere flim. He and his two attachés had come up some two months ago from Algiers, where they had been serving several years. They had been up to Trebizond, and had returned thence in a steamer with fifteen young Circassian females under the charge of two old slave-dealers, who were bringing them for sale to Constantinople. "*On nous donne à croire joliment*," said the colonel—"They make us believe fine things! The Sultan has ordered the public slave-market to be shut up; and upon the strength of this ordonnance the newspapers here have proclaimed that there was an end to slavery everywhere in the Sultan's dominions, and Europe has been silly enough to believe it—? *Europe a eu la sottise de le croire*. I have known the country many a year. The slave-trade, black and white, was never, within my knowledge, more active than it now is." Another Frenchman, a civilian, and a very quiet, gentlemanly man, who had no mission either extraordinary or ordinary, but who, after having travelled in England and over a good part of the Continent, was travelling in Turkey for his amusement, more than confirmed the assertions of the colonel. He too had been up the Black Sea, and had seen white slaves shipped at various ports for the Stamboul market.

After a glance at the streets, squares, and promenades, the first institutions visited were the manufactures recently established, and which were to convert Zeitun Burnu into a Turkish Birmingham, San Stefano into a South Carolina cotton farm, and Macri Koi into an Oriental Sheffield. As usual, it was all talk; the plans had existed, competent persons had been brought from different countries as superintendents; but the means to carry out the plans had to go through so many hands—Turkish and Armenian—before it got to the English and Americans, or their *employés*, that it unfortunately evaporated on the way. Who has ever sojourned at Constantinople and not witnessed one or more instances of this Turko-Armenian kind of progress? "The day that we were up at Saffra Koi," says Mr. Mac Farlane, "old Mr. H——, the English manager at Macri Koi, was making a grand smoke with his furnaces and tall chimneys; but two or three days later the great fire in the blasting furnace went out for want of coals, and it was never rekindled again for more than six months." Further on he remarks: "Let any adventurer repair hither with a project, no matter how absurd it may be,

and he will be certain to find a greater or less reward. Many are the lessons they have had, but it should seem that they like to be duped by impostors. The funds are low, the resources of the empire are getting exhausted; but Turkey is still a land of promise for schemers without skill, and charlatans without principle. There was hardly a pasha but had his pet man of this class. The total number of the adventurers collected in Pera and Galata, and all intriguing against one another, and being in daily humour to cut one another's throats, must have been very considerable. Yet all these fellows lived—all got money before they beat a retreat; and when they were gone, what cared they for the opinion of the Turks, or anything else? Some of the projects with which they had deluded and excited the very highest men of the state were almost incredibly absurd.

At San Stefano Mr. Mac Farlane met Dr. Southgate, the well-known American missionary and bishop, who has lived and travelled for many years throughout the Turkish empire. The conversation of this competent authority had the effect of dissipating some of the dreams in which Mr. M. still indulged:—

"This young Sultan," said he, "is mild and kind; but his education in the harem has been most defective. Now he lives almost entirely in his harem, and is governed by the caprices of women, who are not only emptying his treasury by their extravagance, but ruining his mind and body. And this is the life he has been leading ever since he ascended the throne as a boy of sixteen. Truth can seldom penetrate the walls of the imperial harem, and the most enlightened of his ministers stand in dread of the intrigues of his women and eunuchs. Although he has made two or three short tours he really knows nothing of the wants and miseries of his country. They hoodwink him wherever he goes. The places and districts through which he passes are dressed up for the occasion, like mere scenic representations. He means well, as far as his very limited knowledge allows. So perhaps do two or three of his present ministers. But they have no instruments to work with. The *employés* of government are as corrupt and rapacious as ever they were, and, whenever they are at a distance from the centre of government, and the criticisms of the European ambassadors and consuls, they are just as oppressive and cruel. Now and then you may find an exception; but I never saw a good pasha to be left long in his place. As for this *Tanzimat*, which prescribes something like an equal treatment of Mussulman and Christian and Jewish subjects, it is an inconsistency and an impracticability in nine cases out of ten, so long as they adhere to the Mahometan law; but go over into Asia, and at the distance of a day's journey from the capital, you will find that the 'beautiful ordonnance' counts for nothing at all. These precipitate Turkish reformers have built without a basis. They do not rely upon the old religious feeling of the Turks: they are doing all they can to uproot it; that feeling has been going rapidly these twelve years, and is now almost gone. They have not substituted any other religious feeling. They have been mixing up the spirit of Voltaireism with the forms of Mahometanism. They have been patching up an Oriental system with shreds and fragments of various European systems. There is no congruity: the opposite qualities will never blend together."

Mr. Mac Farlane admits that in the administration of the penal laws a milder spirit has manifested itself, at least in the capital, and that executions are very rare, even for offences such as breach of religious faith, and incontinence between Franks and Moslem women, which never would have been formerly overlooked; but the increase of crime he describes, at Constantinople, as truly frightful:—

It was not safe to go after sunset through the lower streets of Galata and Topkapia unless you went armed and attended. Nocturnal housebreaking, street robberies, and the like, did not stop down by the water-side, they ascended the diplomatic hill of Pera. Between the 8th of August and the 7th of September we

had them every night, as regularly as the fires. It was a revival of Juvenal's ancient Rome by night. I know not how many murders or stabbings were crowded in that brief space of time. I have noted in my journal the two which made the most noise. A Russian, in passing the corner of a street, was stabbed and robbed, and this at an hour when the shops were yet open, and plenty of people in the streets. Nobody interfered or made any effort to seize the assassins. The wounded man mustered strength enough to walk to the door of a coffee-house kept by a Greek Rayah. The Greeks within, seeing the blood pouring from his side, and dreading to be committed if he should be found there by the police, bleeding to death, or dead, threw him headlong out of the shop, and closed the door upon him. The Russian fell on the hard, sharp stones of the street, and there died. A few nights after this, a French officer perished in the same way. Monsieur Gros was second surgeon on board the French steam-frigate *Le Cuvier*. As he was returning alone one evening to his boat which he had left by the wharf at Tophana, he was assailed in the principal street of Galata by three men, who sprang upon him from a dark corner, and who did not leave him until each of them had more than once plunged his knife or dagger into his body. M. Gros, badly wounded as he was, crawled to the wharf, got into his boat, and returned to his ship. For a day or two hopes were entertained of his recovery; but an awful gash in the lower bowels proved mortal, and he now lies in the French burying-ground.

Some attributed this fearful state of things to the "too great" leniency of government. Our traveller believes that it arises from a too great and sudden influx of population in the capital (partly from foreign countries, and partly at the expense and draining of the provinces); from an inefficient police, which is at once corrupt, indolent, and stupid; and from the general demoralisation which always attends the decay and decomposition of a country. We are inclined to agree with our author, especially in the two points of an influx of the cast-off of society from all parts of the world, and from a corrupt, inefficient police, of which we could give many instances, but which the treatment of the wounded Russian by the Greeks suffices to give an idea; for no one can interfere in Constantinople, even in doing good, when a crime has been committed, without the chance of himself suffering for that crime.

It is a curiously painful thing to witness, and peculiarly illustrative of the general corruption, indolence, and stupidity which pervades a country generally demoralised, that almost all the reforms which the Turks have borrowed from the Franks are by them made to work badly, or they take the worst parts of a system, omitting the good, and in all cases they make everything a source of extortion. It appears, that besides the custom-house and quarantine nuisances, which have crept in now some time back, that a censorship on books has also been established, and the history of Mr. Mac Farlane's small package of printed travelling companions illustrates the working of the system well. Journeys innumerable had to be performed; the consul, nay, the ambassador, applied to in vain; and, after all, a considerable sum of money had to be paid to get a few volumes out of the clutches of these barbarous and extortionate censors; yet it does not appear that there was anything objectionable in the works in question:—

The internal workings of the reformed system of administration broke upon me by degrees, and most frequently through accidental observations. It was in this way I first learned that the government had fixed an *octroi* duty on all the provisions consumed in the Christian suburbs, and had at the same time established maximum prices for meat, fish, fruit, &c., &c. One morning, near the beautiful square fountain at Tophana, we saw a Greek gardener selling ripe fresh figs. The fruit in his basket looked so tempting that we were going to buy some, when two Turkish *cavasses* came up and seized the Greek in a savage manner. What had

the gardener done? He had been selling his fruit for a few paras more the *oke* than the price fixed by the governor of Tophana. "But my figs," said the poor Greek, "are figs of the best quality—are very fine figs; people willingly pay the price I ask for them. I cannot force them to buy. People will pay a poor man a few paras the more rather than eat the common figs. Where is my sin? Amaan! Amaan! What wrong have I done?" The *cavasses* told him that he had thrown dirt upon the law; that figs were figs, and all of one price; that he had taken more paras the *oke* than was fixed by the governor, and must go to prison for it: and making the gardener put his basket of luscious figs on his head, and giving him a kick behind to quicken his pace, they marched off with him to those filthy, abominable dungeons in Tophana, which are left unchanged, and are enough to give disease or death to the victim that is shut up in them for a short time. How long the poor grower and vender of figs remained there I cannot say; but I was assured, by one who well knew the usages of the authorities, and the secrets of the prison-house, that there was no chance of his being liberated until the Turks had eaten up all his figs, and had made him pay a fine in money. This, thought I, is a pretty way of encouraging a man to grow good fruit.

The visitor, crossing from Pera, or Galata, to Constantinople Proper, too generally confines his visits to the bazaar, the chief squares and mosques, and the central portions of the city; but he would be surprised if, extending his perambulations further to the westward, he was to find what is not apparent even from the lofty watch-tower of Galata, that there are great vacant spaces in the midst of the seven-hilled city. "The outward appearance of the city," Mr. Mac Farlane justly remarks, "is deceptive; the seven hills of Eastern Rome, with the valleys between, looking at a little distance as though they were completely covered with buildings. Within the city walls there are, in reality, numerous void spaces where no habitations have stood any time within the last century. Some of these desolate spots in the midst of Constantinople, being traversed by roads seldom frequented, are perfect solitudes, where one may sit and muse on the mutabilities of glory and greatness, and the decay of empires, as among the ruins of Palmyra in the desert, and with scarcely more chance of being disturbed." And further on he remarks, "Take away the mosques and the minarets, which show out always so beautifully, and sometimes so grandly, and you see hardly anything but mean wooden houses, nearly everywhere going to ruin, and threatening to fall upon your head." So much for the city of Islamism! When a fire occurs in a Mus-sulman quarter, the unsightly ruins remain as the conflagration leaves them; and thus, were it not for the government and for the Christian population, Constantinople would very shortly be scarcely more than a village.

At Brusa, the city of Osman and the great silk mart, our traveller found one Mustapha Nouree at the head of the government, who was a fair specimen of what a Turk pasha was and still is, almost without an exception; all boasted reforms overlooked, the *Tanzimaut* a dead letter, roads, agriculture, every amelioration disregarded, one only great object in view, that of raising as much money during a reign of uncertain duration as was possible. And this is the way in which this promising system is carried out:—

We never could take a walk in the streets without seeing the *tufekjees*, or policemen, dragging unfortunate creatures to prison, sometimes for imputed offences, but far more frequently for debt, for real or pretended arrears in payment of taxes, for non-payment of the *kharatch* or poll-tax, &c. The prisoners were frequently bound with cords, at other times they were fettered and chained, nearly always they were brutally treated by the licensed savages who were conducting them. One day a poor Greek was found without his *kharatch* ticket. He said that he had paid his poll-tax, and that those who stopped him knew it was paid.

This might be true or otherwise, but in either case what immediately followed was revolting. A tufekjee aimed a blow at his head with a heavy club; the poor Greek guarded his head by holding up his right arm, but that arm was broken by the force of the blow, and in that condition the Greek was dragged away to prison. The Rayahs fared worse, far worse than the Turks, and among the Rayahs the Greeks, who are feared as well as hated, fared the worst of all; but the Mussulmans were far from being exempt from this treatment. We often met Turks among the prisoners, and bound and chained, and for no other sin than that of debt. One night, in the bazaars, an old Turk had his arm broken like the Greek, and for still less provocation. The tufekjees could hardly ever arrest a man, or march him off to gaol, without first beating him to within an inch of his life. All this was in flagrant violation of the Tanzimaut, and of Reschid Pasha's declaration of Gul-Khanè, called (facetiously one would think) the "Turkish Bill of Rights;" but nobody dared speak of the Tanzimaut in Brusa. Morning, noon, or sunset, we hardly ever passed the gates of the Pasha's Konack without seeing captives going in, or groups of distressed, woe-begone people—very frequently Turkish and Rayah women—crouching on the ground and waiting to have audience of the Kehayah Bey, or the terrible chief of the police, that they might use prayers and money arguments for the release of their husbands, or brothers, or sons.

But imprisonment, with or without a reason, until money was paid for freedom, is not the only resource of a Turk pasha. An Englishman, of the name of Thomson, had a silk establishment in association with a Mussulman, one of the most intelligent of Turks at Brusa. One morning, a few months after Mr. Mac Farlane's departure, this truly worthy man was found hanged or strangled in his own house. A Turk is hardly ever known to commit suicide: the man was in prosperous circumstances (too much so for his safety), in good health, and of a most cheerful temper, but the pasha and police said he had killed himself, and, apparently, no inquiry was made!

Inquiring of a friend how it was that the prisons of the pasha's palace were cram full of captives, and more were being every moment hurried to the same horrible feculent dungeons, Mr. Mac Farlane received the following satisfactory explanation:—

The greater part of those people you see in the hands of the tufekjees are carried to prison because it is known, or at least calculated, that they can pay something for their liberty, and will pay rather than run the risk of catching the fever and dying by being detained in that pestilential hole. The more prisoners the tufekjees make the better for them, the better for the chief of the police, the better for the Kehayah Bey. They arrest upon suspicion, or upon no suspicion at all. They aid one another in trumping up a story and making evidence; and if they want extra-official evidence, they can hire professional false witnesses for a few twopences the head. There are no previous proceedings; none of your appearances before magistrates, and warrants, and examinations: here the tufekjees speak their own warrants, and pronounce them upon whom they will: here a man is committed, fettered, beaten first, and examined afterwards, that is if he be examined at all, for in the great majority of the cases, guilty or innocent, he either buys himself off at once or lingers in prison. When the chief of the police is hungry he sends some of his tufekjees on the hunt, and they never fail in bringing down some game.

As to the extortion attendant upon the ordinary process of levying taxes, the testimony of the Turk peasants of Musal will suffice; it is the same everywhere:—

First one old man began to tell John how badly he was off, and how cruelly he had been treated by the tax-gatherers. Then another told his story, and then another, and the comments and lamentations went round the room. Of their own accord they entered upon the subject of their grievances. The Ushurjees had seized the carts and ploughs and the very seed of some, the little household furni-

ture and cooking utensils of others. In one case they had taken copper utensils to the value of 400 piastres, for a debt which did not exceed 200; when the victim went and paid his debt in full, they would not give him back his property, and when he remonstrated and fell into a passion he was soundly bastinadoed. The man who told his own story—and told it with tears of shame and rage—was one of the youngest of the party, and a very handsome fellow, with a frank countenance. He told the tale aloud, and all present concurred. A grey, sensible old man—the Odâ-basîi himself—said that he had narrowly escaped the same treatment, and that too when he owed nothing at all. The Ushurjees cheated them in the corn, bringing measures of their own which were not fair measures, throwing aside the inferior grain, and taking their tithe only from the best, and making that tithe much more than a tenth by their unfair measures. The collectors of the Sallanê, or property-tax (which is not farmed but collected by the Pasha and the local Mudîrs), were always taking advantage of their ignorance, and giving them papers and receipts which said one thing, while the collectors with their lips had told them another. One man said that he would do away with his vineyard, and rest up his vines, rather than be tormented by the Sallanê collectors, who had taken from him as much as the produce was worth. Another, who had a small mulberry plantation, said he would abandon it—and for the same reason. Another bitter complaint related to the *corvées*. "The forest," said they, "is our friend, giving us fuel and light; but the forest is also our enemy, for they cut great trees there for the Padishah's ships, and they take our oxen to drag them towards the coast. To-day there is a demand upon us for twenty pair of oxen, to drag a giant tree! We have not twenty yoke left in the village: we could not do the thing even if we left our fields all untilled, and the time for tillage is at hand. We cannot do it, but we shall suffer for it! When we work ourselves and our cattle to death, we are never properly paid. Yes! it is a bad fate to be born near a forest." They spoke of the conscription with horror; and it was vain to tell them, as we did, that some of the Sultan's regular troops seemed to be in much better condition than themselves, or than any of the Osmanlee peasantry in these parts. They said that a life in barracks was not a life for a true Mussulman. If the matrons of the village could have been admitted into our society, we should have heard much more passionate lamentations about the recruiting.

In addition to the tenth, there is another impost called *moncata*, which was paid at the rate of four paras per deunum, upon corn lands, and sixty paras on vineyards and mulberry gardens. When the taxes are levied in kind, the collectors fix their own price upon the produce, which gives them the entire control over the markets.

In giving this sad list of grievances it is by no means intended to convey the impression that the Turks have no good qualities. They have very many; and all travellers who have had opportunities of comparing the two, are ready to acknowledge that the Turk is still superior to his Christian compatriot. "You ask me," says Dr. R. Walsh, in his "Narrative of a Residence at Constantinople, 1836," "have the Turkish men no redeeming qualities among *those fierce and brutal ones* which, for so many years, I saw them displaying? I answer, they have many which might serve as models to more enlightened people. Their unfeigned and ardent piety—their strict but unaffected regard to the laws which their religion imposes—their devoted submission to the will of their sovereign, as the descendant of their Prophet, and holding his crown by divine right—the respect they pay to their superiors who are set in authority, though raised from the same rank as themselves—their noble pride in estimating only personal merit, and retaining, as a matter to boast of, the name of the humble trade to which they were born—their charity to all who are distressed—their exceeding sobriety and moderation in all their appetites—their immoveable integrity, and their being the carriers of untold gold to our merchants, who trust them with the most implicit confidence, and never yet had occasion to withdraw it

—the gravity of their deportment, and the moral solidity of their character, are general qualities in which few Turks, of whatever rank they may be, are found deficient. I know nothing more grateful or pleasing than the simple, unaffected kindness of a Turk. There is a natural courtesy about him that is altogether independent of factitious manners. He addresses his equals by the name of brother, his elder he calls master, and his junior, son; and, in general, regulates his deportment towards them by the feelings that would arise from such relations. Such qualities must make the people in whom they are found, and their transition from ignorance to knowledge, highly interesting."

It is much to be regretted that many of these encomiums, merited in 1836, are no longer so in 1850. Strange to say, with the progress of so-called civilisation, genuine piety has been sapped. The Mohammedan despises Christianity; and when his own belief is shaken, he takes refuge in Deism, or, if we are to believe Dr. Southgate and Mr. Mac Farlane, he sinks into Atheism—but we doubt that. There is too much innate piety in the Oriental character for either total indifference or Atheism. So it is with all the other good points of 1836, there is not one that has not been corrupted by Frank civilisation. It is only in the more remote districts that the Turk is still to be found in his original worth. Thus Mr. Mac Farlane acknowledges that the Turk village of Dudakli was the cleanest and most prosperous-looking that he saw on the whole of the great plain of Brusa. These Yerooks, or half-nomade Turks, were quiet, inoffensive, good-natured, well-dressed people; but they were impatient of insult, oppression, or any wrong, and devils when roused. The tax-collectors were obliged, with them, to rest satisfied with fair measurements and valuations, and to take the taxes as the law fixed them.

The Turk does not cheat in his prices, as a Greek or an Armenian dealer will invariably do; the Turk pays his debts, a practice which both our merchants and our government know to their cost that Greeks and Armenians carefully eschew. The Turk is always hospitable. No Turk ever yet found his substance increase but he reminded himself of the injunctions of the Prophet, and of the blessing promised hereafter by the Koran to such as exercise charity and hospitality, and he sets up Tekiyahs, or alms-houses, or hospitals, or at the very least an Oda, a house in his village in which the wayfarer receives gratuitous lodging and entertainment. With the decay of the religious sentiment (proofs of which, says Mr. Mac Farlane, we saw daily) these primitive and touching usages are gradually disappearing. In Constantinople, the increased study of arts and sciences, the introduction of European manners, dress, habits, and luxuries of life, young Turks lounging on the promenade of Pera in the style of the Parisian *badeau*, and ladies taking exercise in carriages of Austrian manufacture, are set down by superficial observers as progress; they are so, but with a nation disposed as the Turk is, and whose Mohammedan civilisation, composed of piety, honesty, integrity, and charity, is antagonistic to Frank civilisation, it is progress in corruption. The great increase of steam communication is a decided progress, but, like all other real progress, is in the hands of strangers or Rayahs.

Two points of still greater importance in considering the future of the Turkish empire, are the everywhere diminishing wealth of the Turks, and their constantly diminishing numbers, which almost threaten a gradual extirpation of the race. Upon the subject of the departure of

the lands from the hands of the Turks, Mr. Mac Farlane expresses himself as follows:—

Except the Kharatch, or capitation-tax, which in its highest amount does not exceed ten shillings a-year per head, the Turks are now paying the same taxes and imposts as the Rayahs. They cannot bear this all but equal weight; unless their industry be stimulated, unless a new life—hardly to be expected—be put into them, they must sink and disappear under it. This was the opinion of every intelligent Frank who had lived long in the country, and who had attentively watched the workings of the reform system. M. C—— said, "The Turks could not keep their ground even then, but they managed to live when they could make the Christian Rayahs work for them, at the very lowest pay, and when, with the connivance of the Pashas, who then presided over the collection of the revenue, there was always a wide difference made between their taxes and those extorted from the Greeks and Armenians; but with only the difference of the kharatch in their favour, the Turks will starve and die out, and a little sooner or later all their farms and villages must either be deserted or fall into the hands of the Rayahs. There can be no mistake about it. The process is going on. It was in progress even before this farming of the revenue and equalising of taxes. Thirty-two years ago, when I first knew the plain of Brusa, there were villages that were entirely Turkish, and other villages where Turks and Rayahs were mixed; in the first sort there are now more Rayahs than Turks, and in the second the Turks have almost entirely disappeared—in many cases there is not a Turkish house left in such villages. As you go up the country, into the districts where there are no Greeks or Armenians, you will find nothing but poverty and wretchedness."

Colonel Macdonald, Kinneir, Mr. Mac Farlane, and most other modern travellers,* lament over the disappearance of the fine old race of Turkish landed proprietors—the nobility of the soil, and which is gradually becoming totally extinct. With regard to actual decrease of Turk population, Turkey in Europe contained in 1843, according to Balbi, a population of 9,000,000 souls, of whom already nearly three-fourths were Christians; and Turkey in Asia 12,500,000 souls, of whom, in the opinion of Bell and Maltebrun, the Greeks and Armenians alone constituted three-fifths of the population. Mr. Mac Farlane found, in 1847, that at Smyrna, although many villages had been completely emptied, and some towns in the interior almost abandoned by people who came to that trading seaport to seek a better subsistence, or to escape from their petty local tyrants, the Turks had not kept up their number. "In my time," he says, "they formed more than one-half of the entire population; according to old travellers, they formed more than two-thirds at the early part of last century; at present they do not form much more than one-third, being far out-numbered by the Greeks alone."

Again, at the town of Yeni Göl, the same authority remarks: "The Christian quarter was swarming with children; in the Turkish quarter the children were few. The Mussulmans, particularly in these rural districts, no more shut up their children, whether male or female, than do the Greeks or Armenians. If we saw few Turkish children, it was because few existed. It was becoming almost rare to find a poor Turkish

* Not more than fifty years ago, when Dr. Russell wrote his "Natural History of Aleppo," the population of that city was 200,000, and there were no less than 200 Ayans, or noble Turks, living on their landed property, amounting in value to from 5000*l.* to 25,000*l.* each per annum. The population of Aleppo is now only 60,000, and these Ayans are now reduced in number to five, of whom the richest does not possess 5000*l.* per annum. The *avania*, or the extortion of money by false pretences, which all Turk governors inflict on the rich, is quite sufficient to account for this, and proves how this immense territory, occupied by the Ottomans, has become depopulated.—*Memoir on Syria*, by Charles Fiot Barker, page 5.

family rearing more than one child. We seldom saw two in a Turkish house; three was a number altogether extraordinary."

On the other side, the poor Greeks and Armenians had very generally large families. Many of the poor Turks did not scruple to say that they could not afford to bring up children; that daughters were a useless encumbrance, and that if they had sons the government tore them away just as they were beginning to be useful at home, to make soldiers of them. The conscription was indeed so much the dread and abhorrence of the Turkish women, that Mr. Mac Farlane details at length the horrible practices which, alas, it is too notorious these unfortunate creatures have recourse to, to prevent fecundity. The Sultan's limiting the soldier's service to five years has not abated these horrors—the growth of poverty was increasing them. "They had never," says Mr. Mac Farlane, "been so prevalent as within the last two or three years, a period during which the speedy resurrection of the empire had been predicted by the salaried journalists at Constantinople, whose vaticinations seem to have been taken as accomplished facts by many people in Christendom, predisposed to expect miracles from everything that is called a political reform. The march of Turkish reform has, among other good points in their character, trampled on the deepest feeling, the most glowing affection of the human heart; it has dashed the mother's joy at the birth of her first-born; it has deprived the father of his love and pride for his progeny."

The conscription (adds Mr. Mac Farlane), as I have repeatedly observed, is eating up the remnant of the Mussulman people and consuming the heart's core of the empire. Twelve years before the time of my last tour, an intelligent English traveller, who took a much wider range, noted the lamentable effects produced by this system: he found villages and towns depopulated and for the greater part in ruins, uninhabited houses crumbling to dust, and immense tracts of the most fertile soil left utterly neglected through want of men to till them. Everywhere he saw the same destructive elements at work. "The new conscriptions and levies were everywhere described as most oppressive measures, the effect of which was to depopulate whole districts, in consequence of the young men being removed to the capital." To whatsoever part he directed his steps he saw the deserted tenements of a reduced population, and ruins, ruins, and still ruins! He anticipated me in his account of the civil and inoffensive disposition of the Turkish villagers in Asia Minor; like ourselves he felt himself quite as safe in those wild mountain-passes as in the streets of Constantinople; but, also like ourselves, he saw these poor people crushed to the earth, disheartened, despairing, dying out. The American, Bishop Southgate, who followed this English traveller, the enterprising Mr. Layard, who followed the bishop, my esteemed friend Mr. Longworth, who followed Mr. Layard, all agreed in their accounts of the exhausting, fatal effects of the conscription and the over-taxation. I may state them strongly and decidedly, in my eagerness that the truth should be made known, but I neither entertain nor advance any new or peculiar opinions. Let him be of what country or political creed he might, I never met a European traveller in the country that did not entertain precisely the same notions as to its condition and the effects of the conscription that I had formed myself. The government manages yet to spend and waste a vast deal of money, dust is still thrown in the eyes of European courts and fashionable circles; *on danse chez l'Ambassadeur Ottoman* in Bryanstone-square; but in Turkey there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! the Ottoman civilisation is scarcely skin deep, the administrative Reform is the vilest of all shams! The country is irretrievably ruined. I am not altogether ignorant of the hollowness, thoughtlessness, and indifference of the merely fashionable world; but I do believe there are many who, could they have only a glimpse at the means employed to extort money for the demands of Turkish folly and extravagance, would rush with disgust and horror out of that ambassador's house.

Since Mr. Hamilton's time the country has become more and more depopulated, through the extortions of the farmers of the revenue, the annual drain of the

conscription, and the resort to unnatural forced abortion. In this present year 1849, the Porte having been rendered insanely jealous of the movements of the Russian troops in the protected Principalities, in Transylvania, and upon Hungary, and having (I fear) been impelled much more by English than by French diplomacy, have made costly and absurd military preparations which can only complete the exhaustion and precipitate the death of their empire.

More than 50,000 men and boys were dragged from Asia Minor over to Constantinople in the month of May last, to act as irregulars. If credit could be given to the Constantinople papers, more than 150,000 were thus caught and removed from their homes! I can scarcely conceive how they got 50,000, nor can they have done it without taking an extensive range and depriving many places of well nigh their entire male population.

In May, 1832, now nearly twenty-two years ago, Dr. Walsh, chaplain to the embassy, left Constantinople after a long residence there, during which it had been his lot to witness the rise and progress of two great revolutions—one the emancipation of the Greeks from the dominion of the Turks; the other, of the Turks themselves from the more hopeless dominion of prejudice and ignorance. "On my first going out," says the reverend doctor, "I saw Athens in a state of miserable degradation—it is now the seat of government of a free and independent people: I saw Constantinople immersed in darkness and ferocity—it is now the abode of an improving population. The destiny of Greece is fixed—that of Turkey remains in the womb of time: whether enlightened by that literature and civilisation which have dawned on it, it will finally adopt the religion and free institutions of the west, and so become a member of the great European family: or, falling under the power of a neighbour, it will merge into a province of a state half Asiatic, add other millions to the slaves already in bondage, and improvement end in engrafting European vices on Oriental ignorance."

The first and last of these queries, put now nearly twenty years ago, are answered. Turkish reform is a jest—a byword—a sham! Its greatest success has been—as we have seen even in these few brief pages—to engraft European vices on Oriental ignorance. That the future of either Turkish or Christian inhabitants of the Eastern empire should be to add their millions more to the slaves of a semi-Oriental despot, remains yet to be averted.

The future of the Turkish empire is not alone marked out by the state of the country—the backwardness of agriculture—the crushing effects produced by the Armenian usurers and their enormous rate of interest—the effects of oppressive and irregular taxation—the diminution of population—the general and pervading decay and corruption, and the proximate dissolution of the social condition; but it is also in the fact that there are no able men to remedy this state of things—no single individual competent to rescue a falling empire—no living man of sufficient integrity of purpose to uphold a fabric crumbling in dishonesty and dishonour.

This may be partly owing to Islamism being opposed to education; but it is still more so to the position in life from whence rulers are chosen: and hence to the incapacity, profligacy, and corruption of those who are high in power, whether Turks or Christians, from the Sultan himself downwards to the lowest tax-gatherer. Halil Pasha, who has married one of Sultan Abdul Medjid's sisters, was an emancipated Georgian slave. Achmet Fethi—called by the English "Fatty"—who married one of the daughters of Sultan Mahmoud, was of equally ob-

scure origin. Both are ignorant, incompetent men, yet high in office. Mehemet Ali Pasha, another of the illustrious brothers-in-law of the Sultan, stands convicted of two foul and horrible murders perpetrated by his own hand. He is the son of a small, miserable shopkeeper in Galata. The beauty of his person having attracted the favourable eye of the late Sultan Mahmoud, he was made an Itch Oghlan, or page. Such creatures are nearly always provided for in the highest offices of the state; and it is a most remarkable and appalling fact—but, as Mr. Mac Farlane justly says, it is notoriously true—that this is the history of half the magnates of the reformed Ottoman empire.

Even the reforming ministers, and the great men who have been brought in by Reschid Pasha, have in no cases departed from the old barbarous system and arrangements. Those, such as Emir Pasha, who was educated in England; Ali Pasha, and others, who have been a good deal in France and other European countries, were not only, when in Turkey, not at all disposed to cultivate European society, but had the strongest aversion to such. Reschid Pasha himself has not only no administrative talent whatever, but he entertains a sovereign contempt for such, and fancies that the high duties of the Ottoman empire consist solely in diplomacy and political correspondence, or, as it is expressed in Pera, *filer la politique haute et fine*. He cannot see that the politics of Turkey must be settled for her, not at Constantinople, but at St. Petersburg and Vienna, at Paris and London;—and he cannot understand that what his country wants is a supply of able, energetic, honest administrators.

It is all one (said an experienced, sensible, acute old man of the country to Mr. Mac Farlane) whether Riza is up and Reschid down, or Riza down and Reschid up; it is all the same to the country. The one cannot govern worse than the other—or better! Neither of them can be more than a part of a bad and complicated machine. Neither of them can alter the system of government, or check the influence of the Seraglio, or create honesty and good faith where none exist, or awaken conscience in men who have no conscience, or rouse a feeling of honour and patriotism in men who never knew the meaning of such words. Sir Stratford Canning will support Reschid, because he believes him to be not only the better minister of the two, but also a good and honest man. Sir Stratford will find out his mistake. There is a difference, though it is of no consequence to us: Reschid has more of what is called enlightenment than Riza: Reschid has travelled a good deal in Christendom, has resided long in London and Paris; Reschid sometimes reads French books. He is a man of quiet habits and decent life, and not a rake or debauchee like Riza. Then, while Riza is accused of a leaning to Russia, Reschid professes the utmost dread and hatred of that power. There has not been an hour of his public life in which Reschid has not stood in awe of the Tzar's ambassador, and has not been nearly as compliant to the will of Russia as Riza his rival; but where he can safely parade his anti-Russianism, he has done it and will do it. If Sir S. Canning has a fault as British ambassador in this place, it is his too lively jealousy of Russia. Some people call it his Russo-phobia. Reschid's professed anti-Russianism helped him far on in the good graces of Sir Stratford; but let the great crisis come, and it now seems to be coming—your excellent ambassador will find that Reschid has no more political principle than his rival.

Such are the men who are now at the helm of a sinking vessel. Such the materials with which to carry on a war with Russia, and such would be the valuable co-operation with English admirals or generals were we to plunge into that war in support of the Turks.

Whenever men of principle have been commissioned to help the Turks, they have uniformly been slighted and ill-treated. Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Dickson, of the Royal Artillery, were sent out, at their earnest

request, to act as instructors, and put their artillery in order; they were never employed for a day. Dr. John Davy and Dr. Dawson, medical inspectors of the British army, were sent out to correct abuses, and they met with the same treatment; they were slighted in the most open and direct manner. Captain Sir Baldwin Walker was not only slighted, but they finally, by a crowning insult, induced him to send in his resignation. Lieutenant Lyster, R.N., retired in disgust after many years' service, the Turks being mean enough to keep his Nishan. The American ship-builders, to whom they are indebted for the only really good ships they have upon the waters—even the energetic Mr. Rhodes—were, like Mr. Taylor, the mint-master, treated with the grossest ingratitude; and even Mr. Mac Farlane remained long enough at Constantinople to see the imperial manufactories at Macri Koi and Zeitun Burnu go to the dogs, and the grand American model farm at San Stefano partake of the fate of all other attempts at amelioration in this country. Truly may the same authority remark, that every British officer sent out by his government at the request of the Porte—every enlightened honest European who has been engaged in their service, has quitted the country with disgust, and with the innermost conviction that, through the incurable vices of the administration, the reformed Ottoman empire is every year approaching nearer to its ruin and final extinction.

The frightful religious persecution of the Albanian Christians at Philladar, the same authority tells us, was an immediate effect of the declaration of religious liberty which Sir Stratford Canning, after infinite toil, wrung from the Porte. The massacre of Nestorian Christians, those "damning recent atrocities," as Mr. Mac Farlane calls them, have been depicted in the *New Monthly Magazine* as the blossoms and fruits which have grown on this tree of Turkish reform. Nazim Effendi, who was deputed to Mosul by Reschid Pasha, to examine into the circumstances, openly justified these massacres, and said that the Nestorians were rebellious *infidels*, whom it was the duty of all good Mussulmans to exterminate! Mr. Mac Farlane fully corroborates all that we have asserted in connexion with this terrible massacre; that there was a gigantic falsehood in the pleading of the Porte that the Turks had nothing to do with the massacre. And allowing, as we have since heard, that an English missionary had something to do with confirming the Nestorians in upholding their ancient independence, so also was Bedar Khan a confirmed rebel; and Mr. Mac Farlane joins issue with us when he says, "it was not on account of his butcheries, but because he was making himself the head of a great party, sworn foes to Reschid Pasha and his so-called reform system, that at last an army was sent against him."

It is only to be wondered at, that amidst all this deception and want of principle, malpractices, persecutions, acts of injustice, and immorality, overt acts of criminality and other repeated abominations, there are to be found European statesmen ready to aver, for political purposes, that the reign of fanaticism and cruelty is over in Turkey, that full religious liberty has been established on the broadest and most solid base; that strong in his army and in the prompt obedience and the enthusiastic affection of all classes of his subjects, Abdul Medjid can secure everywhere the execution of his humane ordonnances and admirable laws; that the Sultan possesses in Reschid Pasha the most enlightened, philanthropic, honest, and active of

ministers, and that the reformed Ottoman empire ought now to be allowed to take a foremost place among the civilised nations of the world !

It must be remarked, that Mr. Mac Farlane's field of observations was confined to the most flourishing parts of the empire, and those which, from their proximity to the capital, enjoy many advantages of being within the reach of European interference; but had he, as we have, been in distant provinces, and there witnessed the venality of the governors who, placed at a distance from Constantinople, throw off all reserve, and give way to the practice of all kinds of vice, iniquity, and injustice; had he seen the poor, prostrate, stupefied inhabitants goaded to revolt or perishing from absolute want; had he seen these things, and much worse that it is impossible to describe, his indignation would scarcely have allowed him to gossip in so calm and quiet a manner of the corruption and demoralisation of the Ottomans.

The positive truth will never be familiarised to the minds of men till some sudden change takes place. It is of no avail that every successive traveller lends his hand towards rending the flimsy veil of pretended amelioration with which diplomacy persists in investing a fated empire; it is of no use that the learned and the distinguished of Europe return in disgust at the demoralisation which they have witnessed; Western Europe will persist in making it a question between Russia and Turkey. It is not so; it is a question between barbarity and civilisation; it is a question between humanity and persecution; between Mohammedanism and Christianity. Russia takes the initiative from proximity, because she has most to suffer from a barbarous neighbour, and from the all-powerful force of circumstances, such as we ourselves feel and acknowledge in India, and which must work out a similar result. When this result is brought about, the fallacy of that strange and long-standing notion in the West, of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and the sin of upholding Mohammedanism and barbarity against a persecuted population and a prostrate Christianity, will strike every one! Then will diplomatists perceive their error, and ask each other how it was that they did not foresee what has come to pass, and what was the real state of things! Then, and then only, will it be evident to the world that the obstinacy with which the West has persevered in upholding a great centre of demoralisation and crime in the East, as an imaginary bulwark against an unoffending and powerful neighbour, had its foundation in a misplaced jealousy, was in its action iniquitous towards persecuted and prostrate millions, and a breach of every good feeling and sentiment of justice towards whole populations of fellow-Christians—to be wiped away, probably, only in an ocean of blood.

The author of the pamphlet, "What is to be done with Turkey?" starts by fairly avowing that the herculean task of reform, commenced by the late Sultan, can have but two results; the total extinction of Mussulman rule, or its consolidation into a federal monarchy—Christian for Europe, and Mussulman for Asia. He admits that while the Mussulman population is gradually decreasing, their opponents in faith are steadily increasing. He places this proportion for the whole of the empire as 17,000,000 of Christians to 6,000,000 of Mussulmans. Every step made in the path of reform from the slaughter of the Janissaries by Sultan Mahmoud up to the present day, he justly remarks has tended to weaken the Osmanli and strengthen the Rayah. Premising these facts, and admitting that

unless some bold and decisive effort is made by the Ottoman Porte to retrieve her present condition she is lost, the author proposes that the Sultan should break down the last barrier of Mussulman fanaticism, which excludes so many millions of his subjects from all military and political rights. That he should erect, in fine, provinces into a federal administration, and permit his Christian as well as his Mohammedan subjects to swell the ranks of his army and navy, and become eligible to the highest offices of the state.

Advice somewhat similar to that which is contained in this pamphlet has already been given by a distinguished diplomatist to the Sultan, but the Turks know full well the danger of any such concession. Were Greeks, Servians, or Armenians to be armed and drilled, the first use they would make of their weapons and experience, would be against their persecutors and oppressors of four centuries. "If," says Mr. Mac Farlane, "in European Turkey the Greeks were trained and armed in anything like the same proportion as the Mussulmans, the Mussulmans would be speedily driven back into Asia, for the Greeks excel them as much in daring and activity as they do in wit and intelligence. But if only a few Greek regiments were raised, what would happen in the case of a Russian invasion—a case the Turks are always contemplating, and nearly all of them with misgivings and dread? the Greeks would fire into the Turks with whom they were brigaded, and, with shouts for the Cross and Holy Virgin, would pass over to their co-religionists, the Russians. I feel as certain of this as of the physical, unalterable fact that the river Danube flows downward from its sources in the Alps to its mouth on the Euxine. I never met with the man in this country that entertained a different opinion." The Turks, militarily speaking, have indeed but one arm, and that is a palsied and shrivelled one.

The political emancipation of the Christian subjects has been also long ago propounded and advocated. They not only outnumber the Mussulmans, but they surpass them in all the arts of civilisation, in all the pursuits of intellect and industry. They are even gradually monopolising the trade of the Levant. Mr. Mac Farlane is so explicit upon this point, and it is a subject of so much and such peculiar interest to the country, that we cannot pass over his statements, suggested by the present state of things in Smyrna, in silence:—

Here also trade or its agencies had changed hands. Of the thriving European houses of my time scarcely more than two kept their ground. Nearly all the rest were broken, sunk, or utterly swept away. The now flourishing men were the former native clerks and brokers of those respectable but unfortunate houses; or the backals (little shopkeepers) of my day; or pushing, intriguing, grasping, spare-living Greeks and Armenians, who had visited London, and Birmingham, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Glasgow, and learned the advantages of buying directly of the manufacturers, or who had now brothers or cousins resident in England, and corresponding and doing business with them without any *intermédiaires*. I would not take pride in the fulfilment of a prophecy, which (the fulfilment) has ruined or impoverished a good many estimable Englishmen; but I cannot but remember that twenty years ago I foresaw and predicted that nearly the totality of the business of this country would pass into the hands of the Greeks and Armenians; that the trade with England might *possibly* be increased, but that it would be a *direct* trade, which would and must be fatal to the European houses in the Levant. The man who pretends to love all the world is likely to love no one part of it. I love the country that gave me birth, and as an Englishman I grieve to see my countrymen being gradually driven out of all these foreign parts, where for centuries they had occupied the foremost posts. Surely, when

this process is in active operation in Gibraltar and in Malta, when British merchants and agents are being overridden in our own colonies, and in nearly every colony we possess, there must be something wrong, and much to regret. The recent alterations in our Navigation Laws appear to me the most dangerous of the many perilous experiments tried within the last twenty years. I venture upon another prediction:—in ten years there will hardly be an English vessel carrying a cargo to the Levant, or bringing home a cargo from that part of the world. The carrying trade will be monopolised—or nearly so—by the Greeks or by country vessels under the Russian flag, but navigated by Greeks.

It is impossible, however, in the present state of things, to contemplate a category in which the native Christians could be called into power. They are as demoralised and as unprincipled as the Turks—indeed, more so. In what does the Greek bishop, receiving his dues at Kutayah on a Sunday, and in church, differ from a Turk pasha but in his manner of collecting? In what are your oily seraffs, or Armenian bankers, who dispose of everything in Constantinople, from a Turk pashalik to a Christian bishopric, different from the most corrupt among the Turks, only in their servile debasement? Then, again, the mutual hatred of Christian races is quite as outrageous as that of Christian and Ottoman. No Greek would ever co-operate with an Armenian; and, among the latter, Armenians Proper and Roman Catholic Armenians hate one another unto death.

The religious creed of the Greek Heteria is so essentially different from that of the Slavon-Greek population, that it renders the coalition into Russian Panslavism, so ardently sought for by the Tzar, a matter of some doubt; but political blunders, such as have just been committed in the *Ægean* seas, may hasten a crisis which might not otherwise have been so easily brought about. So, also, in the natural course of events, everything portends to show that the proposed union of the Slavon tribes—Slavon-Poles, Slavon-Bohemians, and Slavon-Servians, who groan under the humiliating rule of the German, the Turk, and the Magyar—would have the effect of weakening the influence of Panslavism—that stupendous vision of one spiritual and temporal ruler over upwards of one hundred millions of people, but hasten the crisis, and the Slavonian races will sacrifice in a moment the remote prospect of a separate nationality for an actual and real triumph, in coalescence with the Russo-Slave, over his unsparing, long-persecuting enemy—the Turk.

Russia has already penetrated to the Balkhan on the one side, and to the heart of Asia Minor on the other. As far as the Ottomans themselves are concerned, she knows that scarcely any resistance worth mentioning (especially with all the Greek population in her favour) would be met with in the march to capture Constantinople. She holds, at this present moment, a whole Turkish province under her sway on the eastern frontier, she keeps two Turkish provinces and the mouth of the Danube in abeyance in the north. The complications that have arisen year after year in European politics, have alone, and by mere accident, warded off the long-expected and last conflict of civilisation against barbarity in Europe. Upon the very last question, that of the extradition of the Hungarian refugees, the fact of France being, with England, in favour of the Ottomans, and Austria being also concerned in the matter, so that in case of invasion, the beloved idea of Panslavism would have had to have been given up, influenced, no doubt, the Tzar's movements. Upon the Greek question—that of his allies against Turkey—he has England and

Turkey alone to cope with. No one, without the least Russo-phobia, doubts that the Tzar has long contemplated the invasion of the expiring empire; no one who knows the country doubts also that it would be much better, even in slavery under the Tzar, than in slavery under the Turk. But, while it is impossible not to look forward to that great event—the breaking up of the Ottoman empire, and the restoration of Turkey in Europe to that continent of which it forms an integral portion, as a blessing to humanity and civilisation; is it not time to get rid of two great mistakes now so diligently disseminated and upheld, and particularly in this country: firstly, that Turkey is, by its reforms, gradually taking its place amongst civilised nations; and, secondly, that in case of Russian invasion its army and navy, assisted and abetted by Great Britain, could offer a successful resistance.

The diminished Turk population, wasted resources, incompetent, incapable, and corrupt officers and rulers, absence of all materiel and commissariat, and a native Christian population in insurrection on all sides, with a Greek and Servian alliance for the Russian, added to the difficulties of approach for an English fleet, and the total inutility of landing troops, put such means of resistance quite out of question.

A result then, so long foreseen, should, for the sake of humanity, be anticipated. "No one contemplates for a moment," says Mr. Mac Farlane, "that Russia is to possess all these unpeopled, but vast, productive, rich, and beautiful regions." When Europe seconded the efforts of the Hellenic Greeks to obtain their independence and to throw off the yoke of the Turk; when she lent her sanction to the revival of a small but ancient kingdom, and gave to a degenerate people a civilised prince, she only did half her work; the claims of the Greeks of the Eastern empire, of the Slavonians, Romo-Dacian, and other Christian populations to emancipation from the rule of a remote, fanatic, persecuting, and unimproving Asiatic population, were as strong as those of the Greek Peninsula. The system has answered very well in Belgium, and tolerably well in Greece, why not try it in Turkey?

We think we have made it apparent that the materials for an equitable and merciful rule do not exist within the Turkish empire as it now stands. Everything is decay, corruption, decomposition. No element—Ottoman, Greek, Slavonian, or Armenian—could be found to bring into power or supremacy over another; but many elements wherewith to work out good, do exist. The Turks, we have taken care to point out, possess within themselves many qualities that would be most available under a wise and paternal administration.

Mr. Mac Farlane argues the question thus:—"The distribution," he says, "must and will, at some not distant day, be left to the decision of some congress of all Christendom. If such a congress could be settled without being preceded by the horrors of a warfare among the Christian powers, the advantages would be unalloyed, and the blessing complete. Wage war as you will, it must come to this at last—a congress, and the expulsion of the Turks, as a governing power, from Europe and the greater part of Asia Minor. If the world is now so unsettled, and if we all aim at a settlement, and one which shall be enduring, we must come to a decision on the Turkish question *now*. If it is left undecided, our settlement will be most incomplete; Turkey will be a standing *casus belli*, exposing every year the peace of Christendom to a sudden interruption."

This is a view of the subject which, for the sake of peace and humanity, it were devoutly to be wished to see carried into effect; but, like most paper politics, it has the disadvantage of being Utopian. Notwithstanding the growth of civilisation, and the efforts of peace societies, we are scarcely yet arrived at that point of perfection, when a sultan, and all his pashas and mollahs, can be told to take themselves off into their harems and arabas at the beck of a Christian synod; but still it is necessary to be provided beforehand for such an event when war or insurrection break forth; the most mature and well-considered view of the Turkish question points to a Russian invasion, followed up by the rule of a foreign and independent prince duly guaranteed by all Europe. Also possibly independent Slavonian, and Romo-Dacian principalities, the Armenians, Chaldeans, and Jews, likewise restored to their own. But whatever may be the details of the partition, no one fact is more certain, than that Great Britain mistakes her avocation and her interest in preparing to make sacrifices for the broken-down, corrupt, and misnamed "integrity" of the Turkish empire. Her interests lie in a more south-easterly direction. Her future points to the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates.

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

WHILE we lay thee, loved one, low,
Eddying round the brown leaves go,
Rustling in the wailing wind;
And, against a leaden sky,
White-wing'd sea-birds sadly fly—
Cold the world thou leav'st behind!
Young saint, in thy coffin-shrine!
For a few days thou wert mine—
Now, among the Hosts above,
Lo! another angel sings
Praises to the King of kings,
In the light and joy of love!
Ev'ry flower the chill winds spare
I would strew with tearful care,
O'er the dead, so newly born!
Autumn blossoms, wan and white,
Plants, intensely sweet by night,
Spice buds from the lands of Morn—
Pale chrysanthemums I'd lay,
Mary-budde, and myrtle spray,
Winter violets, leaves of sage,
And the dusk-white Christmas rose,
From its bed of early snows,
Stricken with the blights of age.
Thou art gone from Sin and Time,
And an innocence sublime
Fills that pale young face of thine!
Now we lay thee in the dust,
Till the sun, that wakes the just,
Into thy dim tomb shall shine,
And awake thee, baby mine!

A DRIFT-LOG ON THE MISSISSIPP

BY ZEBEDEE HICKORY.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MEDICINE BAG.

Strangely visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery.

Macbeth.

SELBORNE and his Indian friend were not long in gaining the outside of the hut. It was clear that they had not been at all too precipitate in their departure. The desperadoes, with a troop of Ricarree warriors, were close at hand. But the darkness favoured the fugitives, and they stole quietly round to the other side of the wigwam. They were not, however, so wary but that the lynx-eyed Ricarrees caught a glimpse of their retiring forms, for more than one exclamation simultaneously escaped them, but it was apparently only suspicion, and no immediate pursuit resulted. Selborne was for running through the village and gaining the open prairie beyond, but "War Eagle" laid a violent grasp on his arm and pointed in another direction. In our hero's bewildered condition he was only too willing to place himself in the hands of an experienced guide, and passively followed his conductor. Their course lay down a tolerably steep bank, which was strewn at the base with large fragments of rock and pebbles. This proved to be the edge of the river. The knowledge of the Indian guided him to a particular point, where they found some canoes moored, and some lying dry on the beach. Selecting one, which the practised judgment of the Indian told him was suited to their purpose, he placed himself in the bows, and steadied the bark while Selborne entered. He then seized a couple of paddles, and placing one in the hand of our hero, made a few experimental strokes to show him the mode of its use. Selborne's experience in aquatic exercises had been limited to pulling matches on the waters of his native land, but he found the paddle stroke by no means difficult, and they jointly pushed the canoe away from the shore. Scarcely, however, had they accomplished this feat than they were startled by a loud and shrill scream close to them, and the figure of a squaw started up in a canoe a little way from the shore. "War Eagle" betrayed no surprise, but by a dexterous use of his paddle brought his bark close to that of the squaw, and, grasping the vessel of the latter with an adroitness that seemed like jugglery, capsized it in the twinkling of an eye and set the noisy woman swimming for her life. But the beldame had given the alarm. The cry was answered from the village. Swarms of dark figures crowded the bluff, and made down to the beach. By this time, however, Selborne and War Eagle were increasing their distance from the shore, and it was gratifying to discover, from the random shots which their enemies were firing, that it was not clear to them in what direction the captives had escaped. The latter by no means relaxed their efforts on this account, but toiled indefatigably with their oars. When Selborne's ear assured him that all pursuit was over, the Indian

ceased pulling, and, placing his hand on our hero's arm, bent his head down and listened attentively. What might have passed for the rushing sound of the water was now clearly the splashing of paddles, which occasionally struck the sides of a canoe with a hollow sound. Their pursuers, therefore, were at hand. Selborne turned to his work again with a will, and under their united endeavours the bark shot along the water like a bird. The exercise was fatiguing, and Selborne rejoiced to see that his sturdy pilot guided the canoe into a little creek embowered with overhanging brushwood. Here they ran her aground, and dragged her some distance on the shore, and the Indian, again grasping Godfrey's arm, led him up a steep and almost precipitous bank. Judge of the surprise of the latter to find a tolerably large village of neatly constructed huts, built almost on the edge of the bluff, and surrounded on the opposite side with a stockade formed of tall poles.

In this village there were no sounds of life. One or two faint sparks showed the embers of a fire that was just expiring. No muttered hum of warriors in council, no shrill voice of active squaws in domestic duties, no bark of vigilant dogs enlivened the death-like silence which reigned around. A breath of wind sweeping over the village saluted Godfrey's nostrils with a noisome and sickening effluvia. The Indian tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and said in an earnest manner,

"Pale face, listen!"

Selborne listened. A loud and angry growl as of a hundred dogs or wolves in conflict, mingled with the howls of the wounded, smote the ear. Then a dark and gaunt wolf bearing a morsel of food in his mouth stole out of the camp, howling as he went; half a dozen similar creatures following in pursuit. A short distance from the camp he would fall to devour his prize, his fellows watching eagerly round, and occasionally darting forward to abstract a fragment of his meal. The place now seemed to swarm with these beasts like ants on a hill, and they were constantly running to and fro out of the village, regardless of the presence of the two men, who stood watching their proceedings. One or two faithful dogs lingered outside and howled piteously as if in helpless deprecation of these wolfish orgies. The wolves unheedingly went on with their repast, and here and there on every side would be heard the crunching sound of some bone in the mouth of a ravenous animal.

"Pale face," said the Indian, "those are the bones of my tribe."

Selborne had half guessed the nature of the scene before him, and almost sickened as he heard the obscene animals snapping and snarling over their sacrilegious feast.

It was, in the words of Byron,

The Tartar's skull in the wild dog's maw,
With the hair tangled around his jaw.

A few fortunate beasts that had been early at the banquet, now gorged to repletion, strolled lazily about with perfect indifference to the proceedings of their comrades, while some, actually unable to stand, lay panting on the ground, the victims of gluttonous indulgence.

Selborne glanced for a moment at his companion. His breast was heaving with secret emotion, which broke out into one single affecting sob. Apparently ashamed of this weakness, he turned away and drew Selborne after him.

They took the open country this time, until they reached the base of a range of high hills, where they entered a grove of small and close-grown trees. Here the Indian intimated that they must lie down and rest, an intimation which Godfrey obeyed, and although he was without covering save for the garments he wore, he managed to close his eyes for a short time. He had taken the precaution to spread a handful of brushwood which protected him from the damp ground, and on the whole fancied he might have had a harder couch.

A little before sunrise, the Indian awoke him, and, bending over him with a native courtesy, which civilisation could not have improved, said in a low tone of voice, "Will my brother go with me."

Godfrey started up from his slumber, and acquiesced his willingness without knowing exactly what was required of him.

The pale grey light of morning was just beginning to tinge the sky, and partially to define objects around, when they recommenced their journey. They had not proceeded far when the Indian motioned his companion to remain, and advancing into an adjoining thicket was absent for a short time. Presently he returned, and without speaking beckoned our hero to follow him. He trod stealthily through the brushwood, as if apprehensive of producing the slightest sound, and looked round with alarm when Selborne accidentally stepped upon a dry stick, or rustled against the leaves. The latter person, understanding that there was necessity for great caution, endeavoured to emulate his example, although his unpractised and blistered feet more than once betrayed him. After they had proceeded a short way, the Indian came to a dead stop, and gazed intently on some object before him. Selborne speedily gained his side, when the other grasped his arm, and said in a scarcely audible tone of voice,

"Pale faces!"

Selborne tried hard to penetrate the yet imperfect dawn, and was long before he discovered anything but what seemed to be the form of a fallen log; but at last, keeping his gaze fixed in one direction, he made out, dimly indeed, the prostrate forms of half a dozen sleepers, within a dozen yards of the spot where he stood. He was suddenly startled by the cry of a strange bird close to him. He turned round, expecting to find the songster within reach of his hand, but his gaze rested upon the motionless figure of the Indian. It was from him the cry had proceeded, and he was doubtless telegraphing to some one in the neighbourhood. It was not until the signal had been thrice repeated that any answer was returned; and then one of the slumbering figures started to his feet as if he had been shot, and a fac-simile of the cry burst from his lips. Guided by a repetition of the sound from War Eagle, he advanced to the two spies, and, after a greeting between the Indians in their own language, led the way to the bivouac, where they all imitated the example of their predecessors and lay down. War Eagle said a few words in a tone of command, upon which the other Indian arose, stripped himself of his buffalo robe, and threw it over our hero. This was a most grateful covering, for he had begun to feel the cold intensely.

He drew the skin over his face, abandoned himself to the temporary comfort it yielded, and was not sure whether or not he had been asleep, when some one drew the covering back from his head. Without open-

ing his eyes, he peevishly stretched out his arm to replace it, but finding that it was held back, he sat up and opened his eyes. The sun was just rising, and its golden rays fell full in the face of our hero, who was temporarily dazzled with the light, and did not at first perceive that some person was stooping over him. But, on looking into this person's face, he started to his feet, and uttered a joyful cry of recognition.

"What!—Mr. Snag? or do my eyes deceive me?" said he, grasping the hand of the other warmly.

"It ain't no one else," said that gentleman, returning the pressure with a gripe that made our hero wince. "Well, old 'coon, I guess you didn't go down with the wreck after all. Shake hands again on it, old fellow; this don't happen every day."

It was not until after shaking hands a second and third time that he consented to sit down beside our hero.

"And how did it happen," said the latter, after awhile—"how did it happen that you escaped? I thought the whole concern went to the bottom."

"I'll tell you," said the other. "She did go to the bottom, that's clear; but either it wasn't deep enough to sink her or she rested partway on some timber underneath the water. Anyhow, the larboard wheelhouse was high and dry; and somehow I got on it, like a crow on a barn-roof, and there I sat; and before long there was a regular crowd of canoes, and some people from the fort. You know, what with the artillery and the 'biler, we made noise enough to raise the country; but I kept them in hail till I heard a voice in my own tongue (for I wasn't quite sure, you know, that they meant civil), and then boarded the first craft that came to hand, and before night was over found myself safe and sound under my own flag. We are now setting out in search of you."

"Was no one else saved?" inquired our hero.

"The captain was picked up for dead, and he's hardly come round yet, and they don't know whether he will or not; and that's all, I expect."

"There's one thing I can tell you," said he, after a pause. "We have come a trifle too far out of the way."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, for the fellows we are in chase of; they are ever so far down the river; some folks at the fort saw them, not long ago, at a place four hundred miles off."

"I saw them only yesterday," said Selborne.

"What!—you are dreaming, surely!" said the astonished Mr. Snag.

"Not I. I assure you it is true."

"Well, tell me all about it while these fellows are getting a piece of buffalo meat ready," replied Mr. Snag.

Our hero complied, and narrated the whole of his adventures from the time when the steamer sank.

"Come, comrades," said one of the white men, whom Selborne had not noticed until now. "Come and take a pick at this hump rib; it's done to a turn. And let us have a share of your news—fair play, you know."

Just at this moment they were interrupted by a troop of Indians on horseback. Those persons were all elaborately painted, decorated from the head-plume to the moccasin with the greatest care, and fully equipped with bow, shield, and spear, for some expedition of importance.

"Who are these?" said Mr. Snag, a little uneasily, to one of the men beside him.

"Friendly," said the other; "though I can't well say what tribe they belong to. They are in their war-paint, nevertheless. I suppose we must speak civil to them."

They were then addressed in a *patois* known on the frontiers, and invited to join in the repast, which request, luckily for Selborne, they declined, otherwise he would have fared badly. But they dismounted, and seated themselves at a short distance off, and, lighting their pipes, sat in silence while the white people proceeded with their meal.

Not so War Eagle and the other Indian. They speedily entered into colloquy with the new arrivals, whom it appeared were part of a friendly tribe from a distance, come here to trade with their peltries, and now setting out on a war expedition against the Ricarrees, against whom they had ground of quarrel. It was very soon perceptible to the whites that an amount of deference was paid by the strangers to War Eagle, and that he assumed the tone of authority which became a chief of renown, and a distinguished brave.

When the meal was ended a very serious cross-examination was commenced by the Indians, and interpreted by the trappers to our two friends, as to their object in going to the prairie, when they knew that war parties of their young men were out.

To these questions they were at first disposed to answer evasively, when one of the trappers cautioned them against so doing, and advised them to satisfy the chiefs that they had a sufficient object in view, and recommended them to make a statement as nearly true as suited them. Accordingly, as the questions were propounded and translated, they made a tolerably truthful narration of their difficulties, which was interpreted to the Indians in something like the following form:—

They were represented as chiefs of great distinction in their own country, who had been nearly lost in the "thunder boat;" that one had been plundered of some very great "medicine" (or mystery) by some lying "pale faces," who were now in the Ricarree village, and that they were in pursuit of these persons with the view of recovering their lost treasure.

This narrative was received with profound silence, until one of the chiefs, withdrawing the pipe from his mouth, briefly said, "It is well." The pipe was then passed round the group in token of amity. They then rose to depart, and, shaking hands individually with the whole party, sprung into their saddles and were off like the wind. War Eagle and the other Indian, somehow or other, found horses at the same moment, for they disappeared with the rest. Mr. Snag and our hero were for following the war party, a project which was strongly deprecated by the others, and which was ultimately rendered futile by the wildness of their horses, which would not be caught until near sunset. The party, therefore, reluctantly set out for the fort, which they reached in safety, after sundry interruptions from outlying parties of Indians, who were fortunately nearly all unarmed, under a regulation of the fort, for the prevention of those inevitable feuds which must ensue in such a congregation of various, and sometimes hostile, tribes.

That night our hero "turned in" upon a comfortable bed, and reposed beneath the waving folds of the "star-spangled banner."

It was about noon next day that our hero and Mr. Snag were seated in a small room in the fort allotted to them by the obliging commandant. They were before a window which looked out on the adjacent plain. They had apparently interrupted their conversation to observe the movements of various groups of Indians scattered over the valley. Some were engaged in ball play, a sport which seemed to yield great excitement; some were urging their horses at a frantic speed round the plain, while a few were lying stretched out in apparent insensibility, probably sleeping off the effects of whisky. All at once the number of equestrians received an accession from a part of the plain not visible to the two spectators, and they all dashed headlong towards the fort.

The door of the room opened suddenly, and War Eagle rushed in, but so changed that they scarcely knew him. His nostrils were dilated, and his eyes sparkled with a wild excitement. His arms were gashed with fearful wounds, his hunting-shirt was cut in several places, and marked with bloody hands, as if some dying wretch had grasped it in a mortal struggle. His war-paint was almost obliterated, and over it were smeared deep stains of a more ghastly colour. He paused before our two friends, and thrusting his hand into his bosom drew forth a packet tied with red tape, and gave it without speaking into the hands of Selborne. He apparently would have spoken, and the half-formed words were almost on his lips, when the rigid lines of his mouth suddenly quivered, his eye assumed a leaden appearance, and he sank to the floor. The warm-hearted fellow was near his end. His life-blood was oozing slowly out. Godfrey and his companion rushed to his side, and made use of the various appliances which suggested themselves to stanch the wounds and recall the sinking energies of the dying man, but without effect. At last he revived for an instant, and, stretching forth a hand which had hitherto been covered, disclosed five scalps, on which the blood had scarcely dried, gasped out the words—"Lying—pale—faces!" then drew his buffalo robe over him, and died.

Selborne and his Mentor exchanged meaning glances with one another, and were silent for some time. At last the latter spoke, with an assumed coolness—

"Well, it's saved the hangman a job, anyhow. But let us dispose of this poor fellow decently, for he has behaved better than a Christian to you."

The body was accordingly removed into the yard of the fort, for interment on the following day, and in rather less than an hour afterwards Selborne was up to his elbows in the long-lost papers.

He ran through their contents eagerly, and, as he read them, tossed one after another across to his friend. When their perusal was ended, Mr. Snag inquired what they might be worth, for he had not read through them all.

Godfrey looked up with an excited face.

"Why," said he, "the patent-right has been sold in England for ten thousand pounds a-year!"

Mr. Snag gave a long whistle. "Fifty thousand dollars a-year! Well, we haven't thrown away our time, after all."

CHAPTER XII

AND LAST.

My birth is noble, unstained my crest,
As is thine own, let these attest.

Bohemian Girl.

It will not be necessary to narrate in detail the return voyage of our two friends. It may suffice to say that the major part was performed in canoes, under the friendly escort of Indians, until they fell in with an old steamer proceeding downwards, and which they found "wooding up" at the distance of a few hundred miles from St. Louis, of which conveyance they gladly availed themselves.

We do not mean to say that the voyage was without peril. Thrice they narrowly escaped from hostile Indians who were thirsting for their scalps, and more than one encounter had they with the grizzly bear, one of the most intractable and desperate monsters of the forest; to say nothing of sundry mishaps, such as the loss of their canoes for days. But as the narration of these adventures would occupy several chapters, it is necessarily omitted, and the reader must be content to find our hero and his friend safe and sound in the public room of an hotel in St. Louis, in front of a very large stove, with the heels of their boots perched on the top of the latter, and their heads at a much lower elevation.

"Look here," said Mr. Snag; "we part to-day. I go down to my old 'diggins' in Tchoupitoulas*-street to look after my business. It has been taking care of itself so long, that if I hadn't a tolerable steady sort of a clerk, I reckon it might have run away by this time. Now, you just write off two letters, one to Europe, to tell 'em you're safe and sound, and the other to New Orleans, to tell the folks to send your letters on to Washington, for I guess there'll be a pile of 'em. And you needn't lose any time in getting there yourself. Once there, you'll find this hotel a tolerable decent one (handing him a card with an inscription on the back). Then, if you find the two gentlemen whose names I have written on these two cards of mine, they will show you attention for my sake, and recommend you to a lawyer to do your business at the patent office. Stop a minute, don't speak yet. Now I guess you'll want some specie. I have been to my agent here and drawn a few hundred dollars. Here are five hundred just now; if it don't serve you, write to me for more."

"Mr. Snag," said Selborne, with warmth, "your generous and ready friendship has already stood the test of time and occasion. This additional proof, while it increases my obligation prevents me from expressing it gracefully."

"Take your time," said Mr. Snag; "we'll not speak of that yet. Do you suppose," said he, looking askance with affected slyness at our hero, "do you suppose I don't think you good for the amount?" But his nationality getting the better of him, his affectation disappeared, and the expression of his face grew almost noble as he said, "even if I didn't, I should like to think that there was one Britisher went back to Europe that would tell the truth of us d—d, selfish, slave-holding Yankees, and

* Pronounced Chapitoulas.

let 'em know that we could do a brotherly action sometimes. The fact is," said Mr. Snag, warming with his subject, always a sore one with his countrymen, "that they have seen so many caricatures, and read so many lies about us, that they don't know us, they don't understand us, and many of 'em won't. As for slavery, I'd say this before Queen Victoria, the negro race are fit for nothing else. Good Christians in the Testament held slaves, and I guess if one of your prim, starched-up Englishmen was to see one of those onrightheous, sneaking abolitionists on his plantation, putting tracts into the hands of his niggers, and as good as telling 'em to rise and kill their master, he'd just put a piece of lead through the sinner as slick as you or I would."

It was some time before Mr. Snag cooled down into tolerable composure, when he said, in a quieter tone of voice and in his usual off-hand manner,

"Come, we'll have no obligation about this money business. If you get on smooth, the money will stand to your debit in the books. But it's time we were both off. Write your letters, get your plunder* ready, and I'll see you to the wharf."

Arrived at Washington, Selborne lost no time in searching for Mr. Snag's friends, who were both persons of importance, and who had it in their power to forward his views very effectually. Under their auspices his business was speedily put in train. The lawyer into whose hands he entrusted his papers managed matters with very little trouble to our hero, whose attendance was only required for an hour or two each day. He had for a while a great deal of time on his hands.

When the patent was fairly enrolled, and the discovery published, Selborne engaged the services of a scientific machinist to construct a model, which was thrown open to public exhibition. The celebrity and renown which it procured for him came upon our hero like a thunderbolt. Cards and invitations poured in by dozens; members of congress crowded his rooms; and every morning for a week together there was a perfect reception. The Americans, with all their faults, are an impulsive, warm-hearted people, and they honour an inventive genius. It was not long before Selborne had an offer for the purchase of the patent-right, but he held back, having rather an exaggerated opinion of its value. This indifference had its usual effect in raising fresh competitors; and presently there were "six Richmonds in the field," bidding against each other. Selborne was perplexed, and determined at last to consult the discretion of his friend Mr. Snag; and that very evening commenced a long letter to him, unfolding his difficulties, and requesting his presence and advice.

The hotel at which he stopped, as usual had two *tables d'hôte*—the ladies' and the gentlemen's ordinaries. Adjoining these respectively were the ladies' and gentlemen's drawing-rooms. To the former suite of rooms no one without lady friends in the house could have access. At present our hero belonged to the latter class, for he had not the time if he had had the inclination to cultivate society. Consequently, all his knowledge of the inmates of these precincts was confined to occasional glimpses through the half-open door of sundry sylph-like figures reclining on settees, or lounging in rocking-chairs in bewitching attitudes. The two drawing-rooms were contiguous, and communicated by large folding-

* Luggage.

doors. It is just necessary to state this in part explanation of an occurrence which took place on the evening when Selborne wrote his letter to Mr. Snag. He instructed the negro servant to leave candles burning in the drawing-room about the hour when most of the people would be retiring for the night, and then he set to work. He had been busy for about an hour. He had stretched out his letter over many pages, and apparently his task was by no means near a conclusion, when he threw down his pen, and, leaning back in his chair, began to read what he had written.

He was alone in the large room. The hour of midnight had just struck on a neighbouring clock. The lights flared and smoked, and, as Selborne looked up from the paper, he thought they burnt with a blue flame. So abstracted had he been with his occupation, that at this moment he fancied everything was supernaturally still. Some great minds have not been ashamed to acknowledge themselves occasionally under the influence of superstitious fears, and it may not be deemed derogatory to Godfrey's character to own that he experienced a species of undefined uneasiness which he could not explain. But he could hardly believe his ears when a distinct and undeniable sigh proceeded, apparently, from some portion of the room. He glanced hastily round, and to his infinite surprise saw the shadow of a gigantic woman flit across the wall and disappear; perplexed beyond measure by this extraordinary phenomenon, he rose from his chair and examined the doors, all of which he found fastened. He then walked to the window. It looked out upon a beautiful country, which was lighted up by a moon then at the full. He could see nothing to solve his difficulty, and was about resuming his seat, when the sound of music reached his ear. At first it was so soft and low that he doubted the evidence of his senses, but it gradually swelled into distinct chords, and he thought he recognised the symphony of a popular air. Then a very sweet voice began to sing.

"That's not a supernatural sound, surely," said he to himself; "it must proceed from some adjoining room."

He threw open the window and walked out upon the balcony. There was a light proceeding from one of the windows of the ladies' drawing-room. The window was partially open. He looked in. A girl of slight, but very graceful figure was seated with her back towards him. In her hands was an instrument called a concertina, with which the performer accompanied her voice to a ballad in French, and which she sang with such pathos that Selborne listened entranced.

When the song ceased, Selborne was drawing the window to, preparatory to stealing away quietly; but the hinges were rusty, and creaked disagreeably loud. The lady turned her head, and seeing, as she supposed, a man about to enter, rose from her chair and gave a scream. What was Selborne to do? Was he to leave her the victim of unnecessary alarm, and, ten to one, himself the subject of disagreeable suspicion, or was he to put on a bold front and endeavour to explain the accident of his listening? He chose the latter course; and, advancing with as much composure as the circumstances permitted, stammered out (very awkwardly, he felt),

"Madam, I very unintentionally,"—he stopped in surprise at the effects of his address upon the lady. She fell back upon the sofa, and, clasping her hands, gazed on him fixedly. Her colour went and came, and she

breathed rapidly. He raised his eyes, previously cast bashfully on the floor, and then his start was almost equal to hers.

"Madam," said he, "your face is familiar to me; I think—I have seen you—before." He could almost swear he had seen those eyes before. They were large, dark, and full of meaning.

"We have met before, I believe," faltered she, in a voice even more familiar than her face. A voice that had often haunted him.

"In Rue de ——" suggested he, half doubtfully.

She was silent. It *was* the little French flower girl.

He was silent also, for he did not exactly know what to say.

"Do you know this ring?" said she.

He knew it well. He was surprised now, but it was the surprise of disappointment. A flirtation with a pretty French milliner was one thing, to exalt her into the goddess of his affections was another. She read him through; he felt she did. He was about to stammer out a few words, when she interrupted him.

"I am disappointed also. But, rather in justification of myself than in satisfaction to you, I will give an explanation which you have shown you do not deserve."

"Dear madam," said he, "I am under a debt of gratitude to you which a lifetime cannot repay."

She waved her hand haughtily, and said, "My birth, mercenary Englishman, is better than your own. My grandfather was a noble of the ancient *régime*, and fled his country at the horrid revolution. He was one of the best blood amongst the exiles in Louisiana. My father married an Englishwoman, the mother of a man who would have worked your ruin but for me. He squandered his own and my patrimony, and left me dependent on my industry for subsistence. Now that I am an orphan, I have often thanked my God that my own mother was French, for everything bad about us was certainly English. I nearly changed my opinion once, but it has ended in disappointment."

"Will you hear me plead my extenuation?" said he, humbly.

"It is useless," said she; "your motives were correct in a worldly view, but they were cruel."

"You once gave me credit for ingenuousness," said he; "I confess only to part of what you would accuse me. Your memory has haunted me like a vision ever since I last saw you. Your kind offices, your more than sisterly interest in me, has lived in my recollection often in trial and danger, until I could have worshipped the image I had conjured up."

She drooped her head.

"I said once," continued he, "that I hoped a happier day would permit our short friendship to assume another character. Thanks to your instrumentality, in part, that day has arrived. I shall soon be rich. Let me hope that you will consent to share what you have aided to secure. Shortly I sail for England, where a happy home will await us, and you, my benefactor, my guardian angel, will be cherished as you deserve."

Still no answer, but one or two silent tears trickled down her cheeks.

"What must I call you?" said Selborne.

"They used to call me Louise, at home," said she.

"My dear Louise," said he, "tell me if I have not misinterpreted your silence, and you do not regard me with indifference."

"No," said she, placing her hands in his; "I hardly knew what to say; we Southern girls are suddenly moved to love, but that love ceases only with life."

There is no telling what pretty things might have been said after this, if an elderly female, something between a lady and a domestic, had not at that moment entered the room. Louise rose in great tribulation, and, turning her burning face to Selborne, said—

"It's Marguerita; go away, please; I'll see you to-morrow. Good-bye."

Selborne gave one glance at the terrible Marguerita, and vanished through the window.

He did not find any difficulty in passing his time now, and would, no doubt, have passed it perpetually in the society of Louise, but for the watchful guardianship of an ancient lady who had undertaken to chaperone her during her stay. As it was, one or two weeks passed over, and he had forgotten all about Mr. Snag, when, one morning, that gentleman suddenly stood before him.

"Well, my boy," said he, "you've played your card, and it's turned out a trump. You want my advice. You have got an offer of a lump sum for your patent. Take it. A rental won't suit you. Your man might sell it, and smash up, and you on the wrong side of the Atlantic to look after him."

"Thank you; I was half inclined to it myself," said Selborne; "I'll fix it to-day. But there is a little matter that I didn't write about, which I want to tell you. You'll think me a fool, but, the fact is, I am going to get married."

"You don't say so," said his friend, looking at him with undiagnosed astonishment. "As to your being a fool, that depends on who you are going to marry."

Selborne told him.

Mr. Snag was silent for a few seconds.

"No," he said, at length; "you are not a fool. There is not a better little girl in the Southern States, as you'll find."

A few weeks after, Selborne and his pretty little wife (who had consented to be called Louisa, instead of Louise) stood on the deck of the steamer at Boston, about to start for old England. He recollected the day when he first arrived on the shores of Columbia a voluntary exile, and contrasted it with his present departure—a prosperous and successful man. One friend stood beside him. Just as the bell rang, he grasped this friend's hand.

"Good-bye, old fellow," said he; "you were the first to welcome me into your country. I shall always identify it with the best friend I ever made, though I do carry some plunder away," said he, looking down at Louise.

"Well," said Mr. Snag, going to the gangway, "when you get to home, don't call us names, mind." With these words he disappeared over the side.

A MIDDLE-AGE FESTIVAL AT NANTES.

THE revolutionary wave which has swept away so many landmarks and destroyed so many vestiges of the olden time in France, has not altogether obliterated, in the western provinces, the recollection of names once endeared to the people by ties of beneficent government on the one side, and of grateful loyalty on the other. The political fidelity of the Bretons has become almost proverbial; nor is it a matter of slight interest to note how, even in their amusements, they cling to the memory of the past.

The carnival, which has recently proved so unattractive in Paris, has made amends to the lovers of gaiety by the manner in which it has been celebrated on the banks of the Loire. A singular and novel idea occurred this year to the good Bretons to present a spectacle of such interest as to attract from far and near, from all the towns which border the noble river, and even from distant Paris, multitudes of curious strangers.

It is not a little remarkable in these days when royalty is banished from France, that a festival in honour of long-buried majesty should delight and attract as this has done. Louis XII., the Father of his People, and his "fière Bretonne," as he was in the habit of calling his wife, the heiress of Brittany and Queen of France for the second time, have been recalled from their slumber of upwards of three centuries to figure in the ancient town of Nantes, formerly the capital of the duchy which the charming heiress of Duke Francis brought as a dowry to Charles VIII., and by this means united the country to France.

Louis XII., then Duke of Orleans, had seen the young heiress and had fallen desperately in love with her; nor was she insensible to his merits. Their loves were, however, crossed; and while Louis became a prisoner in the town of Bourges, Anne, forced by the turbulence of her subjects and the persecution of her many suitors, saw no escape from the dangers that surrounded her but by agreeing to the proposal of the young King of France. She married him at that pretty castle of Langeais which overlooks the Loire, and is one of the objects attractive to travellers in its present restored condition.

Nothing is more touching in history than the loyalty and constancy of these royal lovers—Louis to his cousin the king, and Anne to her sickly but amiable husband, by whose accidental and premature death she became free to reward her generous and excellent adorer, who, when he ascended the throne as Louis XII., claimed her hand at Nantes, where they were at length united. Their future career was one of the most uninterrupted happiness that ever fell to the lot of a royal pair; and to honour their memory the *fête*, which we mean briefly to describe, has just taken place.

The great popularity which the Duchess Anne enjoyed during her life in Brittany, has survived in a remarkable manner. The magnificent tomb erected by her to the memory of her father in the cathedral of Nantes, unrivalled in its beauty, is still the pride of the city, and her name is as fresh in men's mouths throughout the country, as that of Henri IV. in other parts of France.

The Duchess Anne has a peculiar claim to respect from having been the first Queen of France who, in the midst of the greatest splendour, was rigorous in requiring the exercise of strict propriety amongst her ladies. To her is due the establishment of "The Queen's Maids of Honour," who by their conduct proved their claim to the title they bore. Her diligence, her taste, her wisdom and piety, are continually cited by historians; and as proofs of her industry, remnants of her beautiful embroidery in gold and pearls are even yet occasionally to be found in some of the churches of Brittany. No one ever did the honours of her court so well as Anne; and none were so generous towards the friends and soldiers of her husband, whom she was continually rewarding without consulting him on the subject.

The royal pair adored each other; but as she sometimes allowed the hauteur natural to her to appear too visible, Louis, who was very prudent, would occasionally repress the ebullition of her feelings; and on one occasion, when she interfered respecting the marriage of her daughter, he remarked, that "God had given the doe horns at first, but took them away in consequence of her having insulted the stag."

There was formerly in the court of the beautiful palace of Blois a terrace on which the Breton guard of the queen always assembled in order to be ready to accompany her when she went out. She used to descend to it by a private staircase, and the people were accustomed familiarly to call this terrace "*La Perche des Bretons*," because she would often laughingly say, observing that they were always at their post,

"Voilà mes Bretons, sur la Perche, qui m'attendent."

Louis, who was very indulgent to her slightest caprice, was wont to say, "One must grant something to *the modest woman*," a title he delighted to give her.

She was very angry once at her modesty being put to shame by a joke of the king. She liked, in receiving foreigners, to introduce a few words of their language, in order to put them at their ease; and having occasion to give audience once to a Spanish ambassador, she requested her *chevalier d'honneur*, who was a linguist, to furnish her with some appropriate phrases. The chevalier told her a few words, the signification of which was more comic than delicate, and he and the king were excessively amused at hearing her pronounce them with due emphasis at a rehearsal for the ceremony. Just before it took place, however, Louis told her the truth, in order to prevent a public *exposé*, and to her utter confusion she found she had been betrayed. She was extremely indignant, and would not at first forgive the chevalier for the want of respect he had shown, and Louis was obliged to take all the blame of the jest upon himself to appease her.

The king, however, was very tender of her, and when he heard that his own reputation had been roughly handled by the clerks and students of Paris, he exclaimed, that he laughed at what they said of him and could easily forgive them; but, he added, "If they dare to mention the name of the queen, in any manner whatever, I will have every one of them hanged."

A graceful and delicate white marble tomb in the cathedral of Tours tells the sad tale that the happy pair had their sorrows. Two infant dauphins lie in that mausoleum, and the remaining children of Louis and Anne were female. Anne was lost to her husband and her country at the early age of thirty-seven, and Louis wore for her sake *black mourning* as

the outward sign of his grief—a sombre colour never before adopted by a sovereign of France. The Pope, endeavouring to console the disconsolate widower, remarked, “That he was certain God had called her back to himself only that she might as soon as possible enjoy the bliss of being in his presence, as a reward for the beneficence and virtues she had shown above those ever before belonging to one of her sex.”

These are some of the many anecdotes relating to their duchess and her husband which the Bretons of the present day are in the habit of recounting. More of these, we believe, may soon be learnt, if the report be true that Miss Costello, who has devoted so much time to the study of this period in the history of France, is about to publish a romance in which one of the principal personages is the beautiful Breton heiress.

For many weeks previous to the event, which was fixed to come off, weather permitting, on the *Dimanche Gras*, February 10th, the good people of Nantes had been in a fever of expectation. All shared in the interest the festival was likely to excite; for what was meant as an amusement to the public generally, was specially consecrated in the cause of charity to the relief of the poor, who were to reap the benefit of all funds accruing from the sale of tickets for the places appropriated for witnessing the spectacle.

As one of the necessary preliminaries, an application was made by the local committee to General Gérard, commanding the troops at Nantes, to permit a certain number of the hussars and their horses, quartered in the garrison, to figure in the festival, and thus give to the general procession the attraction of what the French are in the habit of calling “a hippic solemnity.” The general referred the question to the minister of war, and an order was immediately transmitted from Paris, authorising as many hussars to volunteer for the occasion as the committee required. A hundred men and horses were accordingly taken, and the whole regiment would have turned out, if necessary.

On the morning of the *Dimanche Gras*, six trumpeters, attired in the costume of *mousquetaires*, announced to the anxious inhabitants of Nantes that nothing had occurred to prevent the celebration of the *fête*; and, as the weather held out the prospect of a brilliant day, the city was soon astir in pleased anticipation of the event. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, crowds of horsemen, in costumes of every description, were seen hurrying towards the boulevard Delorme, the place appointed for the general rendezvous. Here might be descried *mousquetaires*, guards of the *ancien régime*, nobles in the *pourpoints* and *haut de chausse* of the middle ages, knights in armour, *ribauds* in their quaint attire, and *Bas-Bretons* in every variety of their national dress, all eager to join in the *cortège* of the duchess-queen and the father of his people. There was a little anachronism in costume, here and there, but none were over curious to criticise where all were bent on being amused.

When the hour of noon chimed from the towers of St. Pierre, every one was at his post, and the mounted commissaries had marshalled the respective ranks. The trumpets then sounded the advance, the roll of the drums was heard, the military music mingled its harmony, and the column was set in motion towards the *Cours Henri IV.*, where the jousting was to take place.

The cavalcade was classed in four divisions. The first was composed of a platoon of mounted gendarmes, who formed the head of the column, and were followed by a *mousquetaire* on horseback commanding five

trumpeters, dressed also like *mousquetaires*, who from time to time pealed forth magnificent *fanfares*. Four pages, similarly attired, followed on foot, preceding nine other mounted *mousquetaires*, whose well-chosen uniform and soldierlike aspect elicited universal admiration. The ornaments on their persons and the caparisons of their steeds were strictly alike.

The Car of Charity, drawn by six oxen with gilded horns, came next, accompanied by a troop of pilgrims, who, by means of long poles, at the end of which enormous purses were attached, gathered a rich harvest of alms from the numerous spectators in the balconies beneath which the cavalcade passed. This monumental car, constructed after the designs of M. Bourgerel, one of the principal architects of Nantes, rolled slowly on, bearing the urn of charity, which was painted with flames, and ornamented with garlands of flowers. On each side were devices, *en grisaille*, representing Charity leading Fortune towards an unhappy family, and Justice and Peace directing Abundance towards the city of Nantes. Inscriptions commending and urging charitable offerings were inscribed round the top of the urn. On the car were four commissaries, dressed in all the splendour of middle-age costume, who continually urged the public to fill the wide purses of the pilgrims: it was surmounted by an heraldic device, on which were blazoned the arms of the city and of the province of Brittany. The appearance of the car was most imposing, its height exceeding that of the first floor of the loftiest houses.

Behind the car, six drummers of the old French guards, in white coats with blue facings, followed alternately with the military bands; then came a platoon of foot-soldiers in the same uniform, preceding the comic quadrilles, in which every license was given to variety of costume. A group of musicians, habited in the fashion of the middle ages, closed the first division.

The second was led by nine soldiers, in the costume of Louis XIIIth's reign, with blue *pourpoints*, ruffs, and halberds, preceding six horsemen brilliantly attired as noblemen of the court of Charles IX., who marched two and two. Then followed a second platoon of nine soldiers, in red *pourpoints*, and behind them were four mounted noblemen of the sixteenth century. Following these, again, were six soldiers wearing half-cuirasses; three horsemen in leathern *pourpoints*; four nobles in rich costume; more cavaliers in *pourpoints en cuir*, and more nobles; the splendour of their robes being well contrasted by a number of horsemen who were dressed in black from head to foot. A platoon of warriors, in half-cuirasses, brought up the rear of this division.

With the third division began the *cortège* which particularly belonged to Louis XII. and his queen. Here everything spoke of the splendour and brilliancy of the gorgeous courts of the fifteenth century.

First came two commissaries on horseback, the judges of the tournament, with white *chaperons* and white *togues* lined with red, and gold-coloured *pourpoints*; their horses were decorated with rich housings which swept the ground, and they were accompanied by eight mounted archers. Ten knights in red and ten in blue, the champions for the joust, followed closely. Their costumes produced a magnificent effect, being in excellent taste and perfectly new; their horses were fine creatures, full of fire and spirit, and they were admirably ridden.

Two heralds-at-arms, carrying velvet banners, embroidered with the arms of Brittany, conducted the fourth division, and were followed by a

troop of musicians in the costume of the fifteenth century. Six horsemen, dressed as body-guards of the queen, succeeded. Then rode, alone, a stern and severe knight-templar. After him came six cavaliers in green, the guards of Louis XII., wearing steel gauntlets, helmets, and breast-plates; and six esquires, in black, supported each of the green knights. Then paced along an *estafier* on horseback, singularly attired in many-coloured garments, preceding a knight in complete armour, whose horse was *barded* in iron like his rider. Four men in armour, on foot, strode behind the brilliant knight. After these followed two knights, also in complete armour, similarly attended. Then came four nobles, in helmets and Dalmatic robes, their horses led by their esquires, and two diminutive pages held by the bridles two ponies, on which were mounted two more pages, charmingly dressed; other two pages succeeded, leading greyhounds in leashes.

Finally Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany appeared on horses splendidly caparisoned. The king wore a magnificent suit of gilt armour, of exquisite fashion, and the neck armour of his steed gleamed with the same rich metal. Anne of Brittany had on a *juste-au-corps* of cloth of gold, and a parti-coloured skirt. On the heads of each were the emblems of their royal rank. Heralds and officers, armed knights and ladies richly dressed, completed the group, and the *cortège* was closed by a strong platoon of mounted *chasseurs*. The whole passed through a double rank of the soldiers of the 47th regiment of the line. By the time the procession reached the *Cours de Henri Quatre*, an immense crowd of people filled every balcony and occupied every terrace and reserved seat; and never, perhaps, was assembled so vast a multitude in Nantes since the day when the original entry, of which this was the copy, took place. The king and queen took up a position in the centre of one of the great alleys of the garden, the different *quadrilles* of noblemen and ladies grouped themselves effectively around them, and the *carrousel* began.

All comers first saluted the royal pair, and then passed before them at the trot and at the gallop. The first manœuvre was called "La spirale," from the turning and winding movement of the rapid horsemen. Running at the ring succeeded, and brought out the skill and address of numerous cavaliers. Then came what was called "L'exercice de la tête," which consisted in exhibiting the dexterity with which the cavaliers contrived, while at full speed, to carry off on the point of the sabre a paste-board head, placed upon the ground. The barriers were then adjusted, and were speedily cleared by the most active amongst the horsemen; the jousting commenced, and, to judge by the skill displayed, the Breton chivalry of the nineteenth century have deteriorated in nothing from the prowess of their ancestors, as was testified by the unbounded enthusiasm of the spectators. The victors in the *carrousel* having received a golden wreath from the hands of Anne of Brittany, who was represented by a very graceful and beautiful girl, then resumed their places in the cavalcade, and the *cortège* moved forward to the *Cours St. Pierre*, opposite the cathedral, where the games were again renewed. The procession finally passed through the principal streets of Nantes, and broke up only at sunset, without a single accident having occurred to mar the gaiety of the scene.

The *fête*, in a commercial point of view, was highly beneficial to the city, and for the poor of Nantes was gathered a sum in charity of nearly 15,000 francs.

THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.

BY JAMES HENRY SKENE, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.

TURBULENCE OF THE ALBANIANS.

THERE are three principal distinctions among the inhabitants of the Greek provinces still forming a part of the Turkish empire. The Osmanlis, of pure Asiatic blood, and the Greeks, are two of these great families, differing in race and in faith; the third, which is composed of the Albanian nation, is distinct from either of them with respect to origin and descent, while it is divided between the two religious creeds to which they belong. In habits, appearance, character, and language, the Albanians are also eminently dissimilar from both the Greeks and the Turks; and they side in faith partly with the Christians and partly with the Mahometans. These three races now live in close contact with each other; and they are at such constant variance on every subject which involves the slightest interest in common, that a great political change can alone produce an approximation of feeling among them. Two of them most ardently desire some such change, and within the last two years the spirit of reform has led to insurrection, both among the Greeks and the Albanians. Velenza for the former, and Giolecca for the latter, have taken up arms with numerous followers, and have plunged their provinces into a state of anarchy and rebellion; but the only result of their movements has been an increase of rigour on the part of the Turks, and a more excited spirit of change among the Greeks and Albanians.

The Greeks and Turks have been so often the subject of the lucubrations of travellers and political speculators, that their characteristics are comparatively well known in the west of Europe. The Albanians have attracted less attention; and, when they have been taken into consideration as a nation, they have generally been misrepresented, or confounded with the other inhabitants of European Turkey. The Mahometan Albanians have thus been identified with the Osmanlis, and the Christians with the Greeks; while the ferocious and treacherous character of one of their tribes has been attributed to the whole nation.

The Albanians are divided into four tribes. These are the Gheghides and Mirdites, the Toskides, the Tsamides, and the Liapides.

The Gheghides, who boast of having numbered among them the hero Scanderbeg, unite, according to Colonel Leake, the learned topographer of Greece, "the cruelty of the Albanian to the dulness of the Bulgarian." They have long enjoyed a greater share of independence under the pashas of Scodra than any other of the Albanian tribes, and they are equally good soldiers with the latter; while they have preserved more of their natural stubbornness, from the fact of their having been less often employed as such by the Turks. Their country extends from the frontier of the Austrian territory of Cattaro round the Montenegro, which may be considered an independent state, and, following the ridges which unite it to Mount Scardus, it reaches the Herzegovina, while it is

bounded on the south by the river Drino. Scutari, or Scodra, is their chief town, and Daleigno, Alessio, and Durazzo belong to them.

The Mirdites are merely a branch of the Gheg tribe, and they speak the same dialect. They occupy the pashalik of Croja, and their capital is Cros. Many of them are Roman Catholics.

The tribe of the Ghegs and Mirdites are of lofty stature and athletic frame, and their swarthy complexion and black eyes still retain the characteristics of their supposed Caucasian origin. The distinguishing mark in the dress of these two sections of the same family is, that the jacket of the Ghegs is red, and that of the Mirdites is black; both branches of the tribe are entitled to much credit for their daring disobedience to the tyrant Ali Pasha, when he ordered them to fire upon and destroy the remnant of the Gardikiotes, which he had enclosed in a courtyard for cold-blooded butchery.

The Toskides are the most handsome of the Albanians. They have noble features, with fair hair and blue eyes, indicating the mixture of Georgian blood which probably flows in their veins: less warlike than their countrymen of the other tribes, their stature is also less herculean. They are supposed to have derived their name from the Toxidæ, mentioned by Chardin as inhabiting Mingrelia. The country now occupied by this tribe lies to the south of that of the Ghegs and Mirdites, and extends to the river Vojutza. It is called by themselves Toskouria. Their chief places are Elbassan and Berat, called by the Turks Arnaout Belgrad, in order to distinguish it from Belgrade on the Danube. Tepellené, the birthplace of Ali Pasha, is now included in their territory, although it was formerly considered as belonging to the infamous Liapides. The great despot declared it, however, to be in Toskouria, and no one dared to gainsay him on a point which affected the respectability of his origin. The women of the Toske tribe are remarkable for their beauty, like those of Georgia, whence they issue, according to the conjecture of some antiquaries.

The Liapides are the worst of the Albanian tribes. Living only by rapine and murder, they offer the most frightful picture of a degraded state of society; and their evil name has sullied the reputation of the whole nation. They infest the roads, plundering the wayfarer, and often ransacking villages. They convert their booty into arms, curious collections of which may be found in their mountain homes, whither they retire at the end of their roving campaign. They are cruel, fierce, and treacherous, of forbidding countenances and sinister expression, and short and ungainly in person. Their dress displays the greatest possible want of cleanliness, and they even pride themselves on allowing it to rot on their bodies. They consider this to be a proof of warlike habits, and they boast of a brave countryman being washed only three times; namely, at his birth, his marriage, and his death. Liapouria, which includes the whole country inhabited by the Liapides, extends as far south as the plain of Delvino, and is composed of bleak and barren hills, feathered with trees only near their base. The proneness of these rude highlanders to lead a life of plunder, and their filthy habits, aided by the great similarity of their names—the *d* or delta of modern Greek being pronounced like *th*—have given rise to a conjecture that they may be the remains of the ancient Lapithæ.

The Tsamides are the most peaceable and industrious of the tribes,

and are devoted to trade and agriculture. The purity of race has been less scrupulously preserved than with the northern tribes, yet they are for the most part fair-haired. They dress with great splendour, their clothes being covered with gold lace and embroidery, and they carry arms like their more warlike countrymen, notwithstanding that they do not make so much use of them. They inhabit the country watered by the Thyamis, which is opposite the island of Corfu, and the regions about the river Acheron, extending nearly as far as the gulf of Ambracia, on the south. They call their territory Tsamouirá, which, together with the name of Tsamis which they bear, is probably derived from the river Thyamis. The site of the well-known Souli is in this district, as also the ancient Buthrotum, now a small military position, seen from the town of Corfu. Margaritti, Paramythia, and Philates, are their principal towns.

The existence of a nation in the very heart of Greece, which is totally different from the original inhabitants in manners, appearance, language, and costume, has naturally roused the curiosity of antiquaries, and given rise to much research on the subject of their origin.

The Albanian language being merely oral, the want of written documents renders their history exceedingly obscure, and the silence preserved by the Greek and Byzantine writers on the subject has reduced the data within a very narrow compass. They are called Arvaniti by the Greeks, and Arnaout by the Turks, both names being derived, along with that of Albanians, from the Albanes, an ancient people of the shores of the Caspian Sea, which may have incorporated itself with the Illyrians. The town of Elbasan or Albamopolis, in Illyrian Macedonia, took its name from them, as it is supposed to have been built by a horde of these Asiatic barbarians, who were driven to the coast of the Adriatic by the advancing tribes of the east. In their own language they call themselves Skipetar, which name bears some affinity with that of the Skitekip, mentioned by the Armenian geographers as inhabiting a territory near the Caspian. Colonel Leake, one of the best authorities on the subject, compares the name Skipetar with that of the Selapitani, a people of Illyria, noticed by Livy. The modern denomination of Liapides may be derived from this ancient tribe, rather than from the still more ancient Lapithæ, as the name becomes almost the same when the first two letters are suppressed, and the termination, which is always variable, altered. A similarity of names, however, is but a feeble indication of the origin of a people or town, especially in a country where so many dialectic changes have taken place, and it often leads into error. For instance, there is a village near Elbasan which bears the name of Pekin, without the slightest difference from that of the great city of the Celestial Empire; but it cannot be said, even by the wildest etymologist, to be inhabited by a people in any way kindred to the Chinese.

Another hypothesis holds that the Albanians derive their origin from Alba, in Italy, and that they are the descendants of a colony of the Prætorian guards, dismissed from Rome, by the Emperor Septimius Severus, for having been accessory to the assassination of Pertinax. Their dress, the words coming from Latin roots which are to be found in their language, and a vague tradition prevalent among themselves, support this idea. Chalcocondylas thinks that the Albanians came from the other side of the Adriatic; but, as Justin says that the Albani of Asia were

originally brought by Hercules from Italy, the Albanians may have been first Italians, and then Asiatic, although their migration, in this case, must have been much anterior to the time of Septimius Severus. The Albans of Asia, mentioned by Tacitus, occupied the modern country of Shirvan.

Little is known about them, however, previously to their occupation of parts of Macedonia and Epirus, excepting that they entered these provinces from Illyria; and nothing else has hitherto been proved on this subject. They are supposed to have overrun Epirus about the time of the fall of the Byzantine empire. In advancing towards the south, they also spread over the greatest part of Greece Proper, and many villages of the Morea are Albanian. Indeed, with the exception of the Mainotes, or modern Spartans, the most warlike communities of Greece, such as the islands of Hydra and Spetzia, are formed of this nation, and not of Greeks. Attica, Argolis, Phocia, and Bœotia, are likewise all peopled by them, and there are Albanian colonies even in Calabria and Sicily.

The Albanians call their language Skipt. It is totally different from the Turkish, Greek, and Slavonian dialects, and it contains a great number of words closely resembling the Spanish, French, and Italian languages. This would imply that they had undergone some process of amalgamation with the remains of Roman armies. If this had not been really the effect of their descent from the Prætorian guards, it might be attributed to an admixture with the troops of Roger, King of Apulia, who fled to these mountains and took refuge there. Some of the soldiers may have remained as settlers. The Albanian dress, also, is an exact antitype of that of the Roman army, with the exception of the helmet, which has been replaced by the red skull-cap, and of the coat of mail, which is imitated by the close embroidery on the jacket. There are, likewise, Gothic words in the Albanian language. These must have been derived from the incursions of Alaricus, in the fifth century, when his Goths made themselves masters of Epirus. It is recorded by Procopius that Goths were to be found settled in Dalmatia, when Justinian forcibly annexed that country to the Roman empire. Some of them may, therefore, probably have remained also in Albania. Now, the ancient Illyrian language was as completely distinct from the Greek tongue; and if it is not now extant in the form of the Skipt or Albanian, it must be concluded that it has totally disappeared, which is hardly credible. There is no record in history of the extinction of the Illyrian language and people. If, then, the modern Albanians came directly from Alba, in Italy, as some assert, what can have become of that ancient tribe and dialect? The first mention of the Albanians by the Byzantine historians, although cursory and imperfect, represents them as they are now; and Ptolemy, the geographer, who is the first of the ancient authors to notice them, distinctly places them in Illyria. Anna Comæna makes the next allusion to them; so that history is totally silent on the subject of this people during ten centuries. It appears, however, that they were known at a much more remote period; for Dion Cassius, in enumerating the Roman conquests, implies that he knew of another Albania. Therefore it is impossible to assign a later date to their settlement in Illyria, with any degree of plausibility, as some do, because this proves that they had then already separated from their mother tribe in Asia. They had pro-

bably become incorporated with the ancient Illyrians, and both races are now represented by the modern Albanians. As the remains of the Illyrians, they have perhaps altered less during this long succession of ages than any other people of Europe. The study of this tribe is, therefore, the more interesting, inasmuch as it is almost an initiation into the habits and condition of a nation of past time, while much remains, even in their physical appearance, to recall the admixture with a still more ancient Asiatic tribe. This is corroborated by Dr. Hughes, one of the most intelligent and also learned of the English who have seen this people. He says that "the features of the Albanian, his narrow forehead, his keen grey eye, small mouth, thin arched eyebrow, high cheek-bones, and pointed chin, strongly mark a Scythian physiognomy."

After Anna Comnena, the first mention of the Albanians in the middle ages is by Nicephorus Bryennius, who describes them as having formed part of the army of Nicephorus Basilaces when he rebelled against his emperor, Nicephorus Botaniates, and was vanquished and taken by Alexius Comnenus in the year 1109. They next received the aid of the Normans against the Greeks; and Robert Guiscard, who led them, together with his son Bohemond, took Durazzo, Ochrid, and Jannina. Durazzo was well defended by George Palæologus, who waited for the coming of Alexius Comnenus, the father of the historian Anna Comnena. Again, in the end of the twelfth century, the Norman kings of Sicily, with their relatives the Princes of Taranto, formed permanent settlements in Albania under the Byzantine emperors, Andronicus Comnenus and Isaac Angelus. The Albanians were thus early connected with the natives of the west. The Crusades next left a sensible impression on this people, as their ports were constantly resorted to by the Frank chiefs during at least a century and a half; and Durazzo in particular was the depôt of the crusaders.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the Oriental empire fell to pieces on account of the occupation of Constantinople by the Franks, a principality of Albania was founded by an illegitimate son of one of the Comneni, named Michael Angelus, and it existed for more than two centuries under the title of the Despotate. Jannina was the capital of this state, and Albanopolis also became one of its principal towns.

Theodore Lascaris II., Emperor of Nicea, sent a prætor to the latter place, in the year 1257, hoping to recover it; but the Albanians preferred the protection of the despot to that of the emperor, and the prætor, who was the historian Acropolita, was obliged to abandon it. In the same century they plundered the city of Durazzo, which had been destroyed by a violent earthquake; but they afterwards rebuilt it themselves.

Pachymer, who records this in his history of the reign of Michael Palæologus, calls them Albanians and Illyrians indiscriminately; and he says that they enjoyed acknowledged independence of the Greek emperor, and were allies of Charles, King of Sicily, who then occupied the island of Corfu and the town of Kanina, anciently Bullis, near Aulon. In the year 1294, Philip, Duke of Taranto, the son of Charles II., King of the Sicilies, having married the daughter of the despot Nicephorus, received possession of some territory in this country, and called himself Lord of Albania. This title descended to his brother and nephew; but these Latin princes never enjoyed much authority on this side of the Adriatic.

The Albanians are next mentioned by Cantacuzenus, as having aided Andronicus Palæologus in his struggle with his grandfather in 1327; and as having submitted to him, in number about 12,000, when he, being then sole emperor, made an incursion in Illyrian Macedonia against some rebels of their race. The historian says that it was in Thessaly; but it is more probable that his knowledge of geography was deficient than that the Albanians were ever to be found in Thessaly. The same emperor took advantage of the death of the despot John, in the year 1338, and the minority of his son Nicephorus, to revenge himself on the Albanians for their frequent attacks on his towns, and to overthrow the despotate. In this he was reinforced by a body of Asiatic Turks, which was the first appearance in Epirus of the future lords of the country.

Two Albanian chiefs, named Balza and Shaxta, became formidable to the Byzantine empire about this period, as is related by the historian Chalcocondylas. Towards the commencement of the fifteenth century the Albanians came under the rule of a sovereign from the west of Europe in the person of Charles Tocco, who was made despot by the Emperor Manuel Palæologus. He was one of the Frank princes of the Ionian Islands, and he took the independent possessions of Epirus Proper and Arcanania from them. The Turks now commenced their invasion of Albania, although the first battle which had been fought against them dated as far back as the year 1383. It took place near Berot, and the Albanians were totally routed by the army of the Sultan, Murat I., their general, the only son of Balza, being killed on the occasion. By the year 1431 they were nearly subdued by the Turks, although their total reduction was warded off for some years longer by the brave Scanderbeg and his father-in-law Arianita Topia. Their last struggle was the siege of Scodra, which was described by a native and eye-witness, Marinus Barletius, in a Latin publication, dated at Venice, 1504. The defence was conducted by a Venetian general, and the attack by Mahomet II. himself. The Albanians displayed a degree of gallantry, worthy of their warlike name, in baffling the utmost efforts of a greatly superior number of troops during a whole year, until famine reduced them to the necessity of yielding. The Venetians then stepped in to protect them, and obtained for them an honourable retreat to Venice as refugees, while the town was given up to the Turks. Since then the Ottoman dominion over the Albanians has been nominally undisputed, but the authority of the Sultan has never been sufficient to enable him to suppress the spirit of revolt which is still strong within them.

This is nearly all that is known of the history of the Albanians; and, although it is uncertain and obscure, still several heroes of this race have arisen to adorn its pages. There is first the great Scanderbeg; then the more ancient Balza and Spata; there is Ali Pasha of the present century; and in the last, Ghalil or Patrona. The latter headed a sudden revolution which overwhelmed the capital in 1730, and he became absolute master of Constantinople, as recorded by Lord Sandwich.

Many communities of Albanians, which were formerly Christian, have become followers of Mahomet. Some of these were forced to become apostates by Bajazet, their conqueror, very few having had the constancy to resist this conversion by means of the sword. There were, however, instances of fidelity to the Cross, under the most difficult and trying circumstances; the most remarkable of which were the Souliotes, Chima-

riotes, and Parganotes, who remained faithful to the Greek Church, and the Middites to that of Rome. Others again changed their religion from motives of interest and ambition. One inducement to adopt the Mussulman faith, which was held out to the Albanians by the Turkish government, was in the shape of a law securing their property to each family which should bring up one of their sons as a Mahometan. Many proselytes were thus gained, and the succession of land was diverted from the Christians to the Mussulmen. Again, soldiers by necessity and from choice, the Albanians could attain rank and power only through conformity of faith with their military superiors; while religion sat so lightly on this class of the population, that it was of little consequence to themselves which rite they followed, as they were never strict in the observance of any form of worship. This was not the case with the Greeks of Albania; for not only Christianity seems to have taken a much deeper root in them, but also their prospects in life did not depend so immediately on a recantation of religion. The adoption of Mahometanism was certainly advantageous, in a worldly point of view, to the whole Christian population of Turkey; but the pursuits of most of the Greeks did not render them exclusively dependent on it for their welfare, as occurred with the Albanians. More addicted to commerce, the Greeks cherished rather any connexions which they could form with Western Europeans; or when induced by vocation or persecution to become soldiers, they preferred the life of the free Klepht to that of the organised Armatoli bands. Their religion was optional, and they rarely became renegades. This tendency evidenced the natural breach which existed between the Albanians and the Greeks; and the Turks were wily enough to foresee the advantage which they might derive from it, by making use of the former against the latter. Indeed, it is an undoubted fact, that the Turkish government succeeded in keeping Greece in subjection, up to the time of the revolution, solely by means of the Mussulman Albanians. Gratitude has not been the recompence of the latter, for the Osmanli despises the Mussulman Skipetar, even more than he does the Christian Greek. They have earned the just reward of all traitors and renegades, having betrayed their country and renounced the true faith. A curse seems to have settled on this unhappy people; and they deserved it for the rejection of that gospel which was given to them by St. Paul himself, before their descent into Epirus. For the great Apostle of the Gentiles preached "round about unto Illyricum." Their present state proves that they have inherited the doom which was entailed on them by their apostate forefathers. Unhappy in their faith, and mistrusted of both Greeks and Turks, there is little doubt, however, that they might again be restored to Christendom, were the Albanians, who have not abandoned the Cross for the Crescent, admitted to equal privileges. There are still many of the latter class; and Colonel Leake gives it as his opinion that only one-half of the Albanian nation has relinquished its fidelity. Christianity seems, however, never to have taken a firm hold on this race, which is morally and intellectually, if not in strength and physical courage, greatly inferior to the Greeks. Their interests dictated their apostacy; and however unworthy the motive may be, a similar agency may lead back these lost sheep to the fold. The very readiness which many of them showed to adopt Islamism is an earnest of their easy recantation and return; and, were the allurements of mili-

tary advancement to be equally the right of every distinguished soldier, whether Moslem or Giaour, the Mahometan Albanians would probably again become Christians. This would most likely be the first effect—and it is no paltry or insignificant one—of the emancipation of the latter in Turkey, and of the establishment of a complete system of general and mutual religious tolerance, provided always that it is enforced, and does not remain a mere project on paper, unseen and unfelt in real life. A radical change in this, as well as in their social and political circumstances, would certainly afford tranquillity to these restless and rapacious tribes, which, in their present state, are constantly at war among themselves.

An incident occurred a short time since which illustrates the actual condition of society in Epirus, while it is also highly characteristic of the primitive and patriarchal manners of the Albanians. A feud had existed for some time between two villages of the Tsami and Liapi tribes, and various acts of reciprocal vexation had kept it alive, without its having exploded, until now, in open hostilities and bloodshed. These were produced on this occasion by the following circumstances:—

A Tsami shepherd, being alone on the hill, was overpowered by a party of Liapides, and his flock of sheep was driven by the latter to the wild mountains of the Chimara. A detachment belonging to the village of the Tsami was bold enough to enter this rugged and hostile country in search of the stolen sheep, or of revenge. They met a number of Liapia, inhabitants of the obnoxious village; the sheep were demanded and refused, a volley of abuse ensued on both sides, and the signal for action was given.

The manœuvres consisted for some time in their favourite mode of fighting, which resembles the service of riflemen; they fired at each other from a considerable distance, and sheltered by trees and rocks. But emissaries had been despatched, at the commencement of the fight, for succour by both contending parties, and in a few hours hundreds were engaged. Not many, however, had been killed and wounded as yet, considering the mode of skirmishing which was going on, but in a short time they would have thrown down their long guns and used their pistols and yataghans. The Albanians are in the habit of rushing upon each other with loud shouts, when their fury is lashed into charging order by a few successful shots. On this occasion, before they had come to close quarters, several of the old men of the respective villages had come to the spot, and one of the Liapi tribe, who was respected for his age and wisdom, called out that he demanded a parley. It was immediately granted, and in a few minutes the scene was totally changed. Ten or a dozen of the patriarchs of both tribes were now seated on the ground, smoking their long pipes and discussing the terms of peace in the most solemn manner, while the palicars, or fighting men, stood around them, leaning on the muzzles of their guns, looking fierce at each other, and twisting their long moustachios. The killed and wounded of both parties, being but few in number, were already in the hands of the women, who are never far distant from a scene of conflict; and on comparing notes, it was found that the respective tribes had suffered an equal loss in this way. The old men of the Liapides then tendered an offer of restoring the stolen flock of sheep, but the Tsami spokesmen demurred, on the plea of the proverbial bad faith of the former clan. They therefore asked for hostages, or secu-

rity in money. None of the latter article was forthcoming, so the Liapi offered an amount of solid silver equalling thirty oke, or nearly ninety pounds weight. This was accepted as a pledge, and the one tribe had such a degree of confidence in the oath and honour of the other, that they agreed not only to leave their property in their hands, but also to disarm themselves by doing so, for the silver, which was of much greater value than the sheep, consisted in the mountings of guns and pistols, in cartouch-boxes, and in hilts of yataghans. The oaths were sworn, the silver was handed over, and the late combatants separated amicably, wishing each other lives of a thousand years. A few days later the sheep were found at sunrise quietly grazing near the Tsami village whence they had been stolen; and the silver was immediately deposited in a ruined church half-way on the road to the Liapi village. Thus terminated the feud for the present, although the feeling of hostility has very little abated, and will again burst forth in the same way at the first opportunity. The Turkish government took no notice of this affair.

Colonel Leake says of the Albanians that "they are in the constant habit of either warring upon each other, or of hiring themselves to some powerful chieftain of Albania, or of seeking their fortunes as mercenary troops in other parts of the empire. Although preserving a marked distinction from the Greeks in form and physiognomy, having light eyes and high cheek-bones, they resemble very much in character and manners the natives of the more mountainous and independent districts of Greece. They possess, perhaps, more evenness of conduct, more prudence, more fidelity to their employers, and, at the same time, more selfishness, avidity, and avarice; but there is found among them the same rigid observance of religious prejudices, the same superstitions, the same active, keen, and enterprising genius, the same hardy, patient, and laborious habits." This is certainly a portrait drawn from the life, and it is strikingly resembling, although there is one point which does not now appear to be an exact copy of the original, but the lapse of years since the picture was painted may account for the discrepancy. The valuable work from which the extract is taken was published more than thirty years ago, and then the Albanian may have been more wedded to "religious prejudices and superstitions" than he is now. It is a sad state of society for the century in which it exists, and for the geographical position of the country, which is so near the civilised nations of Europe. But, even bad as it is, it fosters many fine qualities in the Albanians, which are brought out by their adventurous life. For instance, they possess great presence of mind when exposed to danger, and in general they know not of the existence of such a feeling as the fear of death. They are strong and fine-looking men, with the exception of the Liapi tribe, and bear in their gait and carriage a consciousness of physical power and determined courage. Dr. Holland says, when landing in Epirus, "The Albanian peasant, or soldier—words which, in this country, seem to be almost synonymous—is here seen in the completeness of his national character and costume. Generally masculine in his person, having features which show him not subdued into the tameness of slavery, and with a singular stateliness of his walk and carriage, the manner of his dress adds to these peculiarities, and renders the whole figure more striking and picturesque than any other with which I am acquainted."

They are devoted and obedient to their chiefs, whom they love, and

follow from generation to generation. A species of hereditary and feudal aristocracy thus exists, and its power among themselves is unlimited. The title of these nobles is that of Bey, which originates with the Albanians. Many of this people know no language but their own; and those who can speak Greek are easily recognised by their strong guttural accent. Their conduct to their women is one of the worst traits in their character; they marry, as they would buy a donkey, not to enjoy conjugal happiness, but to have their firewood carried home, and to have their provisions conveyed to and from the nearest market. They are constantly to be seen on the road, riding the horse whose load has been transferred to the back of the master's wife; and the poor creature, bent nearly double as she creeps slowly along, is perhaps knitting a stocking for her husband all the time. This has been remarked by most of those who have visited the country; and Dr. Hughes thus describes the state of the Albanian women: "They are in general too poor to avail themselves of the licence which their religion grants for polygamy, but are content with one wife, who is chosen like any other animal, more for a slave or drudge than for a companion. They are by no means jealous of their women, nor do they confine them like the Turks and Greeks. The wretched creature of a wife, with one or two infants tied in a bag behind her back, cultivates the grounds and attends to the household affairs by turns, whilst her lordly master ranges over the forest in search of game, guards the flocks, or watches behind a rock with his fusil ready to aim at the unwary traveller. These women are, in general, hard-featured, with complexions rendered coarse by exposure to all varieties of weather, and with persons attenuated by constant toil and scanty fare. In some districts they meet with better treatment, and are found ready to share the dangers of war with the men, as well as the labours of agriculture." But the least expression of compassion from a stranger enrages them, for they consider their bondage honourable; and the only disgrace with them is to be without children, or to remain unmarried.

The Albanians are compared with the Highlanders of Scotland by Mr. Urquhart, and their character and habits, as well as their dress and appearance, certainly bear a strong mutual resemblance. Active and daring, hardy and frugal, they may become the finest light infantry in the world; and, in fact, the Turkish ranks are solely dependent on them for that branch of their army. They were first employed as regular soldiers in the time of the Byzantine empire, when the bands of Armatoli were formed; and the Turks were wise enough to continue this system of militia for the defence of the many defiles and mountain passes of continental Greece. They had also the responsible protection of all the roads when brigandage was rife; and although the travellers in general suffered robbery equally frequently, yet a strict superior officer could make the system efficacious. A chief functionary under the Turks commanded them, with the title of Dervendji Bashi, from the Persian word *derben*, or pass; and it was this post which commenced the extraordinary career of Ali Pasha of Jannina. He made the Armatoli so efficient as road-guards that highway robbery was effectually put a stop to. One of his expedients to intimidate by example was to cut off the hands and feet of all the brigands whom he captured, and to leave them on the most frequented roads to die of hunger and the effects of their mutilation. So appalling an example did not, as it is said, require a

very frequent repetition, for in a short time the roads became as secure to travellers as those of the most civilised countries; and a man might have walked in perfect safety, with his purse in his hand, from one end of the province to the other. The terror of Ali's name alone was an invisible *egis* to protect him.

Besides the three great families of Turks, Greeks, and Albanians, there are to be found, in the Greek provinces of European Turkey, two other tribes, equally distinct from these and from each other, though infinitely less numerous. These are the Bulgarians and the Vlachs.

The Bulgarians are a race of Slavonian origin, and are supposed by some to have been a tribe of the Huns. Their physical appearance is totally different from that of the Greeks and Albanians. More powerful in form, they are of a heavy build, while their features are coarser, and devoid of the acute and intelligent expression which is so remarkable in the Greek and even in the Albanian physiognomy. The Bulgarians are brave but cruel, strong workmen, but brutal in their habits and manners; and the best and most advantageous of their characteristics is their aptness for country labour. They are, in fact, the best agriculturists of European Turkey; diligent husbandmen, they have consequently spread their colonies partly over Thrace, and partially even in Macedonia; although in the middle ages they had extended them over the greatest part of what is called now European Turkey.

The Bulgarians crossed the Danube before the reign of Justinian, and kept constantly pouring down from the vast plains of Poland, Lithuania, and Russia, during the sixth century; and they continued gradually gaining ground in the fine countries of Macedonia and Illyria, until the fall of the Byzantine empire. Their relations with the emperors were those of peace when it was purchased by the latter, or of hostilities generally successful on their part; and they consequently overran a large part of the empire. They made a permanent alliance in the year 360 with Michael III., which stipulated by treaty their conversion to Christianity; and, on the other hand, the grant to them of a tract of hilly country around Mount Rhodope, to which they gave the name of Zayora, still extant. In the tenth century they are said by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenetus to have occupied even the Peloponnesus, and he dates their possession of it from the time of the Emperor Constantine Copronymus, in the eighth century. The epitomiser of Strabo, who wrote in the time of Basil Bulgaroctonus, that is about the year 1000, goes further, and gives the whole of Greece to the Bulgarians, whom he calls Scythian Slavonians. They established their capital at Achris or Achrida, the ancient Lychnides; and their chief, by name Peter, was dignified by the title of king by the Emperor Romanus, who gave him also his granddaughter in marriage. When this town was destroyed by Basil II. at the opening of the eleventh century, a treasure was found by him there amounting to the weight of 10,000 pounds in gold. The Bulgarians had driven the Albanians back to the more mountainous tracts of country, but the destruction of their capital, Achris, enabled the latter to gain head again, and it is then that they appear on the page of history as acting a conspicuous part. The Bulgarians, however, recovered their power before another century had elapsed, and they extended to the southernmost parts of Epirus. Cedrenus records, in confirmation of this, that they had even taken possession of

Nicopolis. They formed an alliance with the Vlachs in the year 1186, and rebelled together against the Greek empire; they succeeded in founding another kingdom, of which Turnovo was the capital.

The Bulgarians have fallen very much in power, although they have not become incorporated with any of the other portions of the population of European Turkey. They still remain a distinct people, and they occupy different parts of Macedonia, Illyria, and even Thessaly, where they devote themselves solely to agriculture. Many places which were formerly possessed by them have fallen to the share of the Greeks and Albanians; and the Bulgarians have left traces of their occupation, in the names of these towns, by adding the Slavonian terminations *ovo*, *avo*, *ista*, *itza*, or *itzi*.

Their language is a corrupt Slavonian dialect, and their religion is that of the Eastern Christian Church, although some of them have espoused the Mahometan faith. Rude and ignorant, they still seem to retain the same habits which they possessed before their descent from the forests of Russia and Poland; and, with their kinsmen the Servians, Bosniacs, and Croatians, they form a family totally distinct from the Greeks and Albanians.

The Vlachs are chiefly migratory shepherds, originally from Wallachia, but now to be found all over Turkey in Europe, and even in free Greece. They possess large flocks, which they move from the hills to the plains, and *vice versâ*, according to the season; living on the produce of these, they attempt no species of agriculture or settlement in general. They still hold, however, several towns and villages, which were taken by them in their first incursions. Well armed and courageous, they are ready to protect their lives and property, but it is rare that they act on the offensive or become Klephti. The celebrated Catz Antoni was an exception, however, to this statement; and the Greek revolution also roused them to take a part in it. The Vlachs of the town are good artisans, and the best goldsmiths are of this tribe; they make the silver yataghan-hilts and mounting of fire-arms, which the Greeks and Albanians are so fond of investing their money in; and their rough cloaks, called *cappa* or *capotes*, are made by them, forming an article of extensive manufacture and exportation.

The Wallachians of Greece, or Vlachs, are first mentioned in history about the eleventh and twelfth centuries: they are noticed by the travelling Jew Benjamin of Tudela, by Anna Comnena, and by Nicetas, in the thirteenth century; and the latter author states that their settlements were on Mount Hæmus. Towards the end of the twelfth century, when they joined the Bulgarians in their revolt against the weak Emperor Isaac Angelus, they contributed so greatly to the foundation of the second Bulgarian kingdom, that two of their own chiefs, Peter and Asan, were the first of its kings. In the year 1205, under their third king, John, they were instrumental in an eminent degree towards the gaining of the great battle of Adrianople, by the total defeat of the Franks, which led to the dethronement of Baldwin, Emperor of Byzantium, and his subsequent death in captivity. When their power was greatest, in the end of the twelfth century, a part of the province of Macedonia, with several forts, was successfully held by Chrysus, one of their chiefs, against the utmost endeavours of the Emperor Alexius Angelus to take them. Anna Comnena next represents them as being, in her time,

exactly as they are now, a wandering hardy race of shepherds. Nicetas calls them cruel, and relates the havoc which they made in Thrace during the reigns of the Emperor Andronicus Comnenus, Isaac Angelus, Alexius Angelus, and Baldwin. He says that they had not yet been converted to Christianity, and this historian wrote about the year 1200. But the Vlacho-Bulgarian kingdom was for a time attached to the see of Rome by Pope Innocent III., therefore their conversion must be ascribed to some date in that interval. The correspondence on this subject with the Archbishop of Zagorei alludes to the Italian origin of the Vlachs, and it seems to have been admitted by all the Byzantine historians that they were the remains of the Roman colonies planted by Trajan in Dacia and Moesia. Chalcocondylas notices the Vlachs, in the fifteenth century, as extending from Dacia to Mount Pindus; and their principal town in the present day is Metzovo, situated on that great mountain range.

These are nearly all the data which have been handed down with regard to this people, which still exists in the identical state described by the writers of the Lower Empire. Their language appears not to be a Slavonian dialect, as some have said, but it contains so many words of Latin derivation that a western origin must be assigned to it in preference to a northern one. It is a singular fact that the Vlachs call themselves, in their own patois, Romans. Their total number in the provinces of European Turkey is supposed to exceed half a million; and, during the Greek revolution, they furnished at least ten thousand armed men, under Zongas. This leader was formerly the protopalicar, or lieutenant, of their famous chief Catz Antoni, who was put to death in the most cruel manner by Ali Pasha, for numberless acts of brigandage. Zongas and his Vlachs were the executioners of the unfortunate Gardikisles, whom Ali immolated to his thirst for revenge.

Some inhabitants of this ill-fated town had outraged the mother and sister of the "Albanian Leopard" about forty years before. On her deathbed the old woman obliged her two children to swear that they would inflict a bloody vengeance for her insulted honour; and Ali kept his vow. The whole population of the place was drawn by him into an ambuscade, where 730 of them were massacred, and the rest, who had settled or were born at Gardiki after the insult, were sent to Prevesa to be embarked as slaves. Ali was stirred on by the malignant vindictiveness of his sister, who left him neither rest nor quiet until the bloody deed was done. She herself perpetrated the most unheard-of cruelties on the persons of the women of Gardiki, and she had a mattress made of the hair of her victims, on which she slept ever after. Many of the inhabitants, who had been inveigled into the town of Jannina under various pretences, were seized and thrown into the lake on the same day; and the place where the others were murdered was built up when they were all dead, and the bodies were left unburied. Ali had a stone tablet placed over the principal entrance, now closed for ever, with an inscription in modern Greek, recording the facts, and containing the words, "Thus perish all the enemies of Ali." He fired the first shot himself as he sat in his carriage at the gate. Several of the principal Gardikiotes having been absent at the time of these events, he found means of laying hold of them subsequently, when he put them to death, and sent their bodies to rot in the same court-yard with those of their countrymen. The destruction of Gardiki, a town of 6000 inhabitants, which was condemned never to be

occupied again, took place in the year 1812; and it was a monument of private vengeance, unparalleled in history, ancient or modern.

The Ghegh and Mirdite Albanians were intended to have been the executioners, but they obstinately and nobly refused; the Vlachs were then called upon to fire, and Zongas, having been but lately pardoned with his followers for previous misdeeds as Klephti, thought that it would be unsafe to decline. The usual headsmen in European Turkey are chosen from among gipsies, who possess skill in this as well as many other professions of doubtful respectability.

There are a great many gipsies in these provinces, where they are called Tshingaries, probably a corruption of the Italian word Zingari. Several villages on the coast between Alessio and Durazzo are inhabited exclusively by these strangers; and in the large towns they are also to be found in considerable numbers. They do not mix, however, with the Greek and Albanian inhabitants, but they establish themselves in the suburbs. The town in which they are most numerous is Jannina, where there are at least 2000 of them, and Premiti is also one of their favourite resorts. Besides that of public executioners, they exercise the trade of blacksmiths and tinkers, and they also tell fortunes here, as in the other countries of Europe. Constantly on the wing, they wander from town to town, and even their settlements are often handed over to new comers of the same race. They are easily recognised by their swarthy colour and filthy habits; and, despised and maltreated by all classes, more than in other countries, it is only surprising that they are to be found in such numbers in Turkey.

There are also a great many Jews in Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, but more especially in the capital of the former province, where there is a large community of them of Spanish descent. They are to be found, however, wherever there is a possibility of gaining money; and the small courts of the pashas offer peculiar facilities to them, from the monetary transactions which are imperative in a country without a paper currency. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu gives them perhaps more than was their due, by saying that "every pasha has his Jew, who is his *homme d'affaires*; he is let into all his secrets, and does all his business. They are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters of all the great men." They are to be found, however, in great numbers, and everywhere they seem to earn their bread, while some enrich themselves.

Such is the motley population of European Turkey, and such the elements of the future destinies of these provinces. That they may be happy, it will only require the care and consideration of statesmen, enlightened by the laudable wish to improve them, while certain misery, such as they now endure, and possibly violent convulsions in their political state, await them, if matters are allowed to remain as they are. They are turbulent and impatient of control, lawless and dissatisfied, and ardently desirous of a change in their relative position towards the Greeks and the Turks.

CHAPTER X.

UNSETTLED CONDITION OF THE TURKISH PROVINCES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enjoyment of the first essential elements of agricultural prosperity, the scanty population of the Greek provinces of

the Turkish empire is the most indigent and degraded that exists in Europe. Were this country administered by its government under principles of common justice, or even were it placed under the protection of a foreign power aware of its value, the surprising luxuriance of vegetation which it now displays could not fail in proving an earnest of future wealth and welfare. Thessaly in particular possesses sources of prosperity which might render it conspicuous among the most favoured countries, if made available by freedom from oppression. In its present state, however, every effort of improvement is paralysed; and the people languish in supineness and misery, although they are surrounded by the natural means of plenty. Where life itself is so unsafe, security of property cannot be looked for; every man lives in fear even of his friends and relatives, so that society may be said to be at war with itself; and even from childhood all are accustomed to carry arms for self-defence. The declaration of Plutarch, that "it is impossible to obtain repose in Thessaly unless you are buried there," has proved indeed prophetic. Those few who may have succeeded in amassing more than is necessary for mere sustenance dare not indulge in the enjoyment of a less frugal and abstemious fare than that of the more needy, because their relative positions would at once be changed, and the person robbed of his surplus wealth might be also deprived of his life along with it. The Turkish local governments never fail to amerce any apparent superiority of personal circumstances in their point-blank interpretation of the idea of an income-tax; so that in order to escape robbery and persecution the rich must affect poverty, according to the system followed by the Jews in many countries.

It is observed with great truth by Mr. Mac Farlane, an old resident in the East, in his late clever work on Italy—"What had we seen in Turkey? A population in rags and misery, villages unroofed and abandoned, towns which I had seen well peopled twenty years ago falling into rapid decay—crazy wooden houses, wretched hovels, tottering to their fall because their occupants were afraid to repair them, lest such an improvement should be taken by the government authorities and the blood-sucking tax-gatherers as evidence of increasing prosperity, of which the least suspicion entails an increase of taxation. We had seen and carefully examined, during eleven months, a country going headlong to ruin under real tyranny and unlimited corruption; we were familiar with all the symptoms of national ruin; and what to most people must be a mere figure of rhetoric was to us a stern reality—a demonstrated problem—a bare fact."

Yet this melancholy position of the peasantry of one of the finest countries in the world is continued in a forced state of existence by the policy of the most civilised nations of Europe. England, above all, who freely gave millions sterling, and braved more than one declaration of war, for the sake of the abolition of slavery, pitied the comparatively happy West Indian negroes, while she manoeuvres and diplomatises in order to perpetuate this system of horrors by preserving and upholding Turkish despotism, which, without her support, would speedily fall to pieces, to the liberation and blessing of her extensive slave population. Is England justified, it may be asked, in becoming an accomplice in the nefarious proceedings of that government towards its Greek and Albanian subjects?

The population of Thessaly is not mingled, as that of Epirus and Western Macedonia is, with Albanians, or as that of Eastern Macedonia is,

though in a far less degree, with Bulgarians. For in Thessaly the Greek race is comparatively pure ; and if any descendants of the ancient Greeks are still extant, it is in Thessaly where they will be found, which is an interesting fact, as the Thessalians of antiquity were the fathers of civilisation and the arts. This remarkable people has now reached the nadir of its fortunes, and nothing can be conceived more abject and wretched than its present condition. A few villages on the right bank of the Peneus form the only exception to this statement, where a unique example is to be found of a somewhat cordial feeling between Greek and Turk, living in amity together and tilling the land in peace. These peasants are a tall, handsome race, mild and docile in their disposition, and hospitable and polite in their manners, in these respects offering a singular contrast to the Albanians and Greeks of Epirus. The only trait in which they assimilate is their vanity, chiefly displayed in love of dress ; and not unfrequently are the savings of a poor family lavished on an embroidered jacket. The influence of the fertile and beautiful country which they inhabit seems to be felt even by the colonies from Iconium, who abstain from all hostile feeling towards the Greeks. The infidel and the Christian form a friendly brotherhood ; and without any species of religious fanaticism, or national aversion, they join amicably in the genial occupations of husbandry. But this is a single and solitary instance, and the numbers of the peasants are so diminutive, that no conclusion favourable to the general *statu quo* can be drawn from it ; on the contrary, it is a datum against the present institutions ; for it proves that, were the relative positions of Greek and Turk in every rank and walk of life as analogous as they are here, the two races might equally well live together without enmity. The cause of the exception is simply that the evils of unequal privileges felt elsewhere are unfelt here ; and consequently, were they everywhere removed, the result would probably be the same as that produced on the banks of the Peneus.

The inhabitants of the vast plains of Thessaly are, for the most part, of a soft and indolent disposition ; prosperity is desired by them only that it may enable them to enjoy more luxury ; but if they are less warlike they are more easily civilised than the wild and hardy mountaineers of Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa. Whether they live, however, on the high or low lands, the Thessalians have an universal predilection for some important branches of farming, such as the rearing of live stock, the care of beehives and silkworms. These are favourable symptoms of a semi-barbarous people, and they are the means of bringing them to a better state. The population of Thessaly was led to expect, in the year 1830, by the wily insinuations of the secret agents of Russia, whose emissaries are at work almost everywhere in the East, the frontier to be given to Greece by the conference of the three protecting powers held in London should include their province, and a promise was widely spread among them, that, if the Greek armed bands abstained from supporting the Turkish government against the Albanian beys, then in open rebellion, their boundary should be the river Verdar, near Saloniki.

The troubled and distracted state of these provinces was thus continued, because a coalition alone could put a stop to it, by overwhelming the Albanians ; and the Greeks were disposed to act against them, in order to keep the peace at a moment so critical for them, and with the view also of thus raising themselves in the opinion of Europe. Most unex-

pectedly to them, therefore, when the frontier was fixed, Thessaly was found excluded. The thorn in the sultan's side was thus kept rankling, even after the settlement of the Greek question, and the seeds of future revolt were sown. This was the subtle policy of Russia, conducted by their able and accomplished emissary, Count John Capo d'Istria, afterwards president of Greece until a king was named.

The plains of Thessaly were capable of supporting a much larger population than what now exists, but they lie in so desolate and waste a condition that Turkey in Europe could not hold together in its present state, were it not backed by Asia Minor. The difference of religion, race, and language among the inhabitants, when prevented by their political condition from providing their own sustenance, would long since have caused their separation, had not the Moslem power in Europe been supported by its great dominions in Asia. For the whole of the Ottoman empire is four times as large as European Turkey, and it was considerably greater in proportion when Turkey was at the zenith of her fortunes, and possessed also Hungary, Transylvania, the Crimea, Bessarabia, Georgia, and Shirvan.

The monarch of this vast empire, the young Abdul Medjid, is the most absolute despot of the present age; his will is law, and more especially so on account of the annihilation of the Janissaries by his father Mahmoud. The Padishah Islam, or Emperor of Mahometanism, is the usual title given to the sultan by his Moslem subjects; but he bears among them likewise a more characteristic appellation, which is Hunkiar, or man-slayer; and the Greeks call him "Sultan Kassape," or king butcher. The sultan is permitted by law, according to the Turkish casuists, to put fourteen persons to death daily, without any reason being asked of him, or any reproach of tyranny being made to him. The submissive resignation with which the Mussulman resigns his life when the fatal bowstring is sent to him, is owing, not only to individual helplessness beneath overwhelming power, but also to the promises of the subsequent recompence due to martyrdom, which their religion holds out, if death is received without resistance to the order of the Imam ul Muslemim, or pontiff of the Mussulmen, which is another of the sultan's titles.

The Koran is the law of the land, it is true; but the Koran thus makes the sultan's will the law. Next to the padishah in the political hierarchy of Turkey come the pashas, who govern the provinces on the same principal as their master rules the realm and themselves. The title of pasha is formed of two Persian words, "pa" and "shah," meaning viceroy; and their pashaliks, or provinces, are composed of so many "sandjacs," literally, banners. These are administered by kaimakans, or beys, whose title has been adopted from the Albanians, and is supposed to be the root of the word baron, of European languages, having passed through the intermediate form of beys.

These governors follow also the same system of extortion from inferiors, and bribery with superiors; that is, they bully the rayahs, and fawn on the pashas. Their sandjacs, or districts, are subdivided into "tiamets," and "timars" or sabres, which terms are applied according to the size of sections, the former being the greater. This species of manor is governed by an aga or effendi, who is its lord; and still the descending scale of rank and power offers no variety in the use which is made of them. The

dignities of these functionaries are indicated by the number of horse-tails which are carried before those of the higher ranks, and by the banners distinguishing the others. Thus the bey has but one horse-tail; the pasha two; and the vizier three. But pashas who are in particular favour, or have succeeded in making themselves dreaded by the sultan without losing their heads, often receive the third tail, and assume the title of vizier, although they still remain at the head of a pashalik, as in the case of Ali Pasha of Jannina.

The title of pasha has, moreover, sometimes been made hereditary, and this distinction, for instance, was conferred on the family of Kara Osman Oglu, of Magnesia, in Asia Minor.

The existence of many villages of the finest alluvial soil, teeming with wild vegetation, and the habitations of the peasants, which are often of wicker-work only thatched with leaves, like rude baskets, speaks volumes against the system of administration of its present rulers. It requires but a cursory glance in Albania to stamp the nature of the government in the observer's mind; for misery, in the midst of the elements of plenty, can only be traced to the grossest defects and vices in the constitution of the state.

The inhabitants of these Christian provinces of Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia, have surely strong claims on the sympathies of Europe, possessed as they were by Greeks before the limited portion of their race was rendered free, for whose freedom they had equally struggled, but have been denied the boon secured to others, and that the smaller portion. They have the right of the husbandman who has sown, but who has not been permitted to reap; and this is a stronger claim for compassion and help than that so much hackneyed before and during the war of independence, of their being the descendants of the ancient Hellenic race, which savours more of romance than of reality. It is the claim of the soil and not of the race, as it is proved that the great majority of the inhabitants of European Turkey and Greece have not much reason to boast of their origin, and that they possess in fact, with exceptions, very little affinity to the heroic race whose names still shed a blaze of glory over the land which contains their ashes, and whose history will be venerable to the latest posterity. But even were the question of genealogy admitted, it would not give the Greeks a right to inheritance, any more than the Welsh could claim England as a birthright in consideration of their descent from the ancient Britons. Although, therefore, the feelings of the classical scholar may be enlisted in the cause which drives the barbarian from the country where Miltiades, Leonidas, Cimon, and Themistocles lived, and where the language they spoke is still the vernacular tongue, yet the real claim of the modern Greeks is only that of an oppressed and enslaved people. These provinces, however, may urge both the pseudo and genuine right, and also a third, which the Greeks now free never possessed. Their soil is not less classical; their language among the Greeks is not less that lasting monument of past greatness which has outlived the younger dialect of Rome, surviving all the political revolutions of thirty centuries; their descent from the ancient Greeks is more probable, especially in Thessaly; their condition under the Turks not less lamentable; and over and above, they may add that they ran the same race as the inhabitants of the liberated provinces did, and they have been prevented from reaching the goal. Not only have lives and fortunes been lost in the war of independence, and not only do widows and orphans

still exist who have thereby been reduced to helpless destitution, but also whole communities are actually labouring now to pay off debts which were incurred for the freedom of Greece. They considered themselves as belonging to Greece, and contributed accordingly; and now, when unjustly deprived of the privileges of freedom, they are left to liquidate as they can the burdens assumed by them for the general cause of the Greeks.

Several of the communities who had thus involved themselves in considerable debts must have speedily yielded to insolvency but for the depreciation of coin that took place. And although in Turkey the payment of any interest whatever is positively illegal, the greatest portion of these embarrassments has been accumulated by usury, the original capital also being in general the produce of speculation. An aga or *cadi*, for instance, having obtained employment, sets to work by every contrivance to extort whatever he can from the people; exasperation ensues, they rebel, money is wanted, and the Turkish functionary, secure in his confidence in the sultan's and prophet's star, provides the pecuniary means wanted to carry on the revolt, taking special care that the bond collectively guaranteed by the municipality shall state a much larger sum than that which he advances. Funds were thus raised by the heads of families, and the peaceable portion of the inhabitants, under some plausible pretext, but in reality to aid and support the *palicari* or fighting members of the community, who were in arms against the Turks; while the money actually forthcoming by these means, of which the bond represents perhaps the double, was also what the borrowers had been previously deprived of by extortion. After the desperate struggle of several years, the war ceases, and the protecting powers of Europe take the successful rebels, as the Turks call them, under their protection; joy and gratitude animate the population of these interesting provinces; but, alas! the boundary of the free state is fixed so as most preposterously to exclude the great bulk of the combatants from its privileges, and they are thrown back on their re-enslaved country, with their families decimated, their fortunes ruined, and a burden of debt to weigh them to the dust. This deed of cruelty was perpetrated without any attempt to mitigate the infliction upon these unfortunate people, which at the very least they were entitled in common justice to expect. A clause no doubt was added to the protocol, prohibiting vindictive vexations on the part of the Turks; it has been by them, however, overlooked, and the constant remonstrances and complaints of the unhappy sufferers remain to this day unheard.

Where the relative positions of two nations occupying the same soil are such as to drive the one into open war against the other, the pacification of the country by an intervening arbiter without altering the reciprocal condition of those who remain in contact with each other, is tantamount to the sanction of the social compact which previously existed. England put an end to the Greek revolution raised by the oppression of the Turks; she left the inhabitants of three important and extensive provinces in the same position as *rayahs* to the Turks, for liberation from which they had fought so long and so successfully, thus giving her sanction and ratification to that great injustice. This exclusion of the northern provinces of Greece from the independent kingdom was little consistent with the conduct of England in the case of Parga; for there at least the property of the inhabitants who wished to escape Turkish oppression by quitting the country was cared for, and a friendly reception secured to those voluntary exiles in another state. That transaction was made the handle of

much undeserved vituperation, because only one power, that of England, was concerned in it; here, however, where the three strongest cabinets of Europe were combined in the sacrifice of an unfortunate people, little was said about it, and the victims were left to their fate. But it may be advanced that, in attenuation of this grave act of injustice, hopes were founded on the future career of the Greek kingdom, and that, when other events became gradually matured, the injured provinces might find a reparation for their wrongs in being associated with it. Had the conduct of the Greek government and nation answered the expectations of the western cabinets, an increase of King Otho's dominions might have been made to Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia. These hopes have, however, been frustrated, and it only remains to confer on them now the blessings of political freedom, effective religious tolerance, and security from internal oppression and wrong, without attempting to alter their relative position towards the sultan. The alternative, if they are not speedily granted, will be a revolution, and that would very seriously complicate the general aspect of affairs at present.

On the subject of the claims of the Greeks, it is observed by Dr. Hughes that "they should excite interest in a nation whose constitution breathes so much the spirit of ancient liberty, and whose youth imbibes no inconsiderable portion of its generous sentiments from the inimitable authors of ancient Greece. Independently of all adventitious circumstances, there never was a people that presented a stronger claim to the sympathy and commiseration of the world than the modern Greeks, whose case is without a parallel in the annals of history. Ages of degrading despotism under the Byzantine emperors had extinguished all the fire of their national character, and rendered them an easy prey to the first invader whom their beautiful country, decorated like a victim for the sacrifice, should invite. He came in the fanatic Mussulman, irresistible in his onset like the ocean wave. Every prince in Christendom began to tremble for his crown, whilst the enervated arm of Greece, instead of opposing a barrier to his progress, fell paralysed beneath his sweeping scymetar. Other nations may have seen their fertile plains overwhelmed by barbarians, and subjected to lawless sway; yet in the progress of years all feuds have been forgotten in a peaceable union between the victors and the vanquished. But who, like the Greeks, ever lay for so many ages crushed beneath the weight which first oppressed them, without solace, without hope? Again: their tyrants indeed at last became formidable only to their slaves, their military ardour evaporated with their religious enthusiasm, and their glory existed only in the memory of their ancient exploits;" but, "barbarians stained with inhuman vices, and persecutors of the Christian faith, were allowed to depopulate whole districts of the finest country upon earth, to massacre their inhabitants by thousands, to load them with every indignity and insult, till they fled for refuge within the pale of Mahometanism, while Christian kings and governors looked on with apathy or content, and Christian people stigmatised the very idea of their liberation with impolicy or injustice, crying out with one accord that the Greeks were unfit for liberty. The Greeks, however, by their heroic efforts and determined perseverance, have shown that they are not unfit for liberty, though their moral character may not stand so high as that of some other nations."

These spirited lines were written before the Greek revolution, but they are still more applicable to the Turkish provinces of the present day than

they were to those which now form the Greek kingdom, because the former have in addition gone through the fiery ordeal of the war of independence, and have undergone nineteen years more of slavery since it ceased. Let it not be answered that the name of Greece roused sympathies which exist not for Albania, and that enlightened Europe was the well-wisher of the Greeks in giving them freedom, whereas the Albanians, Illyrians, Bulgarians, and Vlachs of Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia, may be treated with indifference. No: these provinces are as much Greece as the present free kingdom is; in proportion to the population, there are as many Greeks in them as in it; and there are comparatively as many of the other tribes in liberated Hellas as in the Turkish provinces. On these grounds their claims are equal, but the latter country has many more, which the kingdom of Greece had not then, and never will have, however much they may have been neglected by the cabinets of Europe.

Such was the policy of England also, as well as of the other powers, and during ten years after Greece was established as a kingdom this system was followed by her; but then her views were changed, and for four years a different line of conduct was adopted towards Turkey. No sudden or abrupt alteration was visible; but since her representative at Constantinople is no longer the ardent admirer of Turkish institutions as was his predecessor in office, a more salutary and justifiable tendency has prevailed and pervaded the relations between England and Turkey.

Intelligence from Constantinople bears that "the sultan appears to have entirely thrown off the yoke, and to be decided to think and act for himself in re-organising the state—a change which many attribute to the counsels of the British ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, who is certainly at present in great favour." In the pernicious results of her previous conduct England has much to answer for; but under the more enlightened diplomacy of her present representative, if seconded by sound policy at home, respect for the English name might be again restored.

CHAPTER XI.

PROBABLE CHANGES IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

THERE WAS a period when the indications of a sudden precipitation of the fate of Turkey gained a degree of consistency which almost implied certainty. But the storm blew over, and left a signal proof how mistaken were the notions which prevailed in Western Europe with regard to the intentions of Russia. It has been the constant cry of some politicians that the czar would speedily supplant the sultan, and that he was only waiting for a plausible opportunity of establishing himself at Constantinople. But the contrary is the case; for when the Russian army crossed the Balkan under General Diebitsh, a few days might have secured the consummation of the supposed purpose of the movement, had it really existed. Such an act would at that time have been sanctioned by European diplomacy, and little opposition would then have been encountered; yet peace was made, and the Russians retired. That is evidently not the mode of the sultan's eventual fall, otherwise it would have been then realised, although it seems probable that Russia may be destined at some time to overthrow the *Asiatic* Empire of the Crescent: but it may be safely deduced from past events that *European* Turkey

will not soon become a part of the Russian empire; and notwithstanding that the Empress Catherine formed the design of placing her son Constantine on the Byzantine throne, the Russian court of the present day have no immediate views of the kind. More than thirty years have elapsed—years pregnant with progress and political experience—since Russia last showed a similar intention by sending a fleet of thirty sail to join the small English squadron going to the Dardanelles, instead of her stipulated contingent of six line-of-battle ships. The British Admiral, Sir John Duckworth, saved Turkey on that occasion, by not waiting for the Russian commanding officer, Admiral Siniavin, who was then stationed at Corfu, when he heard of his equipping so large a force; and great must have been the astonishment of the latter when he met the English ships returning from Constantinople, having completely outmanœuvred him.

The peace of Tilsit soon put a stop to the circumstances which then tempted the Emperor Alexander; and for the present Turkey has little to fear from that quarter in the way of open or rapid encroachments. The great and rising power of the Muscovites may at some future time carry civilisation into the benighted regions of Asia; and the Mahometan superstition may ultimately fall before the conquering arms of some yet unborn czar; for it can never be uprooted there, where no united population exists, without the political dominion of Christianity, so intimately connected is the belief in the prophet as a religion with his civil institutions as a social system. But before such events can be thought of Russia must herself be perfectly and universally civilised.

The year 1811 was an epoch which promised fair to see the fall of the empire of the Ottomans in Europe. The Ionian Islands and Dalmatia, which are the external keys of European Turkey, and points for attack totally unprotected, were then in the hands of the French. Napoleon Bonaparte was believed to have projects of invasion also in this quarter, but the Russian expedition diverted his attention in time to save the sultan, so that this storm also blew over and left him.

Austria, if circumstances permitted and justified her doing so, might also be a likely enough aggressor, as no power could gain an acquisition of territory in this quarter which would be more valuable to it than Austria; for independently of any idea of conquest on a great scale, the greatest benefit would arise to her from even a small increase of territory on that side. To Russia, Varna and Constantinople may be tempting baits, with the view of establishing her predominant sway in the Black Sea, but they are no objects of absolute necessity to her, as Bosnia and Servia are to Austria. Mistress of the Adriatic, she extends her grasp down its eastern coast as far as Cattaro, but Dalmatia is a mere stripe of territory, which is cut off from the country which formerly supported it; and if it were backed by the inland provinces it would be rendered doubly as valuable.

Again: Austria is anxious to form a navy; she possesses ports and arsenals at Trieste, Pola, Fiume, Zara, Ragusa, and Cattaro; her German states provide her with cordage and iron-work, but she has little or no ship-timber where it admits of being easily conveyed to the sea, while the forests of Servia and Bosnia afford an ample supply, and are perfectly accessible. In short, an addition to the territory of Austria, which would increase her province of Dalmatia to the proportions of the old Servian empire, would be an invaluable acquisition to her. On this frontier Turkey possesses no military defences; and a line of separation

might be drawn by Austria from Cattaro to the point where Hungary touches Servia without danger or difficulty. But it is evident that the future fate of Macedonia, Epirus, and Thessaly, will be little influenced by any act of this government, since so neighbouring and feasible an acquisition as Bosnia is not even attempted by it, whatever opportunities occur. A triangle, two sides of which are actually now encompassed by Austria, would by this encroachment be added to the empire of the Cæsars, and materially enhance their power.

The kingdom of Greece might also attempt an invasion of Turkey; such ideas have frequently been mooted at Athens, and, indeed, it is said that a secret society does exist there for the express purpose of making a Quixotic rush to the frontiers, and taking Turkey by storm. But, in the first place, the population of the Turkish provinces would not consent to any association with the free Greek; and, secondly, the internal state of the liberated country will in no respect justify any such project, neither would the great powers of Europe permit its attempt. The note delivered to King Otho by Russia, recognising his constitutional government, leaves no possibility of a doubt on this subject, as it concludes with an equivocal declaration that no increase of territory whatever will be allowed to the kingdom of Greece.

Another alternative for the slave provinces would be to rise themselves against the Turks, as the Greek kingdom did, or rather as they did for the Greek kingdom; but here also European diplomacy would interpose, as the great powers have often declared that they will not sanction any dismemberment of the Turkish empire, and that they will support its territorial integrity. The fate of the insurrection of Crete, a few years ago, will also tend to deter the provinces of Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, from making similar attempts.

Besides an appropriation by the Russians, Austrians, or free Greeks, and besides a revolt of the Christian provinces, another destiny of Turkey in Europe might be brought about by a general convention of the great powers to put a stop to the vices and anomalies of the government of the Turks by driving them back into Asia, which would be no more than doing now what was attempted, but without success, a few centuries ago. The abolition of the slave trade, with the consequent questions of the right of search and others, was not a less chivalrous display of humanity than this would be; and yet political inconsistency is sometimes so great, that the very power which accomplished the one was principally instrumental in continuing the evils which call for the other. The wars among civilised and enlightened nations, which, more than once, these questions have threatened on occasion, would have also been an infinitely greater evil than a justifiable and easy struggle with Turkey. The battle of Navarino, which was only called "an untoward event," was not a more extraordinary international act than this would be; and the provinces might be raised to the rank of federal independent or tributary states, governed by natives, as Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia are, and Constantinople might then be rendered a protected free city, like Frankfort-on-the-Maine, allowing equal commercial rights to all nations; while the island of Crete might be given to Great Britain in lieu of the Ionian Islands, which might be incorporated with the respective contiguous states. But this is a bright vision—a wild dream, which stands small chance of ever being realised, and certainly not at present.

Such speculations prove nothing, for the ulterior fate of Turkey is a political problem which time alone can solve; and if we may judge by

present appearances, a considerable period will elapse before it is brought to any solution. But, supposing that Turkey in Europe should remain as to territory and population in its actual state, can no internal change be devised to better the condition of the latter? and if its Christian provinces are to continue under its rule, is there no organisation practicable by which the suffering condition of its inhabitants can be mitigated?

It is difficult to find an answer to the question, Why a small minority of the subjects of the sultan should be suffered to oppress a great majority? Moreover, the Osmanlis constituting this minority are his least valuable subjects. The warlike Albanians are better soldiers in time of war, and the trading and agricultural Greeks are more useful citizens during peace. Why, then, should the inferior class of the population continue to exercise supremacy, and enjoy greater privileges than those who are in truth their superiors?

As no registration or census of Turkish subjects exists, all calculation of the population must be wholly conjectural; and writers on this subject consequently differ materially on the numbers they assign to the empire. The amount most approximate to truth may be obtained by taking the mean of these estimates, and an average of the conflicting statements.

The Greeks of European Turkey may therefore be said to number a population of 1,250,000, and there exist 5,500,000 of Albanians, Bosnians, Servians, and Bulgarians, who belong to the Christian Greek Church. There are at least 600,000 Jews, gipsies, and Franks in Turkey in Europe, and 800,000 Albanians, converts to Mahometanism. The whole population, exclusive of Moldavia and Wallachia, being estimated at 10,500,000, there remain only 2,350,000 Osmanlis; so that the country is oppressed by a portion of its people amounting to less than one-fourth part of the whole. The remaining three-fourths of the population are thus sacrificed to the privileges and supremacy of the few, and actually comprise near the whole of the productive power of the country, supporting the indolent and lordly Turk, who produces comparatively nothing. Trade, manufactures, navigation, agriculture, and industry of every description, are in general confined to the Christian portion, while their Moslem masters remain a dead weight on the resources of the country. And the proportion in numbers between these two great classes is, that the former, comprehending the Greeks, Bosnians, Servians, most of the Bulgarians, and half of the Albanians, doubles the latter, which includes the Mussulman half of the Albanians with the Osmanli; so that two-thirds of the population work for the remaining third, which is wallowing in wealth, rolling in luxury, monopolising all that falls within its grasp, and consuming in idleness and sloth what the needy natives produce.

It is estimated that one-half of the territorial productions of the provinces is swallowed up in taxes, the maintenance of the priesthood and the troops; and that two-thirds of the other half are absorbed by the Turkish proprietors. So that, between the government and the landlords, the share of the cultivator is reduced to one-sixth part of what he grows. At the same time, it ought to be borne in mind that the right of property, which is vested in the Turks, is for the most part, privately as well as politically, that of usurpation; for, as I have already stated, there are but few instances of their having bought land from the Greeks. Such a state of affairs is preposterous; and it only requires a candid and dispassionate examination in order to carry conviction along with it, for

the evil is self-evident—but what is the remedy? Cautiously-granted independence or foreign occupation might accomplish the object; but these are both improbable events. Let an internal cure be therefore effected. If the two classes of the inhabitants of European Turkey are obliged to continue on the same soil, there is but one mode of bringing so unnatural a state of their reciprocal relations to a just level; and that is, a remodelling on an equitable footing of the whole body politic. Then would the energies of the Greeks and Albanians enjoy a full scope, and the indolence of the Turk be forced into activity. Their mutual rights would be respected, and both rendered happier. These beautiful provinces would become a constituent part of the great European edifice, instead of offering the desolate picture of unimproved advantages which revolts every stranger visiting the country. It is the sun of political regeneration which is alone wanting to the Memnon now silent: if it rises above the horizon, and attains meridian height, the image will again emit its pristine harmony. Let perfect religious tolerance, emancipation of the oppressed, and equality of citizenship be introduced; let all share in the right of occupying the highest offices of the state, both civil and military; let an impartial code of laws be rigidly enforced, with an equitable system of general taxation: the Greeks and Albanians would then live as prosperously under a sultan as under any Christian king.

It would then be evident to demonstration that the infidel portion of the population is in every respect the less valuable of the two, and due justice would be done by the sovereign, whoever he might be, to his best subjects. We have here an object which surely deserves to occupy the attention of statesmen and the most able efforts of diplomacy; and its attainment, moreover, would be less difficult than the *prima facie* consideration of it suggests to be. The Divan well knows the vices of its political institutions, and, as a government, amply appreciates its own weakness. It is fully aware of the rottenness within, and the yielding to the irresistible remonstrances of powerful allies is a dignified mode of introducing an advantageous internal change.

It may be objected that, if the scheme is fraught with such self-evident benefit; it might be carried out without foreign intervention; but though there exist in Turkey many enlightened statesmen, who have been able to appreciate the blessings of a better government when they have been on missions to the West of Europe, yet even at Constantinople there is a conservative party, which is a powerful one, and, being headed by the fanatic Ullema, it is violent in the extreme. The opposition which was made to the innovations of the Sultans Selim and Mahmoud is a proof of this; but at the same time the effectuation of these has advanced the country in the great path of progress. The organisation of regular troops, the celebrated Nizam Djedid, and the destruction of the Janissaries, with many other changes, have paved the way for some such pacific revolution as that now proposed. Political reforms have been introduced; but although almost any change must be an improvement in a state which has been plunged for centuries in lethargy and backwardness, still it is to be regretted that a better pattern had not been selected for imitation. The Turkish law forbids the learning foreign languages, and this has given rise to the system of dragomans or interpreters; but now many distinguished Turks speak French with fluency, and their knowledge of the language, together with the most unbounded admiration of the institutions of France, has led them into several grave errors. One of the Turkish statesmen, Reschid Pasha, especially, has been bitten with this "Gallo-

mania;" but however much France may value her own laws, customs, and government, as suitable to her individual purposes and the exigences of her present circumstances, she certainly does not in this respect offer a picture either worthy or capable of being copied with advantage by the Turks.

In Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia, the want of equal liberty enjoyed by all classes in their respective positions produces misery : in France, on the contrary, the tendency of the revolutionary party, which is dignified with the appellation of the *parti du progrès*, is to equalise the relative positions of all classes. This equality of condition is the French cry, and not that of liberty in every condition, be it high or be it low; and their revolution was got up merely to level ranks and dethrone the aristocracy. Equality, and not freedom, is *their* ideal; but Turkey is essentially an aristocratic country, and the separation of ranks is there inextinguishable; but the higher of these oppress the lower, and that is the point to be remedied. Instead, therefore, of endeavouring to confer social liberty and personal freedom on the latter to an equal degree with those enjoyed by the former, but without raising the grade of the one, or lowering that of the other, which is the way to cure the evil, the adaptation of French principles to Turkish politics madly attacks the former in its superiority of relative position only. However erroneous and pernicious these views of the Ottoman innovators may be, still it is as well that some change is attempted; and this is the time to give a more salutary direction to the movement.

The progress which has hitherto been made consists more in words and documents than in deeds, but that is an additional reason for helping out the execution of the promises which have been volunteered. The Divan, having committed itself by proclaiming re-organisation, cannot retract when called upon to put it into effect, and the fact of its not having yet been realised allows the possibility of its being better done. In the mean time, the intentions seem to be good, and it only remains for those who have the power to aid their development.

There are political optimists of the Pangloss school who are perfectly satisfied with matters as they stand in the East, and these will possibly treat the idea of equalising the freedom of the population of European Turkey as a paradox. Some of these fireside statesmen have taken a fancy to Turkish institutions in general as something new to them. They blindly adopt the opinions of Mr. Urquhart, and make a wholesale application of them to details, which his thorough knowledge of the country prevented his contemplating as being possible to confound. But were they to visit the west bank of the Peneus they would be convinced of their error; the idea is there fully realised. It is on a small scale, it is true, but the more it is extended the easier it will become, for then it will be based on the solid foundation of universal and impartial law. Let it not be supposed, however, as I stated above, that the instance here adduced proves the possibility of the amalgamation of the Turks and Greeks without any previous change of their social relations. It is, on the contrary, precisely because the difference of their respective positions is not felt, that they live peaceably together, as has been already stated. The equality of freedom is realised in this case; occupied with the same species of labour, and enjoying similar fruits of it, the Greek is in no way inferior to the Turk. If, then, the same degree of equality could be established between them in the other ranks of society and walks of life, it would certainly produce the same result.

The existence of the Turkish empire in Europe is said to be necessary in order to preserve the balance of power. If this be true, Turkey would be the more useful when possessing internal resources, because she would then not only cease to be a source of expense to the countries interested in her preservation, but she would also offer the advantages of increased commercial interchange. Costly expeditions to drive back a revolted pasha into his province would no longer be necessary, as in the campaign of Syria, which ended in the taking of Acre; and the reviving prosperity of the country would create wants which can only be supplied by the markets of great manufacturing nations. Turkey would no longer trouble her allies with the care of her internal tranquillity, and she would become a more extensive trader with them. If, then, the equilibrium of European states requires the preservation of Turkey, let them at least have the advantage of supporting a country which is not troublesome to them, but useful in a more immediate and palpable manner. They would likewise have the credit of conferring welfare at the same time on a people deserving of it, and who possess every element of future prosperity.

Let the cabinets of the West force on the sultan some such measures as those proposed, in like manner as they have forced constitutions on other kingdoms, and it might perhaps be the most happy experiment of the kind which has yet been made, resulting also in positive advantage to themselves. A powerful state in place of the now crumbling Ottoman empire would be a political benefit to them, whilst the rise of trade and agriculture would be a commercial one. It is superfluous to expatiate on the cause of humanity and other hackneyed cries, for here *bonâ-fide* profits would accrue to all parties. On these grounds may the argument rest; it requires no aid from the specious jargon of political sentimentalism.

SONGS OF THE MONTH.

APRIL.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

APRIL, with thy gentle showers,
Bring us buds, and bring us flowers;
Bid the yellow crocus bloom,
Bid the violet scent the room;
Bid the daisy deck the lawn,
Like a star at early dawn;
Everything that's young and fair,
On this green earth, let us share!

April, with thy smiles and tears,
Rain and sunshine, hopes and fears,
Joyous as a lover's brow,
Smiling first, as clouded now!
April, like the dawn of love,
Beaming on us from above,
As in sunshine dry thy showers,
May our hopes survive *thy* flowers!

LITERATURE AND THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

BY HERBERT BYNG HALL.

"Every man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might still endeavour to produce something for the benefit or use of society, remembering that an insect furnishes by its labour materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings."

I COULD have desired that a less feeble pen than mine had been employed to say a few words on a subject which offers a wide field for consideration and support; a subject to every thinking man, alike, of enthusiasm and delight; literature, as the friend to all mankind—universal industry, the surest way to peace and plenty.

The consort of England's sovereign has led the way in which many, the first in public station, wealth, and intellect, have joined to promote the great proposed exhibition, for the success of which, even at this early hour, all men of all nations must look with hope and approval, and from which England may in years soon to come feel unexampled pride and immeasurable commercial advantage.

The humble mechanic who now works at the loom; the ill-paid, suffering struggler of the garret, labouring yet scarcely living; the artist, galled by want and penury, and humiliated by unrealised ambition; the humblest as the highest genius, if gifted by God with powers of mind, may still hope that one ray of the sunshine of prosperity may fall on the gloomy aspect of his life; and that henceforth, inspired by emulation, he may be permitted to contend with the world at large, and take that station which intellect in whatever form ought to give him among his fellow-men: nay more, if he possesses mechanical invention, or other powers of art, display that art before the world as his own, claim it as his own, and receive that just reward from a grateful nation which hitherto has been hid from the light of day, or caused only power, and wealth, and honour to accrue to those who may have found the means to pay—alas, how niggardly!—for the work of hands and heads, who by honest labour have used high gifts to enrich ignorance and ease.

Henceforth those who bring their actual products before the world's eye, and succeed in distinguishing themselves by the skill and invention which have produced them, will, I should fain hope, be men whose names will become justly respected over the whole world, as remarkable for carrying into effect objects which are the most useful to all mankind; and if such be their character, their fame ought to be commensurate with that of other benefactors of mankind, and be ranked with those to whom the proudest memorials have been erected; yet will such distinctions be granted to him who invents, or him who pays for the invention?

The enlightened people of England will doubtless hail this great exhibition—to become, I should hope, periodical—with more than common pride and grateful feelings towards the illustrious prince who first proposed, as to those who have so nobly come forward to promote, its foundation; and the call which has already been so generously responded to by our sovereign queen and her royal consort, will soon be followed—and how heartily in proportion to their means, as a few brief months will illustrate—by all who have their country and the benefit of their fellow-

men at heart. From east to west, from the north as from the south, how many a struggling, yet clever artisan, will hail the ray of sunshine which casts a gleam of hope on his energies and labours, and will strive by the midnight lamp, as by the light of day, to add his mite in the balance of the great national power of inventive industry. Man will vie with man, country against country, art compete with art, in all its intricate forms and imaginations, to produce the most approved and useful works of the mind's suggestion. The looms of England, Ireland, and Scotland, will send forth their handiwork, to lay side by side in honest competition with those of France and Italy. No pattern will be too intricate, no design too difficult, for the pencil of genius to trace, the chisel to carve, or the press to yield. Gorgeous colours, subdued by refined taste, will be mingled in exquisite relief to the beholders. The finest glass will stand side by side in rivalry with the potter's clay; the engraving on the one not equalling in beauty the modelling of the other. China from Worcestershire and Staffordshire will bear inspection, if not win the prize from that of Dresden; and the artist's pencil will trace on the snow-white surface pictures which could scarcely be surpassed on canvas, copied from the great masters; flowers and fruit, landscapes, and designs from living animals, will be carved from the hardest wood, true to their study—nature, which will be equal to, if not surpass the works of Gibbon. Ireland's damasks and linen, with their varied and beautiful impressions, will claim the merit of elegance and durability with those from Germany. No living thing which crawls on the earth, or flies in the air, but will be there represented, formed by the work of men's hands. No invention tending to the advantage of mankind, none wanting to the luxury of the rich, as I would fain hope for the comfort of the poor, but will be there exhibited, and receive the full meed of its merit. All men, whatever be their calling in this great nation of shopkeepers, as we have been not unjustly termed, will be stimulated to use their powers, such as they may be, to excel, or surpass, or equal his neighbours at home and abroad, in the race of universal knowledge and inventive art; and few will deny that this labouring of nations together in one great cause of civilisation will tend to sheathe the sword of those who have drawn it in anger, while it knits firmer in bonds of confidence, friendship, universal prosperity and peace, those of different languages and religion already firmly allied. Few nations, I question, but will feel pride in wresting the prize from a kingdom in any line of art hitherto unrivalled as a commercial country, and coming to the same capital to exhibit the best of their intellect and inventive produce. We shall end, in bringing our products to one universal market, the world, with *equal rights* and *profits*, in rivalry of trade, which will then, and only then, make us truly free.

It is a great and happy idea—the proposed Exhibition of 1851: greater still will it be to those who live to witness it in 1861; for I cannot believe the first will be the last. Even the schoolboy requires emulation to raise him to the top of his class; even college honours. Noble efforts of the mind are often light enough in their effects, as regards the honour to him who gains them, in after-life, as often awarded to him who aspires to them only through unerring application; while the man born a genius fails from the want of it. To determine is often to win; yet, alas! what avails it to him who wants the opportunity, though he possess all the requisite powers to mount the ladder of life's ambition. But now, if I

surmise aright the intention of the commissioners empowered by the crown to direct this glorious exhibition of industry, art has at least a fair field; commercial enterprise and national industry a high excitement. Each man may count, and may count securely, on the labours of his mind; not solely him who pays in coin of the realm for the model as the execution; not the man who born to wealth can purchase mental or manual talent, and having done so advocates the invention as his own; and, thus enriched, leaves the actual source from which more riches emanate still to slave on in poverty.

Will it be the merchant who offers to the world, or the labourer who has made for the world, the magnificent products of the world to be shown before the world, who is to reap the reward of genius? This will be a question which, if I mistake not, the working classes will look on with just anxiety and jealousy; yet, offering such an opinion, I should be blind indeed to all that is desirable did I not freely admit that capital is the great wheel which keeps in motion all the works of this great mercantile nation. But, alas! gold may be possessed by the weakest mind, and the most uninventive brain that ever walked and lived; still is it capital, and capital alone, which moves all commercial machinery, as is it the sinews of war—in vulgar terms—for truly it makes the mare to go; and the more, the faster, and the longer it can purchase the genius, the intellect, the invention, the time, the labour of others; without this power it is of less avail to the possessor than the sand on the desert, for if the one be the great wheel, the other is the axis which turns and directs the whole machinery, and more—converts hundreds into thousands, and thousands into tens of thousands. I will give one single instance of what I fain would hope, and which I am assured will be the plan advocated by the commissioners of this most beneficial undertaking, as it must assuredly prove to be to the artisan as the artist. I will suppose Mr. L. S., the son of Mr. S., to have succeeded his father as a great manufacturer, be it of what class it may it is of little importance. With certain theoretical knowledge of the line of commerce he has selected, he commences with sufficient capital, inherited; enough that he aspires to be a merchant. He learns bookkeeping, and, as I said before, the theory of his art; these are all his acquirements. Had he been a man of genius, or even common ability, it is probable that he would have sought some practicable knowledge of his calling, and have pursued with eagerness the spirit of his art, until such time as he could have fairly claimed the reward and merit of all that emanates from his firm. Not a bit of it: such a man is contented periodically to balance his books, leaving to other heads and hands to work out the advantages which accrue in tenfold measure to him, while they receive bare consideration. He reads in the paper that his house has produced some exquisite specimen of art, and he sits down contentedly to his claret, while the mind which designed, and the hand which executed, is still labouring. I by no means presume to assert that such is a general case; far from it. There are many master-merchants and heads of artistical firms, who have actually sat before the loom, handled their chisel, moulded the clay, and wrought the iron; but the cases are distinct, not general; in fact, out of a hundred whose assumed productions will be forthcoming to meet the scrutinising and admiring gaze of the multitude at this anticipated exhibition of all nations, this will not be the case. Hitherto, in fact, it would simply be said—this chaste work of

art, that elaborate invention, this splendid piece of embroidery, that exquisite candelabrum, are productions from the several manufactories or shops of so many well-known fashionable firms of the metropolis or elsewhere. We may now hope to him alone will be awarded the merit, praise, and advantages, either pecuniary or otherwise, whose genius has invented the work of art, and whose manual labours have actually produced it.

It has been said of a legislator—and all thanks be to him wherein thanks are due, for I desire to cavil at no man's success in life, though I may be disposed to differ greatly in the right he has to claim it—that by his exertions, and by his untiring zeal, the great boon of free trade was won for the people of England, and, great as it may be, as sooner or later will appear, I must assert that if such was really the fact, that this peaceful legislator did win the battle single-handed, as some do positively declare; it is equally certain that he has been tolerably well paid for his services in good coin of the realm. On calm consideration, however, I imagine there are few but must affirm, that if his voice has been loudly heard in support of the merits of free trade, he has merely gathered in the harvest or re-ploughed the field again, which far more gifted men had sown and harrowed. Is Lord Grey forgotten? Had Colonel Thompson and Mr. Villiers no share in securing the passing of this act? Yet it cannot equally be said of them that they have had even the slightest share of this golden harvest, or even the gleanings of the field. Some may, nay, have, I believe, declared, that they left the plough standing in the field with which he finished the husbandry work, then cast in the grain, and at length gathered in the fruits which he distributed for the welfare of mankind; and here is an instance of undeserved merit as a whole claiming all the reward, while those who proposed, designed, modelled, and, I may add, executed, are left in the background. Mr. Cobden and free trade are as much united, in the speech at least of all men, as is Mr. Hudson and railways. It is not for me to point to the evil effects of the one case, or the various evils of the other, inasmuch as we are too prone to judge men from their errors rather than by their virtues.

This gorgeous silk, that graceful and various tinted shawl—the one from Howell and James's, the other from Everington's—are laid before the eyes of a thousand eager admirers; nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand go their way, commenting and expatiating on their beauties, and praising their elaborate elegance and exquisite workmanship, and highly commending those whose wealth or capital has enabled them to offer such articles of refined luxury to the public gaze, as to admire them on the persons of those who have means to possess them. Not a thought, however, not a care is vouchsafed to the artisan who has laboured to produce such treasures, or is one word of grateful praise bestowed on the designer or the workman. No; from the shops I have named, or any others, they are said to have come; what more is required? Not a single syllable is uttered of where obtained—by whom produced? Suffice, that they are to be purchased by money and worn for the admiring world. And so is it from the beginning to the end of the chapter. The very shirts we wear, the coats, the boots, the hats; the very bread of life by which we are sustained; one and all are the products of hard-working, ill-requited, unremitting, struggling labour; yet not a jot of gratitude is

produced in our hearts; that they have toiled and slaved, while we, perchance, have slept calmly on a bed of down, or enjoyed the frivolous pleasures of life. We look on and wonder; remunerate the master-tailor or the master-baker, and there ends the sum total of our thought. I would venture to hope that in this great Exhibition of all Nations, the poor artisan may have the benefit of his head or handiwork: still I am not wild enough to suppose that without a master-mind to direct, and gold to carry out, that these our humble but no less valuable fellow-creatures could sustain the rigour or support the calls of life as even do they; far better, indeed, for many that they should labour on honestly and industriously in their natural sphere, with a certain knowledge of the exact benefit they receive each week, and thus with frugal economy support their families, than to be called to a higher one; for, without funds or capital, not one in a thousand would ever succeed individually in the long run; yet, if genius be found among the multitude, it is no reason that individual merit should not reap a rich and well-deserved reward; and I would feign hope and believe, that among the exhibitors there will be found many whose productions, known through this medium as their own, will take their station far higher among men than has hitherto been the case; at all events, labour, agricultural as well as mechanical, will be more fairly and more justly remunerated, while genius and art is acknowledged and rewarded. The recent admirable letters which have appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* have given the world a picture, painfully painted from the life, of the struggles of the working class. God help the poor, say I, and turn the hearts of those who live at home at ease to look more practically and feel more sensitively for those by the work of whose hands they are daily enabled to enjoy all the luxuries, and procure all the conveniences, all the comforts that man's most eager search after wealth and novelty can supply. The Exhibition of 1851 will do much, or serve, to effect the position of the manual labour and mechanical industry. I by no means venture to assert that charity of the most bountiful nature does not dwell in the hearts and emanate from the pockets of Englishmen; so far from it, in the whole world there is no nation whose people are ever so ready to listen to the cry of want by the giving of alms, or whose hearts are so open to compassion to their poorer brethren, but they give their mite at the time nobly and liberally, and then forget the evil they have participated to relieve. A thousand pounds from the abundance of him who has tens of thousands, as the shilling from him who owns but few, expended in the building of a church to God's glory, or the erecting a monument to public merit, are, in their degrees, well bestowed, and figure vastly well in the columns of a newspaper. But the charity of a nation at large, well organised, well directed, and well controlled, is alone the mighty blessing to the poor which, with God's assistance, can reach the suffering wants of the multitude; come from whatever tributary stream it may, it still mixes with the great river of charity which flows on for the benefit of mankind, and which ever will be, from its abundance, one of the most brilliant gems in the diadem of this pre-eminently favoured nation; and although not ostensibly a charitable institution, the Exhibition of Arts of all Nations will, in its effects, in the highest sense of the word, tend to that object productively.

If memory fail me not, on the passing of the Reform Bill, the city of Bristol offered to the public an exhibition which, if equalled, has never

been surpassed in any other commercial town in the kingdom—the trades passed in procession through the most extensive thoroughfares, bearing emblems of their respective callings and manufactories, as beautiful in their construction as valuable in example and emulation. Again, in 1848, when the port became free by Act of Parliament—and great was the consequent delight of those whose minds were convinced of the benefits likely to be derived therefrom to their ancient city—it so chanced that I had arrived from the neighbouring city, Bath, to pay a visit to a friend in the recently so-termed beautiful “village of Clifton;” finding a vast multitude in the most spacious thoroughfares, I directed my steps to a lower portion of the city, in order to free myself from the crowd; every yard I passed, however, for this purpose, was precisely that which entailed on me a contrary result, yet, fortunately, it afforded me a morning’s gratification which I should, indeed, have regretted to have lost—a procession, headed by the mayor, and accompanied by the members and magistrates of the city, was composed of all the Trades’ Unions, each union bearing conspicuously a beautiful model, or specimen, of their trade. Nothing could exceed the beauty, art, and elaborate workmanship of many, indeed most, of these actual toys; and herein the poor artisan shone conspicuously, for many of them exhibited individual models of science and genius formed from first to last by their own labour. Their masters, for ought I know to the contrary, might have walked in that procession, and gloried in the unanimous praise bestowed on the exhibition; yet I question but that few among them could, in their individual capacity, produce anything but the gold which paid so sparingly for such genius. Many exhibitions will doubtless go from that great city, and if the firm of Messrs. — send but a kettle, such as that in which I beheld a living lad carried on men’s shoulders, this will not be the least production, if it be the least elegant, which will there be exhibited; indeed, a gratifying and an interesting sight was that exhibition in Bristol of 1848: a unit in a thousand to that we may expect in the metropolis of England in 1851; but, after all, it is units such as these which make up the sum total of universal enlightenment.

And now, rejoicing as all men must rejoice, who rejoice at all in the prosperity and welfare of this great country, I hail the season which is to enable man, mentally and physically, to produce and advance art and science to the highest perfection attainable by means of industry, and find his reward in the nobly proposed Exhibition of 1851. I will take leave, as connected with its public advantages, to turn to the subject of literature.

The art of painting has met with some encouragement in England; true, only so in comparison with other nations; yet the taste is increasing slowly though surely, yet beneficially for those who struggle to rise to fame, or fortune, or to life by the pencil as by the imagination. We have a National Exhibition and an Exhibition of Water Colours, and other national advantages, and recently a private individual has added great treasures to the nation’s picture gallery. All these public exhibitions tend to encourage the talent and raise the name of the artist, by making it familiar through Europe and protected at home; but these are not all the honours and distinctions which have been justly awarded to artistical merit, and those born beneath the humble roof have died ennobled in right of their genius. Moreover, I conclude even the art of painting will not be

entirely excluded from the Exhibition of all Nations. Agriculture, also, has of late years been extensively improved by art and emulation. The agricultural exhibitions which have taken place throughout the kingdom, both as regards implements or live stock, have had the effect of producing a proper spirit of rivalry, which tends far to improve the whole state of the country.

The art of war has justly earned, how justly, ducal coronets; noble deeds of genius in the field have secured wealth and the world's applause. The mind which has led armies to conquer and subdued nations, has been ennobled, and received honours and rewards with equal justice. How many of our great naval heroes have risen from the quarter-deck to stand by right of station beside the throne? The genius of the law equally mounts the ladder of fame and fortune, while the genius of the divinity school aspires to the mitre: all grades, all arts and sciences are rewarded. Save literature, no man living, or dead, that I wot of in this country, ever attained the peer's robe or an estate through the genius literature. Manufactories have now a prince's cloak thrown over them; in fact, agriculture and commerce, commerce and agriculture, which ought to be inseparable friends as the nation's first and most powerful allies, go, or ought to go, side by side in the race of rivalry against all nations, and by so doing they will outstrip the world.

But what of literature? What benefit, if any, have authors to expect from this great exhibition, save the cheering knowledge that it will benefit their fellow-labourers, agricultural and mechanical. What rewards what excitement to great works,—what honours, what national rewards have literary men ever received since printing was invented, actually for their literary labours?

The immortal bard who now lives after two centuries in the hearts of all men, as he will do to the world's end—the man whose writings ease and soothe the aching heart, and cheer the wounded spirit—the man whose genius makes the cheerful hour more cheerful, and many a sad one light—he who alike has delighted the crowned head as the schoolboy in the hour of relaxation, had a monument raised to his memory, as if his writings were not an everlasting monument to mankind, and as he lived so he died, the greatest as one of the poorest genius of the world; and but yesterday, when a nation was called on to produce some few thousands to purchase so precious a national relict as the house wherein he was born, though still in daily enjoyment of the rich mental food he has secured to them, it was with difficulty obtained, though tenfold the sum could be produced in an hour in order to prove to the half-civilised Pasha of Egypt the knowledge that our English race-horse is the most fleet and lasting in the world! But why dwell on such facts? The author of the "Deserted Village," one of the most simple yet charming efforts of genius, died in actual poverty. What of him who compiled a dictionary of our language; what of hundreds far superior? But to come to more modern times. The friendship of a prince, more than the admiration of a nation, obtained a baronetcy for Scott. When called upon to raise a few thousands to secure that home of his happier hours which crowds hasten to visit solely on account of the genius who loved that which he had made, it could not be raised; and Scotland, for which country he did more good than all the arts and sciences in the world could effect, have raised a paltry monument in memory to this great man, who died broken-hearted in a foreign land! Have, may I be permitted to ask, any

of the leading authors of the present day—Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, James, Dickens, Ainsworth, and numerous others, all in their several grades men of high genius and intellectual powers, ever been rewarded by the nation solely on account of their literary labours? No!

Many may say—probably will assert, and do maintain—that genius meets with its own reward, if not by fame and public honour, still by pecuniary remuneration. So far as wealth is concerned, in some respects this may be true. But, alas! how few, how very, very few, among those who exert their mental energies to the utmost—if not for the actual benefit of mankind, still as affording unceasing amusement for the passing hour of the multitude—receive even the wages of their industry. Indeed, massive would be the volume that could unfold the tale of bitterness and heart-throbbings occasioned by authorship. A name justly and surely gained by genius unquestionably carries weight in proportion—weight in the market of literature—if gratified by public approbation. Yet how uncertain, how insecure, how little merited at times, this slender reed on which to rest the fame of mental slavery! Fastidiousness, fashion, a craving for novelty, or the fancy of the passing hour, may bring unlooked-for rewards, as, in like manner, every trade has its chance of golden returns. But what the labour of the body compared with the toils of the mind? An artist may produce a wonderful picture; he receives the price of his genius; his name goes forth to the world—is honoured in all lands; and the price of his art—the least his labours vouchsafe to him—is duly awarded. His fame may live for ages; but with the artist's life the art is lost to mankind. The products of his genius and labour remain to the few who had the power of obtaining them; but he dies, and the world is deprived of his powers; he can paint no more. It is far otherwise as regards literature. A book may lay claim to the most humble pretensions; yet, if published at all, it will have some merit, and that merit, however meagre in its nature, nevertheless conveys some gratification to thousands. If it be a work of real genius and interest, it remains a lasting record of ages, of the author's mind, as of lasting benefit to the world. The author dies, but the labours of his pen live for ever and for all; still to be perused, still to afford intellectual delight, still to convey interest from generation to generation. The very pangs of bodily anguish are often blunted by means of the mind's deep occupation in some absorbing intellectual pursuit. The tediousness of convalescence, and the enforced captivity occasioned by delicacy of health, are every day seen to be cheered and beguiled by the charms of letters. Often, indeed, physical infirmities are actually caused and enhanced by the want of such resources, and not only among those who have been debarred in early life from the blessings of education, but also among those who have allowed themselves to become so entirely engrossed in daily avocations and manual tasks as to have entirely neglected the cultivation of a taste for study. Not unfrequently, indeed, we see strong, active, practical minds cut off from what has been the main object of their lives, unable to find employment in the sick room, consuming themselves with their own burning energies. What consolation would they find in books! And yet how vain to suggest to them to read. They reply—"We have all through life been used to men and things; we care little for books. Action is the breath of our existence; speculation, research, and meditation—of which no action is born—unto us is barren and unprofitable." They care to read only of that world from which they are shut out by

physical malady, thus creating that which is worse—mental disease. Were such men to seek at such time refuge in books, what their consolation and reward! Happily, the daily press is now rich in every variety of information and intellectual taste. Therefore, even those who read no other book but the daily book of the world's proceedings, may gain something. But literature—delightful, all-absorbing, intellectual cheerer of youth and age, wealth and poverty, sickness and health, sorrow and gladness—untiring companion in solitude, cheering to the mourner as to him absent from home and friends—welcome companion even amid the calls of society—brightest diamond in wealth which God has granted to erring man—a resource which not all the gold of California can sufficiently pay for! The world need scarcely be told that literature stands first and foremost in all tending to the welfare of mankind as to their happiness. And yet, what the amount of genius slaving by the midnight lamp as throughout the long day, for want of some timely helping hand to bring its valuable mental stores before that world where successful speculation and wealth, gained by vice, or what is vulgarly termed luck, is received with open arms! What slavery! Genius is consigned to an early grave, broken-hearted and depressed, unheeded and unknown.

Hundreds—nay, thousands—are there whose works issue from the press, securing much public eulogy, and affording both interest and advantage to the reading community, and probably remuneration to the publisher, while the mind that has produced that interest, as the hand that has written, the one worn down by want and disappointment, the other paralysed by the want of those resources gathered only by the dealer in the designs his brain has executed. All mechanical genius, all clever handiwork, all skilful execution as regards works of art, meet with some reward; and the great Exhibition of 1851 will act, or I am greatly deceived, as an all-powerful lever, to raise the value of man's inventive ingenuity to a still higher balance in the world's market. But what of books?—what of literature? A limited number of men, possessing first-rate genius—probably a larger number of fortunate writers, or men who have hit on some subject of public interest, or fashionable writers, or men with a fashionable name—take the lead in public favour as in remuneration—in fact, reap all the harvest which many have contributed to sow—not always on a rock; and to them be all just merit accorded as all due praise.

But these, and these alone, obtain the honour as the money and the name, and the majority of writers sink unheeded into, and are lost in the estimation of the public. In fact, many and many highly clever and useful works, the result, probably, of days' and nights' unremitting labour, are never published at all, while those of a far inferior grade, through patronage, influence, or some momentary public taste—for there is influence and patronage required even as regards literature, and advertisements, with puffs without end, to be paid for, before a work can take its place side by side with those which fill the shelves of the great bibliothetic museums of the metropolis.

As I commenced so I conclude, with an expression of regret that an abler pen had not been used to advocate the great cause of literature. Trifling, however, as are my comments on the subject, I am bold enough to hope that, amid other overwhelming duties, the supporters of literature and mental labour will still find a moment to advocate the cause, either through their Sovereign, before Parliament, or the nation, to obtain for those whose labours are devoted—and how great are they!—for the benefit of

their fellow-men, beyond the mere pittance placed in the hands of government to soothe the careworn pangs of poverty of those who have slaved, yet slaved unsuccessfully.

The Exhibition of 1851—truly a princely undertaking!—will be freely acknowledged by the nation; and for art, science, and commerce, it will be as a brilliant sun, cheering onwards to emulation and industry. But not a ray of that sun will find its way through the darkened mist which surrounds the homes of thousands who labour, oft-times most meritoriously, to contribute their offerings in the field of letters. At all events, an occasional distinction granted to men who so slave for the benefit of their fellow-men, will raise the name of author in his own as in the world's estimation, when even his works have failed to do so, though they write for the prize which all may aspire to.

Those who stand on the high places of the earth scarcely understand what real necessity, what actual suffering, means. They dream not what it is to a noble mind to be obliged, like the worms, to crawl upon the earth for nourishment, because it has not strength to endure famine. Life moves around them with so much grace and splendour and beauty; they drink of life's sweet wine, and dance in a cheering intoxication; they find nothing within them which can enable them to understand the real sufferings of the poor; and it therefore comes a thousandfold more gracefully when the highest in the land go hand in hand in one benevolent cause for the benefit of mankind. And while few men will deny that our illustrious prince is ever ready, by the influence of his high station as by contributions from his means, to support and sustain all institutions of charity worthy of consideration, they will now, with one voice, admit that he has taken on himself a duty which will secure to him the affections of all classes in this mighty nation, as the undying fame of historical association.

H E S T E R S O M E R S E T.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

CHAPTER X.

EARLY TRAITS—"HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER."

LEAVING our heroine, Hester, and her father in the oak drawing-room of Brookland Hall, we must quietly proceed to a spot about two miles distant. There, in a small field, a lad, who might be thirteen years of age, was sitting on a bank. He was attired in a little blue smock-frock; a black leather cap, its only adornment being a button in front, covered his head; his stockings were of coarse worsted, saved from the disfigurement of holes through the compassion of sundry darns; while his heavy unpolished shoes were tied with thongs, and full of hob-nails.

Nevertheless, the countenance of the boy was remarkable, and, looking on it, you entirely forgot the meanness of his habiliments. There was a boldness in the profile, and a pride, a resolution, expressed in every glance he gave, totally at variance with the usual characteristics of the peasant's child. The forehead was high and large, the nose aquiline, the chin beautifully rounded; the features altogether were singularly marked, as well as prematurely developed; but the expression, which otherwise

had been hard and stern, was relieved by the playful dimples of the cheek, and the arch, penetrating, merry eye. His complexion was fair, but the short crisp curls which escaped from beneath his leather cap were black and glossy as jet.

And what influence could the destiny of this poor lad, with the hob-nailed shoes, exert on the fortunes of the wealthy owner of Brookland Hall? Men, short-sighted, too often ridicule the notion of the obscure and little rising over, and eclipsing, the already illustrious or great. But genius never stands still. Ambition breaks down the strong walls of conventionalism; and, so long as the world endures, some will be incessantly struggling upwards, and climbing, by all possible and never-dreamt-of steps, above the heads of their fellows.

Lewis Banks was the son of a small farmer, a poor but industrious man, a tenant of Mr. Somerset. He little resembled other children of his age; the rustics, who knew nothing of character, because the lad had no relish for the toil in which their lives were passed, considered him idle. Some, seeing him moody, absent, and thoughtful, declared him to be mad; while all agreed he was the most unpromising cub that ever tried the patience of a father. His mind had taken a peculiar turn from the time when he first heard in the village alehouse a London newspaper read by a political blacksmith, detailing the particulars of a great battle fought on the continent; from that day he thought of little else but marches, sieges, drums, banners, and all the paraphernalia of glorious war.

It appears to be pretty generally agreed, that what we usually denominate "genius," is innate, not acquired. One is said to be born with a genius for oratory; another for inditing verses; a third for painting; and a fourth for the mechanical arts. So we must conclude that our little peasant-boy came into the world with a genius for fighting, or, in other words, was designed by nature to be a successful destroyer of his species.

Lewis had been sent into his father's field to weed and "bank" potatoes. With lusty hand he plied his task for a short time; then, as the humour seized him, he turned aside, and commenced very busily raising a mound of earth. Childish and simple as the action was, his whole soul seemed absorbed in it. The mound was intended to represent a fortification, such as he had seen in pictures, and the old village veteran with the wooden leg had described to him. He raised ramparts of turf, and a central tower by means of a few stones. He drew around it with his hoe the "deep encircling moat," across which a stick laid down served for a bridge. Then erecting his hoe in the centre, he attached to it his little red neckerchief, which the breeze blew out—and this was the enemy's standard!

Lewis was now sitting on the bank, regarding with quiet complacency his finished performance. His elbow rested on his knee, and his cheek was leant on his hand. His countenance was perfectly grave, and he seemed to be intently thinking, for his lips moved at intervals, and a smile, half expressive of melancholy and half of fierce pleasure, flitted across his intelligent and beautiful face. Suddenly the boy rose, as though he had formed a resolution on which depended a matter of high importance. He drew from his pocket a piece of wood about six inches long; a hole had been drilled in it, and—the work of many an hour—it

had assumed under the plastic power of his stick-knife the form of a cannon. The same magazine, his pocket, furnished forth the ammunition, a halfpenny-worth of powder, wrapped carefully in a morsel of brown-paper.

The process of loading commenced; the cannon-shot, a marble, was duly lodged in the throat of the "engine of death." At this moment, on the farther side of the hedge, a man might have been observed cautiously stealing along: his back was bent low; an ominous frown was on his face, and a long carter's whip in his hand.

Wholly occupied by his task, Lewis steadied his cannon between two stones, and, falling on his knees in the dirt, pointed it with the gravity of a veteran artilleryman at the colour flying over his fortress. With a flint and bit of iron (the lucifer-match was then among the secrets and mysteries of earth), he struck a spark above the touch-hole. The wooden cannon exploded with a report which sounded sweeter than the burst of a hundred musical instruments, in the ears of the embryo soldier. The marble had struck the colour-staff—it fell, and the fine eyes of Lewis glittered with pleasure; while giving vent to the ardour of his bosom, he uttered a faint applauding shout.

"Holloa! you rascal!" cried a gruff voice, and the man, before alluded to, sprang over the hedge, and the next moment, with his whip raised in the air, stood before the affrighted stripling. His great brawny hand trembled with passion, and his red cheeks were puffed out with rage.

"I've found thee again, have I?" exclaimed the farmer; "thou young imp of idleness!—thou torment of thy father!—thou good-for-nothing disgrace to an honest family!—thou born to the gallows! But I'll cure thee, I warrant—I'll whip the Evil One out of thee."

Lewis, while this paternal address was being delivered, had retreated a few paces, but still, as he went slowly backwards, the incensed father followed. The lad uttered not a word in self-defence, but kept his dark expressive eyes fixed on that bloated peony face.

"And how much hast thou done of the work I set thee, sirrah?" continued the peasant, shaking his whip in a more threatening manner. "What! not one row of 'tatoes banked, nor a dozen weeds pulled up? and you've been here four mortal hours!—Now, you needn't try to run off, for I'm going to flog thee."

"I don't mean to run off," said the boy, doggedly, his fear, it was evident, having considerably subsided. "Father," he added, firmly, "I advise you not to touch me with that whip."

"And why not?" said the farmer. "Zooks! my lad, I suppose you think I'm afraid of thee—a man afraid of a child—that's a good joke, ha!" and the honest ploughman's huge sides shook with laughter.

Banks, however, was incapable of comprehending his own sensations, and as Lewis's bright eye was still riveted on his bluff face, he *did* fear the child he affected to scorn. Mind, even in such a frail tenement, exerted its never-failing influence on mere brute matter; the whip gradually lowered, and was less tightly grasped, yet the bull-dog in the man was not subdued.

"And what's here?" cried the farmer, approaching the little fortification, and with his great shoes kicking down the turf battlements. "Odsol! this is the way you spend your time, is it? The boy's cracked, quite mad, that's certain. Here's your gun, too." (Lewis, in his hurry,

had left his cannon on the ground, but he now made a plunge to secure what he valued so highly.) "No, I'm too quick for thee, this time, young rascal!" said the farmer.

Lewis had, indeed, missed it, and the luckless lad beheld his treasure—the idol thing—on the workmanship of which he had expended so much labour, in the grasp of his irritated parent. The farmer looked at it, shook his head in philosophic sorrow, and then deliberately broke it across his knee!

Lewis, for the first time, was visibly affected. He stamped his little foot in unavailing rage: and presently, as the full amount of his loss seemed to impress itself on his mind, his eyes filled with tears. Then the child spoke out boldly, resolutely, but he made no allusion to his lost cannon.

"Father, you can do nothing with me. I tell you again, I can't spend my time working in the fields. I believe I was born for something better and higher. You may laugh at me, if you please; but I cannot weed, I cannot dig, I cannot drive the horses. There is something in me, I don't know what it is, that makes me discontented with those things, and weary of them; they lead to nothing; you go on from year to year, and leave off just where you began. You work, you eat, and then, father, you die."

"I tell you, boy, you're demented, stark mad!" cried the honest farmer, staring bewildered on his son, with his mouth open.

"Perhaps I am mad. Give me a half-year's schooling; let me learn to read and write, and I will trouble you no more. You shall then have one less to provide for."

"Schooling? learn to read? what next? Are you better than your own father, I should like to know? and I can't read. Learning only makes the poor idle and rebellious. There's more evil than good in it. Thank God! I can dig, plough, and cut down a field of hay without the help of any stupid stuff they teach in schools. So, look you, my man, I shan't do you that great wrong by putting you to school. Besides, I can't afford it."

The boy's countenance assumed an expression of deep dejection, and he muttered to himself: "Can't afford it—true, true, he can't afford it." Then he seized his hoe, and looking at the farmer, said, "Father, if you will let me, I'll work now."

"But for how long? When I turn my back, I suppose, you'll be making another cannon. Ah! I can't trust thee, idle one! But there, I'll not flog thee this time, so work away, my lad; bank the 'tatoes, and root up the weeds. I hope, by teaching and patience, to make thee a sensible, industrious youth, after all."

CHAPTER XI.

A BOLD DETERMINATION—THE PRETTY PLEADER.

THE mind of the very young has always been considered a curious and an interesting study; but the problem has never been satisfactorily solved why one person, at an early age, should conceive an insatiate thirst for knowledge, or the acquisition of a certain science, while another, placed in precisely similar circumstances, appears to be dead to the higher impulses of mind, possessing neither curiosity nor ambition of any kind.

The first awakes, as it were, at a slight touch, from the torpor of mere animal existence; the last slumbers on through life, in spite, too, of every spur that may be applied to rouse him from his lethargy.

The mind of our little peasant had cast off this sleep so fatal to the myriads of his class, and had sprung into a consciousness of its power. He felt a longing for something unobtained—a burning curiosity to look behind the veil which ignorance hangs before the eyes of the spirit. At the same time, he had sufficient knowledge already (a rather rare acquisition be it said) to be convinced that he knew nothing. Still the boy prayed his father to place him under the care of the village pedagogue. The same answer was returned on all occasions—the farmer could not, or would not, “afford it.” The spirit of Lewis was irritated, but not subdued, and in order to enjoy the advantages which the schoolmaster’s reputed learning held out, he had recourse to a plan, the boldness of which, when it became known, astounded his father, and filled his rustic companions with amaze.

One fine day, having put on a clean smock-frock, and brought, by dint of hard scrubbing, to something like a polish his hob-nailed shoes, the adventurous youth set out for no less a locality than Brookland Hall. Yes, he intended to pay a visit, on his own account, to the ‘squire of the parish.

When he drew near the fine old building, with its arched, traceried windows, clock-tower, and stately portico, he thought that the man who possessed such a dwelling had no occasion to envy a king, and must, as a natural consequence, be happy. Longings, ambitions—mixed, however, with no dishonest feelings—stirred within him; fancy leaped the gulf of years, and some wandering demon or fairy seemed to whisper in his ear, “Brookland Hall shall one day be thine!” Then his large eyes sparkled, and his little heart palpitated beneath his coarse check shirt.

Nothing abashed, Lewis walked around one of the wings of the building, and entered the gravelled space in front. He well knew that if he applied to the servants at the back of the mansion they would drive him away, and this would have annihilated his hopes, as regarded his contemplated interview with Mr. Somerset. Accordingly, without hesitation, the lad approached the hall-door; his iron-shod shoes sounded on the marble steps of the Tuscan portico, his coarse frock brushed the elegant pillars, and the next instant—no, he did not raise the knocker, but he gave a smart pull at the bell. A porter opened the door—a tall man, with large rosy cheeks, and a powdered head. He looked down on the urchin who had thus dared to ring at the front of the house, with surprise too great to admit of his speaking. His brows were elevated, his eyes stared, and his cheeks were inflated.

“Please, sir,” began Lewis, pulling off his cap, “is his honour at home?”

Then the porter gained the power of speech and action, surprise giving place to indignation.

“You dirty little scoundrel! what do you want here? His honour, indeed! So, you are come to call upon the ‘squire, I suppose!” added the man, with an ironical laugh.

“Yes, I want to see him.”

“Impertinence, too, as well as audacity. If you are not gone this moment, my cane shall sound about your ears. Off! to the back of the house. If you want broken victuals, ask of the scullery maid.”

Lewis, in his turn, felt the blood rush to his forehead. He was about to make a reply, which possibly might not have improved matters, when Mr. Somerset, who had just advanced to the window of his library, caught a glimpse of the boy's figure beneath the portico. Seeing some dispute going forwards, he rang his bell, and being informed that the lad inquired for him, with his characteristic good nature he ordered the applicant to be instantly admitted.

Lewis Banks stood in the library, his cap in his hand, but his head did not hang down, nor was the peasant's awkward confusion expressed in his face; yet the assurance and firmness he manifested were those of an honest, independent heart—not the low impudence of the knave. His features, slightly flushed, were eminently beautiful, and the formation of the throat was the better displayed, inasmuch as he wore no cravat or ribbon around his neck. His little blue shirt was just turned over his rustic smock, and his jetty hair, beginning at the nape of the neck, curled naturally all around his cheeks and temples, retreating only on the summit of the forehead, where the curls were parted.

The first thing which appeared to attract the sparkling eyes of Lewis, even before the presence of the great man, was the display of books on their shelves around the room. Such a collection he had not only never beheld before, but had no idea that so great a quantity could exist. He thought, in his simplicity, that Mr. Somerset's library must contain all the learning in all the world, and he who possessed ability, as well as time, to read the books through, must needs be the most enviable and blessed among men.

Mr. Somerset leant back in his large easy chair, and as he regarded the lad before him, a smile diffused itself over his calm benevolent face. Little, however, did he divine the nature of the thoughts occupying the mind of the peasant boy, who was still gazing in a sort of dreamy trance on the book shelves.

"Well, my lad, and what do you want of me?" asked Mr. Somerset.

Lewis started, and turned his eyes towards the questioner; they drooped for a moment, and he blushed and hesitated. The natural instinct of bashfulness which the poor feel in the presence of the rich was not entirely conquered; yet in a few seconds he lifted his curly head, and spoke in a low, but unwavering voice,

"Knowing that your honour is not proud, and that you believe poor people have souls as well as the rich, I have taken courage to come to the hall."

"That's sensibly spoken of you, my little man. I am happy your father has told you that I am the peasant's friend."

"I beg your honour's pardon; father never told me that. I judge myself from your honour's acts in the parish."

Mr. Somerset stared: was it a grown man who made such a remark, or a mere child as he appeared to be of thirteen years?

"Boy, what is your name?"

"Lewis Banks."

"Ha! the son of honest Banks, who rents that bit of ground adjoining the Broadway Farm. Well, what can I do for you? what are you in want of?"

"My chief want, your honour, is to be enlightened. I'm in ignorance and total darkness. I can't read, write, or cipher. I'm a very clod of

the ground, but I don't wish to remain so. The parson has not set up any Sunday-school, and father says he's too poor to put me to Mr. Sharp's in the village. What I would ask is—"the boy drew a long breath, and continued, "I'll speak it out at once. Will your honour treat me with a half-year's schooling?"

"Upon my word, Master Lewis, you are a bold beggar," said Mr. Somerset, endeavouring to look grave.

There was a minute's pause, during which brief interval a slight rustle was heard in the far corner of the library, where stood a high painted screen. A table appeared to be pushed away, and a book dropped on the floor: then a fair young face was seen timidly peering forth, a mass of golden ringlets half hiding her cheeks and white arching neck. Presently the whole figure emerged; the girl, we scarcely need add, was Mr. Somerset's daughter.

Light as a fairy, walking over flowers, little Hester bounded up to her father's chair.

Strange was the effect produced on Lewis by that beautiful apparition. His eyes were fixed on her, but fixed in astonishment and admiration, rather than in rudeness or familiarity.

"Father," said Hester in her soft silvery voice, "do not refuse him. Let him go to the village school."

"Hey-dey, pretty pleader, and why? What is the lad to you?"

"Nothing," said Hester, hanging her head, her little cherry lip pouting; "but he's the boy who the people say is a 'genius.'"

"A genius! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Somerset good humouredly.

"He's always building castles, and making cannons and firing them; no doubt he wishes to be able to read about battles and sea-fights, so don't refuse him what he asks; pay for his schooling at Mr. Sharp's."

Hester, as she finished her petition, ventured to glance at Lewis; her look was timid and given sidelong; and as she encountered his great brilliant eyes, with the beautiful instinct of her sex felt and obeyed even at that early age, she hastily turned away her head, her young cheek flushing, and the lily even of her forehead converted to a rose. The next moment she glided softly across the room, and again disappeared behind the screen.

Lewis spoke no more, but looked on the carpet, at the cap in his hand, then at the screen: finally he cast an inquiring glance at the squire.

Mr. Somerset was not acute or suspicious enough to observe anything extraordinary in the manner of the children; nor was he sufficiently philosophical to speculate on character, or consider how secret and subtle is the magnetic chain which extends from heart to heart; how early in life its links can be forged; and how small are the incidents which sometimes point man's destiny, and colour the events of after years.

"My lad," said Mr. Somerset, as he drew a sheet of paper towards him and began to scribble upon it, "you are a smart fellow, and your father, though poor, is industrious and honest; perhaps I shall lower his rent next half year." The letter was finished and folded. "Here, take this," he added, "to the village schoolmaster, and he will give you a twelve-month's tuition on my account."

Lewis received the note, and stammered forth his thanks, his head trembling with delight, and his eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

THE EARLY LITERATURE OF SPAIN.

WERE the question asked, "What is the extent of the knowledge which we, in this country, possess of the general literature of Spain?" the answer might, we suspect, be summed up in a few words. "Don Quixote" would be named first, for Cervantes is as popular as Shakespeare or Molière; "Gil Blas"—a really Spanish novel, though written by a Frenchman—would follow; a few would cite, in addition, "Lazarillo de Tormes," "Gusman de Alfarache," and "The Visions of Quevedo;" the more classical readers would repeat the names—if they could not specify the works—of Boscan, of Garcilasso, of Calderon, and of Lope de Vega; and the lovers of romantic fiction would dwell with pleasure on "The Chronicle of the Cid," on "Amadis de Gaul"—both rendered into English by Southey—and on "Lockhart's Spanish Ballads," so recently commended to the notice of the public by the beauty of their illustrations.

A brief summary this of a literature extending over a period of nearly seven hundred years!

From this general view particular scholars are, of course, excepted. It is their province to know, and it is taken for granted that they are familiar with, all that the countries, whose literature they most affect, have produced worthy of being known. But, even here, a very special scholarship is required to give a faithful account of the wealth which lies concealed from the public gaze, and the attempt to render it has been, too frequently, unsuccessful. This, at least, has hitherto been the case with respect to Spain, diligent as have been the labours of those pioneers of general literature, the zealous, assiduous, and unflinching scholars of Germany.

From Spain herself little assistance has been derived beyond the incomplete notices of Father Andres, of Sanchez, and of Lampillas; and it is not in that direction we are to look for a perfect knowledge of the varied productions of her intellect. Nor even to Bouterwek and Sismondi, who—the former especially—entered so earnestly into the question, are we indebted for the long-desired display of those treasures whose existence our countryman Ford has on so many occasions indicated in his entertaining and instructive "Handbook." He, of all others, to whom our obligations are the greatest, is George Ticknor, an American, formerly Professor of Modern Literature in Harvard College, who, by dint of great personal research, and a prodigious amount of studious inquiry, has succeeded in compiling a "History of Spanish Literature," which leaves nothing more to be desired. Mr. Ticknor was eminently qualified for the task he undertook, as well by his familiarity with all the cognate languages of Spain, a knowledge of which was necessary to his success, as by the devotion of his time and resources in travel and long residence in the Peninsula; and his merits were recognised long since by the Academy of Madrid, who elected him a corresponding member of the department of history. That partial recognition will now, we apprehend, become universal by the publication of a work which we are inclined to think has not its exact parallel in any other language—the "*Geschichte der Osmanische Dichtkunst*," by Von Hammer Purgstall—the subject of which is poetry alone—not excepted. It is

Mr. Ticknor, therefore, whom we shall chiefly follow, in the attempt to offer a concise narrative of the least-known part of the literature of Spain; though, as occasion offers, we shall not refrain from availing ourselves of the opinions and information which his predecessors have placed within our reach.

It is characteristic of all our received notions of a country like Spain, that the earliest record of its literature should commemorate the noble deeds and warlike exploits of one in whom was exemplified the true spirit of that chivalry of which the Spaniards were so long the type for the rest of Europe. The Cid, Ruy Diaz de Bivar, worthily surnamed *El Campeador*, or the Champion, was the greatest warrior of a time fraught with the greatest danger to the country for whose deliverance he struggled; and it is but a fitting and natural tribute to his memory that a poem bearing his name should be the just illustration of the poetical genius of Spain. The Cid himself was born about the year 1040, and closed his glorious career in 1099, but how soon after the events recorded the poem which bears his name was written, there is no evidence to show. The general opinion, however, of the most learned Spanish and German critics, tends to fix the date no later than the year 1200, and in all probability it was twenty or thirty years earlier, thus giving to Spanish literature a duration, as we have already observed, of almost seven hundred years. In the course of that time it has passed through three several phases, which Mr. Ticknor rightly divides as follows:—The first, from the earliest period of the present written language to the end of the fifteenth century; the second, from the accession of the Austrian dynasty to its close, filling up the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the third, from the commencement of the Bourbon dynasty to the present time. Ballads, chronicles, romances of chivalry, and the earliest efforts of the drama, chiefly religious expositions, characterise the first period; lyrical and pastoral writing, involving a change in the structure of the national form of verse, the drama in its complete and most extended state, history, philosophy, and fiction—all, in short, that makes a nation's literature of value, mark the second; and the third treats of a decay, from which we earnestly hope, and the hope is not without a reasonable expectation of its fulfilment, that Spain may yet recover, for already those signs are manifested which indicate the intellectual as well as the material progress of that long-harassed and neglected country.

The poem of "*The Cid*," which, in its turn, laid the foundation of numberless romantic chronicles all replete with interest, was the development of the character and glory of its hero, as shown in his achievements over the Moors in the kingdoms of Saragossa and Valencia; in his triumph over his unworthy sons-in-law, the Counts of Carrion, and their disgrace before the King and Cortes; and finally, in the second marriage of his two daughters with the Infantes of Navarre and Arragon. The earlier actions of the Cid in avenging his father's wrongs afterwards on the Count of Gormaz, and in espousing his enemy's daughter Ximena—the Chimène of Corneille—are related in the chronicle alluded to, where they are made to assume that form by the well-preserved traditions of the hero. The merits of the poem are to be found in the vigour with which it portrays the character of the Cid, and paints the manners of the age; and, in both respects, it deserves, as Southey said, to be considered, not as a metrical romance, but a metrical history. A metrical

history, however, which, in spite of the occasional ruggedness and the inequality of its numbers, is distinguished by a grand harmony, and breathes the loftiest tone of romance. In the notice which Mr. Wiffen has prefixed to his translations from Garciasso he inaptly characterises the poem of "the Cid" as "this first faint breath of Spanish poetry," a strange designation for the bold and thrilling verses which have for six centuries rung in the ears of all true Spaniards, and of which Mr. Ticknor thus justly speaks :—"It is, indeed, a work which, as we read it, stirs us with the spirit of the times it describes; and as we lay it down and recollect the intellectual condition of Europe when it was written, and for a long period before, it seems certain that during the thousand years which elapsed from the time of the decay of Greek and Roman culture, down to the appearance of the 'Divina Commedia,' no poetry was produced so full of natural feeling, picturesqueness, and energy."

As an example of quiet pathos and beauty, what can be finer than the following lines with which the poem in its present state opens, the original commencement having been lost. The Cid, just exiled by his ungrateful king; is looking back at the towers of his castle of Bivar, as he leaves them to seek a world elsewhere :—

De los sus ojos tan fuertamente lorando,
Tornaba la cabeza, e estabalos catando;
Vio puertas abiertas, e uzos sin cañados,
Alcandaras vacías, sin pieles e sin mantos:
E sin falcones, e sin adtores mudados.
Sospiro mio Cid, ca mucho avie grandes cuidados:
Fabló mio Cid bien e tan mesurado.
Grado a ti señor padre que estás en alto:
Esto me han buelto mios enemigos malos.

Which lines, for the benefit of the merely English reader, are thus literally rendered :—"Thus heavily weeping, he turned his head, and stood looking at them. He saw his doors open, and his household chests unfastened, no cloaks or mantles hanging up, and the mews without falcons, or moulted hawks. My Cid sighed, for he had grievous sorrow. But my Cid spake well and calmly. 'I thank thee, Lord and Father who art in heaven; my evil enemies have done this thing unto me.' " What, again, can be more spirited than the scene where, having accused the Infants of Carrion at the court of King Ferdinand of Castile, and reclaimed from their recreant hands his good swords Colada and Tizona, the Cid defends his own dignity, and stimulates his cousin Pero Bermuez to reply to the insolence of Ferrand Gonzalez, the eldest of the traitor brothers?—

Mio Cid, Ruy Diaz, a Pero Bermuez cata:
Faba, Pero mudo, varon, que tanto callas?

"My Cid, Ruy Diaz, looked at Pero Bermuez: speak, dumb [Pero, valiant man, wherefore art thou silent?" And Pero, who was a man more of deeds than words, found a voice to give the lie to Ferrand, to reproach him with his cowardice, and taunt him with these bitter words :—

Lengua sin manos, cuemo osas fablar?
Tongue without hands, how dar'st thou still to speak?

But if the Counts of Carrion lack valour, they have an ally in Assur Gonzalez (called Suera in the chronicle), whose contemptuous bearing and insolent courage are admirably described in the lines which follow, beginning "Assur Gonzalez entraba por el palacio." We take Mr.

Hookham Frere's version which Mr. Ticknor quotes, but which Southey was the first to publish in the appendix to his translation of the "*Chronicle of the Cid*:"—

Assur Gonzalez was entering at the door,
With his ermine mantle trailing on the floor;
With his sauntering pace, and his hardy look,
Of manners or of courtesy little heed he took;
He was flushed and hot with breakfast and with drink.
"What, ho! my masters, your spirits seem to sink!
Have we no news stirring from the Cid, Ruy Diaz de Bivar?
Has he been to Riodoverna to besiege the windmills there?
Does he tax the millers for their toll? or is that practice past?
Will he make a match for his daughters, another like the last?"
Munio Gustioz rose, and straightway made reply:
"Traitor, wilt thou never cease to slander and to lie?
You breakfast before mass, you drink before you pray;
There is no honour in your heart, nor truth in what you say:
You cheat your comrade, and your lord you flatter to betray;
Your hatred I despise, your friendship I defy!
False to all mankind, and most to God on high,
I shall force you to confess that what I say is true."
Thus ended the parley and challenge betwixt these two.

The combat which ensued is equally spirited with this introduction, and amply redeems the poem from such faint praise as Mr. Wiffen thought it sufficient to bestow; it breathes throughout the true Castilian spirit, and is national, Christian, and eminently loyal.

"The Cid" was followed by three anonymous poems. The first of these is called "*The Book of Apollonius*;" it is original only in its Castilian form, the subject being derived from the 153rd tale of the "*Gesta Romanorum*." There are in it some curious notices of the manners of the time when it was produced. The second is "*The Life of our Lady, St. Mary of Egypt*"—a lady whose claims to canonisation are of a very doubtful kind, if the delicate story be true, which is commented on by Bayle in that specious tone of affected impartiality with which he knew so well how to damage the cause he professed to defend. The third and last was a poem called "*The Adoration of the Magi*." None of them, as may be supposed, have anything in common with "*The Cid*," except the language in which they are written.

These poems are anonymous, and no personal reputation is lost by the fact of their being so; but a name now appears for the first time in the poetical annals of Spain, in Gonzalo de Berceo, who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century. He wrote entirely on religious subjects—the lives of saints, the miracles of the Virgin, and similar themes. Like most monkish poets, Berceo is very long-winded, but he is not deficient in simplicity or natural feeling, or tenderness of a religious strain.

The next author is one whose name has been widely bruited for the wisdom with which it is connected, though as far as Alfonso the Tenth is concerned, "*The Learned*" would be a better translation of "*El Sabio*" than "*The Wise*;" that is to say, if that be the better wisdom which consists in securing the present happiness rather than the prospective advantages of a nation. Alfonso gave himself up to studies which, while they established his reputation as a philosopher, a man of science, a poet and a legislator, left himself at the mercy of a rebellious son, and his kingdom a prey to foreign enemies. His chief claims upon

the grateful remembrance of posterity consist in the completion of the legislative code of his father, St. Ferdinand, under the title of "*Las Siete Partidas*"—a code which is still the basis of Spanish jurisprudence; his astronomical tables, which all the progress of science has not deprived of their value; and the style of his writing, which did much towards the advancement of Castilian prose composition. The celebrated "*Partidas*," to which this result was mainly owing, were a sort of digest on the relative duties of a king and his subjects, and on the entire legislation and police, ecclesiastical, civil, and moral, to which a country should be subjected; the whole interspersed with quaint discussions concerning the customs and principles on which the work itself, or some particular part of it, is founded. Mr. Ticknor, who gives a specimen of the genuine Castilian of the "*Partidas*," observes of them that "they show that the great effort of their author to make the Castilian the living and real language of his country, by making it that of the laws and the tribunals of justice, had been successful, or was destined speedily to become so. Their grave and measured movement, and the solemnity of their tone, which have remained among the characteristics of Spanish prose ever since, show this success beyond all reasonable question."

The "*Partidas*" were completed about the year 1265, at which period that cycle of romances, of which Alexander the Great was the hero, exercised the inventive faculties of the greater part of Europe. Spain was not without its laureate, and he appeared in the person of Juan Lorenzo Segura, a secular priest of Astorga. The "*Alexandro*" which he wrote was partly taken from the Latin version by Walter de Chatillon, and considerable additions were made by himself. Southey has spoken favourably of the poem, but it appears not to have produced much effect in Spain, as Segura is the only known author of this time who took up the theme. A different style, and one more characteristic of the country, was chosen by Don Juan Manuel, the nephew of Alfonso the Wise, and one of the most turbulent and dangerous barons of the age. He was born in 1282, and, during the infancy of Alfonso the Eleventh, became, in 1320, joint regent of the kingdom. He was constantly involved in warfare and affairs of state, but nevertheless found time to devote considerable attention to literature, and much of what he wrote was worthy of being preserved, though the works which remain exist, or are supposed to exist, chiefly in manuscript. That, however, on which his literary fame chiefly depends—called "*El Conde Lucanor*"—has been printed, and has thus been placed beyond the reach of accident. It is a collection of tales, anecdotes, and apologues, constructed after the Oriental fashion, which had for some time had its influence on European literature, and was more particularly felt in Spain. But the work had an impress of its own, and, as Mr. Ticknor observes, in almost all of the tales "we see the large experience of a man of the world, as the world then existed, and the cool observation of one who knew too much of mankind, and had suffered too much from them, to have a great deal of the romance of youth still lingering in his character."

Some poems, by anonymous authors, succeed, but there is nothing of interest to speak of till we come to Juan Ruiz, the Archpriest, as he was termed, of Hita, who wrote between 1330 and 1350. His works, which are poetical and sufficiently voluminous, consist of a series of stories, sketches of events in the Archpriest's own life, occasionally mingled with

fiction. The prevalent tone of the poetry is satirical, with a vein of quiet humour pervading it. Some parts, however, are solemn and tender, and others strictly devotional; but in all he has written, a natural and spirited tone prevails, most evident, perhaps, in the apologues then so much in vogue, which he derived from the Norman-French fabulists. The Rabbi Santob, a Jew of Carrion, succeeds the Archpriest. His claim to notice lies in a curious poem, addressed to Peter the Cruel, on his accession to the throne, the purpose of which is to give wise counsels to the king, which he entreats him not to undervalue because they come from a Jew; a sentiment thus expressed—

Because upon a thorn it grows,
The rose is not less fair;
And wine that from the wine-stock flows,
Still flows untainted there.

The goshawk, too, will proudly soar,
Although his nest sits low;
And gentle teachings have their power,
Though 'tis the Jew says so.

That celebrated fiction, "The Dance of Death," which was told in all languages, and enjoyed such widely-spread popularity during the middle ages, was represented in Spanish verse at this period, and is certainly not the least striking or picturesque of the family.

The first seven stanzas of the Spanish poem constitute a prologue, in which Death issues his summons partly in his own person, and partly in that of a preaching friar, ending thus:—

Come to the Dance of Death, all ye whose fate
By birth is mortal, be ye great or small;
And willing come, nor loitering, nor late,
Else force shall bring you struggling to my thrall:
For since yon friar hath uttered loud his call
To penitence and godliness sincere,
He that delays must hope no waiting here;
For still the cry is, Haste! and, Haste to all!

Death now proceeds, as in the old pictures and poems, to summon, first, the Pope, then cardinals, kings, bishops, and so on, down to day-labourers; all whom are forced to join his mortal dance, though each first makes some remonstrance, that indicates surprise, horror, or reluctance. The call to youth and beauty is spirited:—

Bring to my dance, and bring without delay,
Those damsels twain you see so bright and fair;
They came, but came not in a willing way,
To list my chants of mortal grief and care:
Nor shall the flowers and roses fresh they wear,
Nor rich attire, avail their forms to save.
They strive in vain who strive against the grave;
It may not be; my wedded brides they are.

The poem on Count Fernan Gonzalez, a hero who fought against the Moors, and flourished a century earlier than the Cid, must not be passed by altogether, though it is to be noticed chiefly on account of its being, for the most part, a metrical amplification of the "General Chronicle of King Alfonso." Its poetical merits are not of a high order, though it is not without spirit.

A poem, however, which deserves far more consideration, and is, indeed, remarkable for the age in which it appeared, is the "Poema de José," the Joseph of Scripture, and Yussuf of Oriental romance. It is

written in the Castilian dialect, but in Arabic characters, and is most likely the work of a Morisco. Of this there is, moreover, internal evidence in the construction of the story, which is founded much more upon the version which Nisami, the Persian poet, has made so famous, than upon that contained in the book of Genesis. "This poem," says Mr. Ticknor, who has published it from a MS. in his own possession, "has the directness and simplicity of the age to which it is attributed, mingled sometimes with a tenderness rarely found in times so violent. Its pastoral air, too, and its preservation of Oriental manners, harmonise well with the Arabian feelings that prevail throughout the work; while in its spirit, and occasionally in its moral tone, it shows the confusion of the two religions which then prevailed in Spain, and that mixture of the Eastern and Western forms of civilisation which afterwards gave somewhat of its colouring to Spanish poetry." The following extract is a fair illustration of the general character of the poem; it relates to the period when Jusuf, on the first night after being sold by his brethren, while travelling in charge of a negro, passes a cemetery, on a hill side, where his mother lies buried :—

And when the negro heeded not, that guarded him behind,
From off the camel Jusuf sprang, on which he rode confined,
And hastened, with all speed, his mother's grave to find,
Where he knelt and pardon sought, to relieve his troubled mind.

He cried, "God's grace be with thee still, O Lady mother dear!
O mother, you would sorrow, if you looked upon me here;
For my neck is bound with chains, and I live in grief and fear,
Like a traitor by my brethren sold, like a captive to the spear.

"They have sold me! they have sold me! though I never did them harm;
They have torn me from my father, from his strong and living arm,
By art and cunning they enticed me, and by falsehood's guilty charm,
And I go a base-bought captive, full of sorrow and alarm."

But now the negro looked about, and knew that he was gone,
For no man could be seen, and the camel came alone;
So he turned his sharpened ear, and caught the wailing tone,
Where Jusuf, by his mother's grave, lay making heavy moan.

And the negro hurried up, and gave him there a blow;
So quick and cruel was it, that it instant laid him low;
"A base-born wretch," he cried aloud, "a base-born thief art thou:
Thy masters, when we purchased thee, they told us it was so."

But Jusuf answered straight, "Nor thief nor wretch am I;
My mother's grave is this, and for pardon here I cry;
I cry to Allah's power, and send my prayer on high,
That, since I never wronged thee, his curse may on thee lie."

And then all night they travelled on, till dawned the coming day,
When the land was sore tormented with a whirlwind's furious sway;
The sun grew dark at noon, their hearts sunk in dismay,
And they knew not, with their merchandise, to seek or make their way.

There is little, as it seems to me (continues Mr. Ticknor), in the early narrative poetry of any modern nation better worth reading than this old Morisco version of the story of Joseph. Parts of it overflow with the tenderest natural affection; other parts are deeply pathetic; and everywhere it bears the impress of the extraordinary state of manners and society that gave it birth. From several passages, it may be inferred that it was publicly recited; and even now, as we read it, we fall unconsciously into a long-drawn chant, and seem to hear the voices of Arabian camel-drivers, or of Spanish muleteers, as the Oriental or the romantic tone happens to prevail. I am acquainted with nothing in the form of the old metrical romance that is more attractive,—nothing that is so peculiar, original, and separate from everything else of the same class.

The last poem of this earliest period of Castilian literature is the "*Rimado do Palacio*," by Pedro Lopez de Ayala, the chancellor of Castile, composed between the years 1398 and 1404. Its subject is the duties of kings and nobles in the government of the state; and it is accompanied by sketches of the manners and vices of the times, which the poet rebukes and endeavours to reform. Its general tone is quiet and didactic, but a satirical spirit is frequently apparent; as in the following lines, where he is speaking of the *Letrados* or lawyers:—

When entering on a lawsuit, if you ask for their advice,
They sit down very solemnly, their brows fall in a trice.
"A question grave is this," they say, "and asks for labour nice;
To the council it must go, and much management implies.
"I think, perhaps, in time, I can help you in the thing,
By dint of labour long and grievous studying;
But other duties I must leave, away all business fling,
Your case alone must study, and to you alone must cling."

With the "*Rimado do Palacio*" ends the first division of early Spanish literature, extending over about two hundred years. The more popular one which follows sets before us a class of works which, though varying in form and comprised under the names of ballads, chronicles, and prose romances, are bound together by the spirit of chivalry which animates them all. The early drama closes the period which reached from the latter part of the fourteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth, and though the form it first assumed is religious, it is no less strongly marked by the peculiarities of the national character. This, indeed, was always the case in Spain; and Sismondi has pointed it out in eloquent terms:—

Cette nation brave, chevaleresque, dont la fierté et la dignité ont passé en proverbe, s'est peinte dans sa littérature. . . . On retrouve l'héroïsme de ses anciens chevaliers dans ses premières poésies; on reconnaît la magnificence de la cour de Charles le Quint dans les poëtes de son meilleur siècle; alors les mêmes hommes qui conduisaient les armées en victoire, tenaient aussi le premier rang dans les lettres.

Of the early history of the Spanish ballads but little is known, but that they were the form in which the most ancient metrical productions of the language appeared, there is little reason to doubt. Being anonymous until the middle of the sixteenth century, we have only internal evidence to guide us as to the period when they were written. All that we positively know is, that they were popular almost from the days of the Cid, and continued to be so till those of Don Juan Manuel, after whose time, till ballad writing again became a feature in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella and of Charles V., the distracted condition of Spain put a stop to all poetical endeavour. In speaking of the ballads, therefore, we refer not to the order in which they appeared, but to the most striking in the collections called the "*Cancioneros*." They exhibit great variety; some are connected with the fictions of chivalry and the story of Charlemagne, the most remarkable of which are those on Gayferos and his lady (whose adventures excited Don Quixote to commit so much havoc on the puppet-show of Master Peter), on the Marquis of Mantua, and on Count Irlas. Others, like that of the cross miraculously made for Alfonso the Chaste, and that on the fall of the Vandals, belong to the early history of Spain. And another class, like the tragedy of "*Count Alarcos*," treats of domestic subjects of deep interest. So numerous are the different

kinds of ballads, that to give their names only would far exceed the limits we are able to devote to this part of our subject. Many of them are known to the public through the translations of Mr. Lockhart, and we shall, therefore, merely direct attention to those which Mr. Ticknor has partially presented in an English dress. The first of these is "Bernardo del Carpio," the hero of forty known ballads, themselves the subjects of countless dramas, tales, and longer poems. That the theme was an exciting one may be gathered from the mere outline of his story. Bernardo flourished about the year 800, and was the offspring of a secret marriage between the Count de Saldaña and the sister of Alfonso the Chaste; at which the king was so much offended, that he kept the count in perpetual imprisonment, and sent the infanta to a convent, educating Bernardo as his own son, and keeping him ignorant of his birth. The achievements of Bernardo, ending with the victory of Roncesvalles—his efforts to procure the release of his father, when he learns who he is—the falsehood of the king, who promises repeatedly to give up the Count de Saldaña, and as often breaks his word—with the despair of Bernardo, and his final rebellion, after the count's death in prison, make up the picturesque narrative.

The next series is that of Fernan Gonzalez, of whom we have already made mention, in speaking of the metrical chronicle devoted to his exploits. Then come "The Seven Lords of Lara," who were put to death treacherously by the Moors, and avenged by their younger brother, Mudarra, born in after years. The Cid, of course, is a great feature in this historical class; and from the different ballads of which he is the subject, we derive the most complete account of his exploits, for the famous poem is only a fragment, and the chronicle does not begin so early in his story. The following extract from one of these ballads is a very good specimen of their style. It relates to a summons made by the Cid to Queen Urraca, to surrender her castle which held out against his sovereignty, Sanco the Brave, the queen's sister:—

Away! away, proud Roderic!
 Castilian, proud, away!
 Bethink thee of that olden time,
 That happy, honoured day,
 When, at St. James's holy shrine,
 Thy knighthood first was won;
 When Ferdinand, my royal sire,
 Confessed thee for a son.
 He gave thee then thy knightly arms,
 My mother gave thy steed;
 Thy spurs were buckled by these hands,
 That thou no grace might'st need.
 And had not chance forbid the vow,
 I thought with thee to wed;
 But Count Lozano's daughter fair
 Thy happy bride was led.
 With her came wealth, an ample store,
 But power was mine, and state:
 Broad lands are good and have their grace,
 But he that reigns is great.
 Thy wife is well; thy match was wise;
 Yet, Roderic! at thy side
 A vassal's daughter sits by thee,
 And not a royal bride!

Our inclination would lead us to descend on the "Chronicles," which

were the record of 250 years of Spanish history, and are unrivalled in richness, in variety, and in picturesque and poetical elements; but we must pass on to a brief mention of the romances of chivalry, where, again, we would gladly have lingered.

The first and best of these, the "*Amadis*"—which found favour in the eyes of the curate when the greater part of *Don Quixote's* library was consigned to the flames—was written by a Portuguese, named Vasco de Lobeira, towards the close of the fifteenth century. The Portuguese original has, however, disappeared, the MS. being supposed to have perished in the library of a nobleman in the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, and our knowledge of the romance is derived, in the first instance, from the Spanish translation of Montalvo, which was printed in 1519. The "*Amadis*" has been the most accessible book of chivalry that ever was published, there being no currently-spoken European language that does not afford a version. From the parent stem a thousand branches shot forth, including "*Esplandian*," "*Florisando*," "*Lisuarte*," "*Florisel*," "*Leandro*," "*Belianis of Greece*," "*The Family of the Palmerins*," and a host of others, long forgotten, or living only in the allusions of that immortal knight sent forth by Cervantes to scatter and consume them. The most curious in our eyes are, perhaps, the religious romances of chivalry, which the Church encouraged, with the object of extending her influence through a medium which had become so popular. In general they were cast into the form of allegories, like "*The Celestial Chivalry*," "*The Christian Chivalry*," "*The Knight of the Bright Star*," and "*The Christian History and Warfare of the Stranger Knight, the Conqueror of Heaven*"—all printed after the middle of the sixteenth century, and during the period when the passion for the romances of chivalry was at its height.

Of the oldest and most curious of these, "*The Celestial Chivalry*," Mr. Ticknor gives the following account:—

Christ is represented in it as the Knight of the Lion; his twelve Apostles as the twelve Knights of his Round Table; John the Baptist as the Knight of the Desert; and Lucifer as the Knight of the Serpent;—the main history being a warfare between the Knight of the Lion and the Knight of the Serpent. It begins at the manger of Bethlehem, and ends on Mount Calvary, involving in its progress almost every detail of the Gospel history, and often using the very words of Scripture. Everything, however, is forced into the forms of a strange and revolting allegory. Thus, for the temptation, the Saviour wears the shield of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, and rides on the steed of Penitence, given to him by Adam. He then takes leave of his mother, the daughter of the Celestial Emperor, like a youthful knight going out to his first passage at arms, and proceeds to the waste and desert country, where he is sure to find adventures. On his approach, the Knight of the Desert prepares himself to do battle, but, perceiving who it is, humbles himself before his coming prince and master. The baptism, of course, follows; that is, the Knight of the Lion is received into the order of the Knighthood of Baptism, in the presence of an old man, who turns out to be the Anagogic Master, or the Interpreter of all Mysteries, and two women, one young and the other old. All three of them enter directly into a spirited discussion concerning the nature of the rite they have just witnessed. The old man speaks at large, and explains it as a heavenly allegory. The old woman, who proves to be Sinagoga, or the representation of Judaism, prefers the ancient ordinance provided by Abraham, and authorised, as she says, by "that celebrated Doctor, Moses," rather than this new rite of baptism. The younger woman replies, and defends the new institution. She is the Church Militant; and the Knight of the Desert deciding the point in her favour, Sinagoga goes off full of anger, ending thus the first part of the action. The great Anagogic Master, according to an understanding previously had with the Church Militant, now follows the Knight of the Lion

to the desert, and there explains to him the true mystery and efficacy of Christian baptism. After this preparation, the Knight enters on his first adventure and battle with the Knight of the Serpent, which, in all its details, is represented as a duel,—one of the parties coming into the lists accompanied by Abel, Moses, and David, and the other by Cain, Goliath, and Haman. Each of the speeches recorded in the Evangelists is here made an arrow-shot or a sword-thrust; the scene on the pinnacle of the temple, and the promises made there, are brought in as far as their incongruous nature will permit; and then the whole of this part of the long romance is abruptly ended by the precipitate and disgraceful flight of the Knight of the Serpent.

The earliest efforts of that drama, which afterwards became the most prolific in Europe, now succeeds. As in all other European countries, it first assumed a religious form; and "mysteries," though objected to by Alfonso the Tenth, were enacted before the middle of the thirteenth century. They continued to be in vogue for nearly two hundred years, for it is not until the "representations" of Juan de Enzina appeared, in the year 1492, that the secular drama, or drama proper, can be said to have struck root. It is, indeed, only in Enzina's eclogues that he fairly emancipates himself from the spiritual thralldom which had weighed so long upon dramatic art. Some remarkable efforts to represent the actual form and pressure of the age had, it is true, been attempted in the "*Coplas de Mingo Revulgo*," and in "*The Tragi-Comedy of Calisto and Melibœa*," better known as "*La Celestina*," from the name of the principal personage in it—an old woman, who is half a pretender to witchcraft, and half a dealer in love philters. This latter work—rather a dramatised romance than a proper drama—had nothing to compare with it at the time in Europe in point of literary merit; and, in spite of much that is repulsive in the language and subject, its popularity was unrivalled, and the very name of *Celestina* became a proverb. So much was it liked, that, down to the days of Don Quixote, no Spanish book was so much read at home and abroad.

After Juan de Enzina, the most prominent dramatic names are Gil Vicente and Torres Naharro. In the plays of the latter the dialogue is easy and natural, and they contain spirited lyrical poetry, but the language is often gross, and their structure rude; nor can we consider that anything fairly deserving the name of a popular national drama was founded until a new era arose for Spain in the sixteenth century. While on the subject, however, and with reference to the late development of the Spanish drama, we may be permitted to anticipate the period when Lope de Rueda, between 1544 and 1567, gave the impulse which had so long been wanting. How imperfect the appliances of the stage were in his time, may be seen in the account which Cervantes thus humorously gives of a manager's properties:—

In the time of this celebrated Spaniard (he says) the whole apparatus of a manager was contained in a large sack, and consisted of four white shepherd's jackets, turned up with leather, gilt and stamped; four beards, and sets of false-hanging locks, and four shepherd's crooks, more or less. The plays were colloquies, like eclogues, between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess, fitted up and extended with two or three interludes, whose personages were sometimes a negress, sometimes a bully, sometimes a fool, and sometimes a Biscayan—for all these four parts, and many others, Lope himself performed with the greatest excellence and skill that can be imagined. . . . The theatre was composed of four benches arranged in a square, with five or six boards laid across them, that were thus raised about four palms from the ground. . . . The furniture of the theatre was an old blanket drawn aside by two cords, making what they call a

singing-room, behind which were the musicians, who sang old ballads without a guitar.

Strange as it may seem, theatrical resources were scarcely improved, or had gone back to the old condition of things, when nearly 250 years later, and almost within our own recollection, Southey witnessed dramatic performances in Spain, the accounts of which are too amusing for us not to quote. He first speaks of what he saw at Coruña:—

The theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. In the pit are the men, each seated in a great arm-chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women, for both the sexes are separated. The centre box, over the centre of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and ornamented with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one—"Silencio y no fumar," "Silence and no smoking."

The characters were represented by the most ill-looking man and woman I ever saw. The man's dress was a threadbare brown coat lined with silk, that had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty; but his face! Jack Ketch might sell the revenue of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was the other character, in old black velvet breeches, with a pair of gaiters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have been made out of some blacksmith's old leathern apron. A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than two, and we agreed that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty.

The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half-way above it, before a little tin screen, not unlike a man in a *chess toaster*. He read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him. Another prompter made his appearance at the opera, unshaved and dirty beyond description; they both used as much action as the actors. The scene that falls between the acts would disgrace a puppet-show of an English fair; on one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box; on the other Parnassus, with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying-leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole economy of the state, by kicking it to pieces. Between the hills lay a city, and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids. I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes: a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were lighted by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing is the drawing up the curtain. A man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down; the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall. I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoiseshell comb to part it, the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the front of a small white bonnet. This would not have been inelegant if their hair had been clean and without powder, or even appeared decent without it.

It was not much better when he got to Madrid:—

On Monday we were at the Spanish comedy. There is a stationary table fixed where the door is on the English stage, and (what is a stranger peculiarity) no money is paid going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operatical farce—a piece of low and gross buffonery, which constantly gives the lie to their motto—"Representing a variety of actions, we recommend virtue to the people." It is a large and inelegant theatre, presenting to the eye only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted, that to see the company was impossible. The representation began at half-past

four, and was over at eight. I have heard a curious specimen of wit from a Spanish comedy. During the absence of a physician his servants prescribe. A patient has been eating too much *hare*, and they order him to take *greyhound broth*.

To return to the time of Lope de Rueda. When theatrical entertainments were not given in churches or in the houses of the nobility, they took place in the public squares. Lope de Rueda was the first who brought them into the open air; and his genial farces were represented on temporary scaffolds, by his own company of strolling players, who stayed but a few days at a time in even the largest cities, and were sought, when there, chiefly by the lowest classes of the people. The first notice we have of anything approaching to a regular establishment—and this is far removed from what the phrase usually implies—is in 1568, when an arrangement or compromise between the church and the theatre was begun, traces of which have subsisted at Madrid and elsewhere down to our own times. Recollecting, no doubt, the origin of dramatic representations in Spain for religious edification, the government, ordered, in form, that no actors should make an exhibition in Madrid, except in some place to be appointed by two religious brotherhoods, designated in the decree, and for a rent to be paid to them; an order in which, after 1583, the general hospital of the city was included. Under this order, as it was originally made, we find plays acted from 1568, but only in the open area of a court-yard, without roofs, seats, or other apparatus, as has been before observed. In this state things continued several years; till, in 1579 and 1583, two court-yards were permanently fitted up for the actors, belonging to the houses in the streets "Principe" and "Cruz;" but still without any conveniences necessary for the representation of a national drama. But though the proper foundation was not yet laid, all was tending to and preparing for it. The stage, rude as it was, had still the great advantage of being confined to two spots, which, it is worth notice, have continued to be the sites of the two principal theatres of Madrid ever since. The number of authors, though small, was yet sufficient to create so general a taste for theatrical representations, that Lopez Pinciano, a learned man, and one of a temper little likely to be pleased with a rude drama, said:—"When I see that Cimeros or Galvez is going to act, I run all risks to hear him; and when I am in the theatre, winter does not freeze me, nor summer make me hot." The public, in the end, decided that a national drama should be formed, and that it should be founded on national manners and character.

Having given this account, which can scarcely be considered a digression, we must cast a rapid glance on the remainder of the period of which we propose to treat, as there were influences at work towards its close which operated a decided change in Castilian literature, and led the way to that form of poetical composition which, once altered from the old standard, has since remained firmly fixed.

The Provençal poets had their share in affecting the literature of the eastern part of Spain, in Catalonia, Valencia, and also in Arragon; but their influence flourished only for a time, and yielded at last to the more ample, more vigorous, and richer language of the north. The same result was not, however, the case with respect to Italy; for though the Castilian tongue remained unadulterated by the frequent contact which

arose with the more cultivated literature of Spain's elder sister, Italian example penetrated deeply, creating a new style, which was perfected by Boscan and Garcilasso de la Vega. It was during the reign of Juan II. of Castile—extending from 1407 to 1454—that the attempt to form an Italian school in Spain was first made. This king, who was utterly unfitted to govern, and who left all the cares of state to the Constable Alvaro de Luna, was learned and studious, a great encourager of poetry, and himself a maker of verses. But the chief impulse which the progress of poetry received, arose from the exertions made by the Marquis of Villena and the Marquis of Santillana, noblemen of the highest rank, and possessing talents of no mean order. Enrique de Villena, the near kinsman of Juan II., and, for a time, Grand Master of the Order of Calatrava, addicted himself almost wholly to literature, his favourite studies, besides poetry and history, being philosophy, mathematics, astrology, and alchemy; the last pursuits, indeed, he urged so far as to acquire for himself the reputation of a necromancer, and thus give occasion to the destruction of an immense quantity of rare books, which, after his death, were burnt by an ignorant Dominican monk, one Lope de Barrientos, the king's confessor. Villena was the author of an elaborate work on carving; but, however interesting the subject in a gastronomical point of view, he would have possessed little claim to literary reputation had he confined himself to his treatise on the "*Arte Cisoria*." He wrote another on the "*Gaya Sciencia*," which is unfortunately lost, as well as the translations which he made of the "*Rhetorica*" of Cicero, the "*Divina Commedia*" of Dante, and a part of his version of the "*Æneid* of Virgil." A work, in twelve chapters, called "*The Labours of Hercules*," which survived him for nearly a century, is that by which he deserves best to be remembered, as the language is good, and the general composition not without power and grace. His immediate follower, Macias, should be mentioned here, not only for his poetry, but for the tragical fate that befel him, which alone is worth relating:—

Macias "*El Enamorado, or The Lover*," as he is called *par excellence*, was a Gallician gentleman, in the service of the Marquis of Villena, and became enamoured of a maiden attached to the same princely household as himself. But the lady, though he won her love, was married, under the authority of the marquis, to a knight of Voreana. Still Macias in no degree restrained his passion, but continued to express it to her in his verses, as he had done before. The husband was naturally offended, and complained of it to the marquis, who, after in vain rebuking his follower, used his power as Grand Master of the Order of Calatrava, and cast Macias into prison. But there he only devoted himself more passionately to the thoughts of his lady, and, by his persevering love, still more provoked her husband, who, secretly following him to his prison at Arjonilla, and watching him one day as he chanced to be singing of his love and his sufferings, was so stung by jealousy, that he cast a dart through the gratings of the window, and killed the unfortunate poet, with the name of his lady still trembling on his lips. The sensation produced by the death of Macias was such as belongs only to an imaginative age, and to the sympathy felt for one who perished because he was both a troubadour and a lover. All men who desired to be thought cultivated mourned his fate. His few poems, in his native Gallician, became generally known, and were greatly admired. Praised by every succeeding poet, from the Marquis of Villena himself to Calderon and Lope, the name of Macias passed into a proverb, and became synonymous with the highest and tenderest love.

A much higher rank in literature than that occupied by Villena must be assigned to the Marquis de Santillana, a member of the illustrious family of Mendoza, which has sometimes claimed the Cid for its founder,

and which, with a long succession of honours, reaches down to our own times. Unlike his friend Villena, the Marquis of Santillana was a distinguished soldier, and though involved, from his birth and position, in affairs of state at a period of great confusion and violence, cultivated poetry with great earnestness and success. His creed was this: that "knowledge neither blunts the point of the lance, nor weakens the arm that wields a knightly sword;" and what he established in theory he enforced by practice. In the poetry of Santillana the traces of Italian culture are very evident. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were his favourites, and he it was who introduced the Italian form of the sonnet into Spain. Of the many poems which he wrote, the most important is one approaching the form of a drama, called the "*Comedieta de Ponza*," founded on the story of a disastrous sea-fight with the Genoese, in the year 1435. Though there is much in it that is unskilful and pedantic in combination of allegory with fact, the versification is easy and flowing; and some passages adapted from the "*Inferno*" of Dante are skilfully introduced. A more popular—if not a more important—work than this, by Santillana, is a collection of rhymed proverbs, called "*Centiloquio*," partly derived from Scripture and partly from the current expressions of the common people of Spain, amongst whom proverbial wisdom has always been so rife. The chief value of the "*Centiloquio*" arises from the fact of their being the oldest collection of proverbs made in modern times. They were printed as early as 1496, and went through nine or ten editions in the course of the next century.

Juan de Mena is the next poet of note, and, cultivating the courtly style introduced by the Marquis of Santillana, became, from his position about the king, a sort of poet laureate without the title. He also adopted the Italian model, and followed Dante, as well in his "*Coronation*," as in a longer poem, called "*The Labyrinth*," but nevertheless the Castilian language made more progress under his hands than it had done for a long period before.

"But while verse was so much cultivated," says Mr. Ticknor, "prose, though not less regarded, and coming properly into the fashionable literature of the age, made some progress." There were two prose writers in the reign of John II. who deserve particular mention. The first is, Fernan Gomez de Cibdareal, the king's physician and familiar friend, whose letters are very amusing, from the simple and natural tone that pervades them, the court gossip which they relate, and the stories which they contain. One of these, written to the Bishop of Orense, giving an account of the death of John II., is affecting from its earnest simplicity. The following passage is interesting. After sincerely lamenting his royal master, he says:—

Three hours before he gave up the ghost, he said to me, "Bachelor Cibdareal, I ought to have been born the son of a tradesman, and then I should have been a friar of Abrojo, and not a king of Castile." And then he asked pardon of all about him, if he had done them any wrong, and bade me ask it for him of those of whom he could not ask it himself. I followed him to his grave in St. Paul's, and then came to this lonely room in the suburbs, for I am now so weary of life that I do not think it will be a difficult matter to loosen me from it, much as men commonly fear death. Two days ago I went to see the queen; but I found the palace, from the top to the bottom, so empty, that the house of the Admiral and that of Count Benevente are better served.

Fernan Perez de Guzman, a member of one of the noblest families of

Spain, and an ancestor of Garcilasso de la Vega, is the second of these prose writers; and his work, called "*Genealogies and Portraits*," forms an interesting collection of sketches of the lives, characters, and families of several of the principal persons of his time, such as Henry III., John II., the Constable Alonso de Luna, and the Marquis of Villena. It is mainly in its tone, and marked with vigorous and original thought.

Prose writing of sufficient value to mark the gradual improvement of Spanish literature, was illustrated, also, in the reign of Henry IV., the successor of John II.; the most eminent writers being Juan de Lucena, Alfonso de la Torre, Almela, Ortiz, and Fernando del Pulgar; the last, the author of the "*Claros Varones de Castilla*," in purpose similar to the "*Portraits*" of Guzman, but in style considerably superior.

A few lines only remain for us to speak of the family of the Manriques, who have left their names on perpetual record as poets, statesmen, and soldiers, and whom we find justly described as men "suited to the age in which they lived, and marked with its strongest characteristics." They belonged to the same race as the Laras of the old ballads and chronicles, and were worthy descendants of a line so illustrious. The two brothers, Rodrigo and Gomez Manrique, were distinguished soldiers and not undistinguished poets; but the most celebrated of the name was Jorge Manrique, the son of Rodrigo, and author of that beautiful poem, "*The Coplas de Manrique*," which, to those who are not familiar with the original Castilian, loses none of its value in the admirable translation of Professor Longfellow. We would quote from his version, had not the absence of a law of international copyright between this country and the United States placed the whole of his works, in the cheapest form, at the command of every purchaser. On the *Coplas* themselves, Mr. Ticknor remarks, "No earlier poem in the Spanish language, if we except some of the early ballads, is to be compared with these for depth and truth of feeling; and few of any subsequent period have reached the beauty or power of its best portions."

In this hasty and necessarily imperfect outline of the early literature of Spain, we have reached the close of the first great period by which its annals are distinguished, and in terminating our notice we cannot do better than append to our sketch the observations which the author, to whom we have been so much indebted, has made upon the predecessors of that age which brought forth such names as those of Garcilasso, of Lope de Vega, of Cervantes, of Quevedo, and of Calderon de la Barca; names for ever associated with the glory of the most glorious period of the history of their land.

Poetry, or the love of poetry, made progress with the great advancement of the nation. The language of Castile had already asserted its supremacy, and, with the old Castilian spirit of cultivation, was spreading into Andalusia and Arragon, and planting itself amid the ruins of the Moorish power on the shores of the Mediterranean. Chronicle writing was become frequent, and had begun to take the forms of regular history. The drama was advanced as far as the "*Celestina*" in prose, and the more strictly scenic efforts of Torres Naharro in verse. Romance writing was at the height of its success; and the old ballad spirit—the true foundation of Spanish poetry—had received a new impulse and richer materials from the contests in which all Christian Spain had borne a part amidst the mountains of Granada, and from the wild tales of the feuds and adventures of rival factions within the walls of that devoted city. Everything, indeed, announced a decided movement in the literature of the nation, and almost everything seemed to favour and facilitate it.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. BRAGG'S KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

THE reader will now have the kindness to consider that Mr. Puffington has undergone his swell huntsman, Dick Bragg, for three whole years, during which time it was difficult to say whether his winter's service or his summer's impudence was most oppressive. Either way, Mr. Puffington had had enough both of him and the honours of hound-keeping. Mr. Bragg was not a judicious tyrant. He lorded it too much over Mr. Puffington; was too fond of showing himself off, and exposing his master's ignorance before the servants, and field. A stranger would have thought that Mr. Bragg, and not "Mr. Puff," as Bragg called him, kept the hounds. Mr. Puffington took it pretty quietly at first, Bragg inundating him with what they did at the Duke of Downeybird's, Lord Reynard's, and the other great places in which he had lived, till he almost made Puff believe that such treatment was a necessary consequence of hound-keeping. Moreover, the cost was heavy, and the promised subscriptions almost wholly imaginary; even if they had been paid, they would not have covered a quarter of the expense Mr. Bragg run him to, and, worst of all, there was an increasing instead of a diminishing expenditure. Trust a servant for keeping things up to the mark.

All things, however, have an end, and Mr. Bragg began to get to the end of Mr. Puff's patience. As he got older he got fonder of his five-pound notes, and began to scrutinise bills and ask questions; to be, as Mr. Bragg said, "very little of the gentleman," in short. Bragg, however, being quite one of your "make-hay-while-the-sun-shines" sort, and knowing too well the style of man to calculate on a lengthened duration of office, just put on the steam of extravagance, and seemed inclined to try how much he could spend him. His bills for draft hounds were enormous; he was continually chopping and changing his horses, often almost without consulting his master; he had a perfect museum of saddles and bridles, in which every invention and variety of bit was exhibited; and he had paid as much as eight-and-twenty pounds to different "valets" and grooms for invaluable recipes for cleaning leather breeches and gloves. Altogether, Bragg overdid the thing; and when Mr. Puffington, in the solitude of a wet winter's day, took pen, ink, and paper, and drew out a "balance sheet," he found that on the average of six brace foxes to the season, they had cost him about three hundred pound a-head. It was true that Bragg always returned five or six-and-twenty brace; but that was as between Bragg and the public, as between Bragg and his master the smaller figure was the amount.

Mr. Puffington had had enough of it, and he now thought if he could get Mr. Sponge (who he still believed to be a sporting author on his travels) to immortalise him, he might retire into privacy, and talk of "when I kept hounds," "when I hunted the country," "when I was master of hounds I did this, and I did that," and fuss, and be important, as we often see X-masters of hounds when they go out with other packs. It was this erroneous impression with regard to Mr. Spongs that took

our friend to the meet of Lord Scamperdale's hounds at Scrambleford Green, as detailed in our twenty-fourth chapter; an occasion when he gave Mr. Sponge a general invitation to visit him before he left the country, an invitation that was as acceptable to Mr. Sponge on his expulsion from Jawleyford Court, as it was agreeable to Mr. Puffington—by opening a *route* by which he might escape from the penalty of hound-keeping, and the persecution of his huntsman.

The reader will therefore now have the kindness to consider Mr. Puffington in receipt of Mr. Sponge's note, volunteering a visit.

With gay and cheerful steps our friend hurried off to the kennel, to communicate the intelligence to Mr. Bragg of an intended honour that he inwardly hoped would have the effect of extinguishing that great sporting luminary.

Arriving at the kennel, he learned from the old feeder, Jack Horsehide, who, as usual, was sluicing the flags with water, that Mr. Bragg was in the house (a house that had been the steward's in the days of the former owner of Hanby House). Thither Mr. Puffington proceeded; and the front door being open he entered, and made for the little parlour on the right. Opening the door without knocking, what should he discover but the swell huntsman, Mr. Bragg, full fig, cap on his head, best scarlet and leathers, astride a saddle-stand, sitting for his portrait!

"O, dim it!" exclaimed Bragg, clasping the front of the stand as if it was a horse, and throwing himself off, an operation that had the effect of bringing the new saddle on which he was seated bang on the floor. "O, *sc-e-e-use* me, sir," seeing it was his master, "I thought it was my servant; but this, sir," continued he, blushing and looking as foolish as men caught in such an act generally do—"but this, sir, is my friend, Mr. Ruddie, the painter, sir—yes, sir—very talented young man, sir—asked me to sit for my portrait, sir—is going to publish a series of portraits of all the best huntsmen in England, sir."

"And masters of hounds," interposed Mr. Ruddie, casting a sheep's eye at Mr. Puffington.

"And masters of hounds, sir," repeated Mr. Bragg; "yes, sir, and masters of hounds, sir;" Mr. Bragg being still somewhat flurried at the unexpected intrusion.

"Ah, well," interrupted Mr. Puffington, who was still eager about his mission, "we'll talk about that after. At present I'm come to tell you," continued he, holding up Mr. Sponge's note, "that we must brush up a little—polish up a little—going to have a visit of inspection from the great Mr. Sponge."

"Indeed, [sir!]" replied Mr. Bragg, with the slightest possible touch of his cap, which he still kept on. "Mr. Sponge, sir!—indeed, sir—Mr. Sponge, sir—pray who may *he* be, sir?"

"Oh—why—hay—hum—haw—he's Mr. Sponge, you know—been hunting with Lord Scamperdale, you know—great sportsman, in fact—great authority, you know."

"Indeed—great authority is he—indeed—oh—yes—thinks so p'raps—*sc-e-e-use* me, sir, but dare say, sir, I've forgot more, sir, than Mr. Sponge ever knew, sir."

"Well, but you musn't tell him so," observed Mr. Puffington, fearful that Bragg might spoil sport.

"Oh, tell him—*no*," sneered Bragg, with a jerk of the head; "tell

him—no; I'm not exactly such a jackass as that; on the contrary, I'll make things pleasant, sir—sugar his milk for him, sir, in short, sir."

"Sugar his milk!" exclaimed Mr. Puffington, who was only a matter-of-fact man; "sugar his milk—I dare say he takes tea."

"Well, then, sugar his tea," replied Bragg, with a smile; adding, "Can 'commodate myself to circumstances," at the same time taking off his cap and setting a chair for his master.

"Thank you, but I'm not going to stop," replied Mr. Puffington; "I only came up to let you know who you had to expect, so that you might prepare, you know—have all on the square, you know—best horses—best hounds—best appearance in general, you know."

"That I'll attend to," replied Mr. Bragg—"that I'll attend to," repeated he, with an emphasis on the *I'll*, as much as to say, "don't you meddle with what doesn't concern you."

Mr. Puffington would fain have rebuked him for his impertinence, as indeed he often would fain have rebuked him, but Mr. Bragg had so overpowered him with science, and impressed him with the necessity of keeping him, albeit Mr. Puffington was sensible that he killed very few foxes, that having put up with him so long that it would never do to risk a quarrel which might lose him the chance of getting rid of him and the hounds altogether; therefore, Mr. Puffington, instead of saying "you dimmed conceited humbug, get out of this," or indulging in any observations that might lead to controversy, said, with a satisfied, confidential nod of the head—

"I'm sure you will—I'm sure you will," and took his departure, leaving Mr. Bragg to remount the saddle-stand, and take the remainder of his sitting.

CHAPTER XL.

MR. PUFFINGTON'S DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

PERHAPS it was fortunate that Mr. Bragg did take the kennel management upon himself, or there is no saying but what with that and the house department, coupled with the usual fussyness of a bachelor, that the event might have proved too much for our master. The notice of the intended visit was short; and there were invitations to send out, and answers to get, bedrooms to prepare, and culinary arrangements to make—arrangements that people in town, with all their tradespeople at their elbows, can have no idea of the difficulty of effecting in the country. Mr. Puffington was fully employed.

In addition to the parties mentioned in his note to Lord Scamperdale, viz., Washball, Charley Slapp, and Lumpleg, were Parson Blossomnose, and Mr. Fossick of the Flat Hat Hunt, who declined—Mr. Crane, of Crane Hall, and Captain Guano, late of the Spotted Horse Marines, who accepted. Mr. Spraggon was a sort of volunteer, at all events an undesired guest, unless his lordship accompanied him. It so happened that the least wanted guest was the first to arrive.

Lord Scamperdale, knowing our friend Jack was not over affluent, had no idea of spoiling him by too much luxury, and as the railway would serve a certain distance in the line of Hanby House, he despatched Jack to the Over-shoes-over-boots station with the dog-cart, and told him he would be sure to find a 'bus, or to get some sort of conveyance at the

Squandercash station to take him up to our friend Puffington's; at all events, his lordship added to himself, "if he doesn't, it'll do him no harm to walk, and he can easily get a boy to carry his bag."

The latter was the case, for though the station-master assured Jack on his arrival at Squandercash that there was a 'bus, or a mail gig, or a something to every other train, there was nothing in connexion with the one that brought him, nor would he undertake to leave his carpet bag at Hanby House before breakfast time the next morning.

Jack was highly enraged, and proceeded to squint his eyes inside out, and abuse all railways, and chairmen, and directors, and secretaries, and clerks, and porters, vowing that railways were the greatest nuisances under the sun—that they were a perfect impediment instead of a facility to travelling—and declared that formerly a gentleman had nothing to do but order his four horses, and have them turned out at every stage as he appeared, instead of being stopped in the *ridiculous* manner he then was; and he strutted and stamped about the station as if he would put a stop to the whole concern.

His vehemence and big talk operated favourably on the cockney station-master, who, thinking he must be a duke, or some great man, began to consider how to get him forwarded. It being only a thinly populated district—though there was a station equal to any mercantile emergency, indeed to the requirements of the whole county—he ran the resources of the immediate neighbourhood through his mind, and at length was obliged to admit—humbly and respectfully—that he really was afraid Martha Muggins's donkey was the only available article.

Jack fumed and bounced at the very mention of such a thing, vowing that it was a downright insult to propose it; and he was so bumptious that the station-master, who had nothing to gain by the transaction, sought the privacy of the electric telegraph office, and left him to vent the balance of his wrath upon the porters.

Of course they could do nothing more than the king of their little colony had suggested, and finding there was no help for it, Mr. Spraggon at last submitted to the humiliation, and set off to follow young Muggins with his bag on the donkey, in his best top boots, worn under his trousers, an unpleasant operation to any one, but especially to a man like Jack, who preferred wearing his tops out against the flaps of his friends' saddles, rather than his soles by walking upon them. However, necessity said yes, and cocking his flat hat jauntily on his head, he stuck a cheroot in his mouth, and went smoking and swaggering on, looking—or rather squinting—bumptiously at every body he met, as much as to say, "Don't suppose I'm walking from necessity—it is because I like it!"

The third cheroot brought Jack and his suite within sight of Hanby House.

Mr. Puffington had about got through all the fuss of his preparations, arranged the billets of the guests, and of those scarcely less important personages—their servants, allotted the stables, and rehearsed the wines, when a chance glance through the gaily furnished drawing-room window discovered Jack trudging up the trimly-kept avenue.

"Here's that *nasty* Jack Spraggon," exclaimed he, eyeing Jack dragging his legs along; adding, "I'll be bound to say he'll never think of wiping his filthy feet if I don't go to meet him."

So saying, Puffington rushed to the entrance, and crowning himself with a shaved white hat, advanced cheerily to do so.

Jack, who was more used to "cold shoulder" than cordial receptions, squinted and stared with surprise at the unwonted warmth, so different to their last interview, when Jack was fresh out of his clay-hole in Bolsover Brick Fields; but not being easily put out of his way, he just took Puff as Puff took him. They talked of Scamperdale, and they talked of Frosty-face, and the number of foxes he had killed, the price of corn, and the difference its lowness made in the keep of hounds and horses. Altogether they were very "thick."

"And how's our friend Sponge?" asked Puffington, as the conversation at length began to flag.

"Oh, he's nicely," replied Jack; adding, "hasn't he come yet?"

"Not that I've seen," answered Puffington; adding, "I thought, perhaps, you might come together."

"No," grunted Jack; "he comes from Jawleyford's, you know; I'm from Woodmausterne."

"We'll go and see if he's come," observed Puffington, opening a door in the garden-wall, into which he had manoeuvred Jack, communicating with the court-yard of the stable.

"Here are his horses," observed Puffington, as Mr. Leather rode through the great gates on the opposite side, with the renowned hunters in full marching order.

"Monstrous fine animals they are," said Jack, squinting intently at them.

"They are that," replied Puffington.

"Mr. Sponge seems a very pleasant, gentlemanly man," observed Mr. Puffington.

"Oh, he is," replied Jack—"quite the lady, I may say."

"Can you tell me—can you inform me—that's to say, can you give me any idea," hesitated Puffington, "what is the usual practice—the usual course—the usual understanding as to the treatment of those sort of gentlemen?"

"Oh, the best of everything's good enough for them," replied Jack; adding, "just as it is with me."

"Ah, I don't mean in the way of eating and drinking, but in the way of encouragement—in the way of a present, you know?" adding—"What did my lord do?" seeing Jack was slow at comprehension.

"Oh, my lord damned him well," replied Jack; adding, with a laugh and a jerk of the head, "he didn't get much encouragement from him."

"Ah, that's the worst of my lord," observed Puffington; "he's rather coarse—rather too indifferent to public opinion. In a case of this sort, you know, that doesn't happen every day, or, perhaps, more than once in a man's life, it's just as well to be favourably spoken of as not, you know;" adding, as he looked intently at Jack—"Do you understand me?"

Jack, who was tolerably quick at a chance, now began to see how things were, and to fathom Mr. Puffington's mistake. His ready imagination immediately saw there might be something made of it, so he prepared to keep up the delusion.

"*Wh-o-o-y!*" said he, straddling out his legs, clasping his hands together, and squinting steadily through his spectacles, to try and see, by

Puffington's countenance, how much he would stand. "*Wh-o-o-y!*" repeated he, "I shouldn't think—though, mind, it's mere conjectur' on my part—that you couldn't offer him less than—twenty or five-and-twenty pounds; or, say, from that to thirty," continued Jack, seeing that Puff's countenance remained complacent under the rise.

"And that you think would be sufficient?" asked Puff; adding—"If one does a thing at all, you know, it's as well to do it handsomely."

"True," replied Jack, sticking out his great thick lips, "true. I'm a great advocate for doing things handsomely. Many a row I have with my lord for thanking fellows, and saying he'll *remember* them, instead of giving them sixpence or a shilling; but really I should say, if you were to give him forty or fifty pund—say a fifty-pund note, he'd be—"

The rest of the sentence was lost by the appearance of Mr. Sponge, cantering up the avenue on the conspicuous piebald. Mr. Puffington and Mr. Spraggon greeted him as he alighted at the door.

Sponge was quickly followed by Tom Washball; then came Charley Slapp and Lumpleg, and Captain Guano came in a gig. Mutual bows and bobs and shakes of the hand being exchanged, amid offers of "anything before dinner" from the host, the guests were at length shown to their respective apartments, from which in due time they emerged looking like so many bridegrooms.

First came the worthy master of the hounds himself, in his scarlet dress-coat, lined with white satin; Tom Washball, and Charley Slapp also sported Puff's uniform; while Captain Guano, who was proud of his leg, sported the uniform of the Muffington Hunt—a pea-green coat lined with yellow, and a yellow collar, white shorts with gold garters, and black silk stockings.

Spraggon had been obliged to put up with Lord Scamperdale's second best coat, his lordship having taken the best one himself; but it was passable enough by candle-light, and the seediness of the blue cloth was relieved by a velvet collar and a new set of the Flat Hat Hunt buttons, "*F. H. H.*" writhing in contortions—riveted on a gilt ground. Mr. Sponge wore a plain scarlet with a crimson velvet collar, and a bright fox on the frosted ground of a gilt button, with tights as before; and when Mr. Crane arrived he was found to be attired in a dress composed partly of Mr. Puffington's, and partly of the Muggeridge Hunt uniform—the red coat of the former surmounting the white shorts and black stockings of the other. Altogether, however, they were uncommonly smart, and it is to be hoped that they appreciated each other.

The dinner was sumptuous. Puff, of course, was in the chair; and Captain Guano coming last into the room, and being very fond of office, was vice. When men run to the "noble science" of gastronomy, they generally outstrip the ladies in the art of dinner giving, for they admit of no makeweight, or mere ornamental dishes, but concentrate the cook's energies on sterling and approved dishes. Everything men set on is meant to be eat. Above all, men are not too fine to have the plate-warmer in the room, the deficiency of hot plates having proved fatal to many a fine feast. It was evident that Puff prided himself on his table. His linen was the finest and whitest, his cut-glass the most elegant and transparent, his plate the brightest, and his wines the most costly and *recherché*. Like many people, however, who are not much in the

habit of dinner giving, he was anxious and fussy, too intent upon making people comfortable to allow of their being so, and too anxious to get victuals and drink to their throats to allow of their enjoying either.

He not only produced a tremendous assortment of wines—Hock, Sauterne, Champagne, Barsack, Burgundy, but descended into endless varieties of sherries and Madeiras. These he pressed upon people, always insisting that the last sample was the best.

Like the lady with the two lovers, many of the guests thought “how happy they could be with half the quantity.”

In these hospitable exertions Puffington was ably assisted by Captain Guano, who, being fond of wine, came in for a good quantity; he first of all asking every one to take wine with him, and then in return every one asking him to do the same with them. The great captain, noisy and talkative at all times, began to be boisterous almost before the cloth was drawn.

Puffington was equally promiscuous with his after-dinner wines. He had all sorts of clarets, and “curious old ports,” without end. The party did not seem to have any objection to spoil their digestions for the next day, and took whatever he produced with the greatest alacrity. Lengthened were the candle examinations, solemn the sips, and sounding the smacks that preceded the delivery of their judgments.

The conversation, which at first was altogether upon wine, gradually diverged upon sporting, and they gradually brewed up a very considerable cry. Foremost among the noisy ones was Captain Guano. He seemed inclined to take the shine out of everybody.

“Oh! if they could but find a good fox that would give them a run of ten miles—say, ten miles—just ten miles would satisfy him—say, from Barnesley Wold to Chingforde Wood, or from Carleburg Clump to Wetherden Head. He was going to ride his famous horse Jack-a-Dandy—the finest horse that ever was foaled! No day too long for him—no pace too great for him—no fence too stiff for him—no brook too broad for him.”

Tom Washball, too, talked as if wearing a red coat was not the only purpose for which he hunted; and altogether they seemed to be an amazing, sporting, hard-riding set.

When at length they retired to bed, it struck each man as he followed his neighbour up stairs that the one before him walked very crookedly.

CHAPTER XLI.

A DAY WITH MR. PUFFINGTON'S HOUNDS.

DAY dawned bright and cheerfully. If there was rather more sun than the strict rules of Beckford prescribe, still sunshine is not a thing to quarrel with under any circumstances—certainly not for a gentleman to quarrel with who wants his place seen to advantage on the occasion of a meet of hounds. Everything at Hanby House was in apple-pie order. All the stray leaves that the capricious wintry winds still kept raising from unknown quarters, and whisking about the trim lawns, were hunted and caught, while a heavy iron roller passed over the Kensington gravel, pressing out the hoof and wheel-marks of the previous day. The

servants were up betimes, preparing the house for those that were in it, and a *déjeuner à la fourchette* for chance customers.

They were equally busy at the stable. Although Mr. Bragg did profess such indifference for Mr. Sponge's opinion, he nevertheless thought it might perhaps be as well to be condescending to the stranger. Accordingly, he ordered his whips to be on the alert, to tie their ties and put on their boots as they ought to be, and to hoist their caps becomingly on the appearance of our friend. Bragg, like a good many huntsmen, had a sort of tariff of politeness, that he indicated by the manner in which he saluted the field. To a lord, he made a sweep of his cap like the dome of St. Paul's; a baronet came in for about half as much; a knight, to a quarter. Bragg had also a sort of City or monetary tariff of politeness—a tariff that was oftener called in requisition than the "Debrett" one, in Mr. Puffington's country. To a good "tip," he vouchsafed as much cap as he gave to a lord; to a middling "tip," he gave a sort of move that might either pass for a touch of the cap or a more comfortable adjustment of it to his head; a very small "tip" had a forefinger to the peak; while he who gave nothing at all got a good stare, or a Good morning! or something of that sort. A man watching the arrival of the field could see who gave the fives, who the fours, who the threes, who the twos, who the ones, and who the great 0's.

But to our day with Mr. Puffington's hounds.

Our over-night friends were not quite so brisk in the morning as the servants and parties outside. Puffington's "mixture" told upon a good many of them. Washball had a headache, so had Lumpleg; Crane was seedy; and Captain Guano, sea-green. Soda-water was in great request.

There was a splendid breakfast, the table and sideboard looking as if Fortnum and Mason or Morel had opened a branch establishment at Hanby House. Though the staying guests could not do much for the good things set out, it is satisfactory to say that they were not wasted, for the place was fairly taken by storm shortly before the advertised hour of meeting; and what at one time looked like a most extravagant supply, at another seemed likely to prove a deficiency. Each man helped himself to whatever he fancied, without waiting for the ceremony of an invitation, in the usual style of fox-hunting hospitality.

A few minutes before eleven, a "*gently* Rantaway," accompanied by a slight crack of a whip, drew the seedy and satisfied parties to the auriol window, to see Mr. Bragg pass along with his hounds. They were just gliding noiselessly over the green sward, Mr. Bragg rising in his stirrups, as spruce as a fighting-cock, with his thorough-bred bay gambolling and pawing with delight at the frolic of the hounds, some clustering around him, others shooting forward a little, as if to show how obediently they would return at his whistle. Mr. Bragg, we may observe, is known as the whistling huntsman, and is a great man for telegraphing and signalling with his arms, and boasts that he can make hounds so handy that they can do everything, except pay the turnpike-gates. At his appearance the men all began to shuffle to the passage and entrance-hall, to look for their hats and whips; and presently there was a great outpouring of red coats upon the lawn, all straddling and waddling as men in boots and breeches generally straddle and waddle. Then Mr. Bragg, seeing an audience, with a slight whistle and waive of

his right arm, wheeled his forces round, and trotted gaily towards where our guests had grouped themselves, within the light iron railing that separated the smooth slope from the field. As he reined in his horse, he gave his cap an aerial sweep, taking off perpendicularly, and finishing at his horse's ears—an example that was immediately followed by the whips, and also by Mr. Bragg's second horseman, Tom Stot.

"Good morning, Mister Bragg!—Good morning, Mister Bragg!—Good morning, Mister Bragg!" burst from the assembled spectators; for Mr. Bragg is one of those people that one occasionally meets whom every body "Misters." Mister Bragg, rising in his stirrups with a gracious smile, passed a very polite bow along the line.

"Here's a fine morning, Mr. Bragg," observed Tom Washball, who thought it knowing to talk to servants.

"Yas, sir," replied Bragg, "yas," with a slight inclination to cap; "r-a-y-ther more san, p'raps, than desirable," continued he, raising his face towards the heavens; "but still by no means a bad day, sir—no, sir—by no means a bad day, sir."

"Hounds looking well," observed Charley Slap between the whiffs of a cigar.

"Yas, sir," said Bragg—"yas," looking around them with a self-satisfied smile; adding, "so they ought—so they ought, indeed; if I can't bring a pack out as they should be, don't know who can."

"Why, here's our old Rummager, I declare!" exclaimed Spraggon, who, having vaulted the iron hurdles, was now among the pack. "Why, here's our old Rummager, I declare!" repeated he, laying his whip on the head of a solemn-looking black and white hound, somewhat down in the toes, and looking as if he was about done generally.

"Sc-e-e-use me, sir," replied Bragg, leaning over his horse's shoulder, and whispering into Jack's ear; "sc-e-e-use me, sir, but drop that, sir, if you please, sir."

"Drop what?" asked Jack, squinting through his great tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles up into Bragg's face.

"'Bout knowing of that 'ound, sir," whispered Bragg; "the fact is, sir,—we call him *Merryman*, sir; master don't know I got him from you, sir."

"O-o-o," replied Jack, squinting, if possible, more frightfully than before.

"Ah, that's the hound I offered to Scamperdale," observed Puffington, seeing the movement, and coming up to where Jack stood; "that's the hound I offered to Scamperdale," repeated he, taking the old dog's head between his hands. "There's no better hound in the world than this," continued he, patting and smoothing him; "and no better bred hound either," added he, rubbing the dog's sides with his whip.

"How is he bred?" asked Jack, who knew the hound's pedigree better than he did his own.

"Why, I got him from Reynard,—no, I mean from Downeybird—the Duke, you know; but he was bred by Fitzwilliam—by his Singwell out of Darling, Singwell was by the Rutland Rallywood out of Tavistock Rhapsody; but to make a long story short, he's lineally descended from the Beaufort Justice."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jack, hardly able to contain himself; "that's undeniable blood."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Puffington. "I'm glad to hear you say so, for you understand these things—no man better; and I confess I have a warm side to that Beaufort Justice blood."

"Don't wonder at it," replied Jack, laughing his waistcoat strings off.

"The great Mr. Warde," continued Mr. Puffington, "who was justly partial to his own sort, had never any objection to breeding from the Beaufort Justice."

"No, nor nobody else that knew what he was about," replied Jack, turning away to conceal his laughter.

"We should be moving, I think, sir," observed Bragg, anxious to put an end to the conversation; "we should be moving, I think, sir," repeated he, with a rap of his forefinger against his cap peak. "It's past eleven," added he, looking at his gold watch, and shutting it against his cheek.

"What do you draw first?" asked Jack.

"Draw—draw—draw," replied Puffington. "Oh, we'll draw Rabbit-borough Gorse—that's a new cover I've inclosed on my pro-o-rperty."

"*Sc-e-e-use* me, sir," replied Bragg, with a smile, and another rap of the cap; "*sc-e-e-use* me, sir, but I'm going to Hollyburn Hanger first."

"Ah, well, Hollyburn Hanger," replied Puffington, complacently; "either will do very well."

If Puff had proposed Hollyburn Hanger, Bragg would have said Rabbit-borough Gorse.

The move of the hounds caused a rush of gentlemen to their horses, and there was the usual scramblings up, and fidgetings, and funkings, and *who-o-haying* and drawing of girths, and taking up of curbs, and lengthening and shortening of stirrups.

Captain Guano couldn't get his stirrups to his liking anyhow. "'Ord hang these leathers," roared he, clutching up a stirrup-iron; "who the devil would ever have sent one out hunting with a pair of new stirrup-leathers?"

"Hang you and the stirrup-leathers," growled the groom, as his master rode away; "you're always wantin' sumfin to find fault with. I'm blowed if it arn't a disgrace to an oss to carry such a man," added he, eyeing the chetsnut fidgeting and wincing as the captain worked away at the stirrups.

Mr. Bragg trotted briskly on with the hounds, preceded by Joe Banks the first whip, and having Jack Swipes, the second, and Tom Stot, riding together behind him, to keep the crowd off the hounds.

Thus the cavalcade swept down the avenue, crossed the Swillingford turnpike, and took through a well-kept field road, which speedily brought them to the cover—rough, broomy, brushwood-covered banks, of about three acres in extent, lying on either side of the little Hollyburn Brook, one of the tiny streams that in angry times helped to swell the Swill into a river.

"Dim all these foot people!" exclaimed Mr. Bragg, in well-feigned disgust, as he came in view, and found all the Swillingford snobs, all the tinkers, and tailors, and cobblers, and poachers, and sheep-stealers, all the scowling, rotten-fustianed, baggy-pocketed scamps of the country ranged round the cover, some with dogs, some with guns, some with snares, and all with sticks or staffs. "Well, I'm dimmed if ever I seed sich a——" The rest of the speech being lost amidst the exclamations of—"A! the

hunds! the hunds! hoop! tally-o the hunds!" and a general rush of the ruffians to meet them.

Captain Guano, who had now come up, joined in the denunciation, inwardly congratulating himself on the probability that the first cover, at least, would be drawn blank.

Tom Washball, who was riding a very troublesome tail foremost grey, also censured the proceeding.

And Mr. Puffington, still an "amaazin' instance of a pop'lar man," exclaimed, as he rode among them, "Ah! my good fellows, I'd rather you'd come up and had some ale than be disturbing the cover;" a hint that many of the wily ones immediately took, availing themselves of the absence of the butler, who had followed the hounds, to prig a couple of dozen of his best fiddle-handled forks while the footman was drawing them the ale.

The whips being duly signalled by Bragg to their points—Banks to the north corner, Swipes to the south—and the field being at length drawn up to his liking, Mr. Bragg looked at Mr. Puffington for his signal (the only piece of interference he allowed him), and at a nod Mr. Bragg gave a waive of his cap, and the pack dashed into cover with a cry—

"Yo-o-icks—wind him! Yo-o-icks—pash him up!" cheered Bragg, standing erect in his stirrups, eyeing the hounds spreading and sniffing about, now this way, now that—now pushing through a thicket, now threading and smelling along a meuse. "Yo-o-icks—wind him! Yo-o-icks—pash him up!" repeated he, cracking his whip, and moving slowly on. He then varied the entertainment by whistling—whistling in a quick, shrill key, something like the chirp of a sparrow-hawk.

Thus the hounds rummaged and scrimmaged for some minutes.

"No fox here," observed Captain Guano, bringing his horse alongside of Mr. Bragg's.

"Not so sure o' that," replied Mr. Bragg, with a sneer, for he had a great contempt for the captain. "Not so sure o' that," repeated he, eyeing Thunderer and Galloper feathering up the brook.

"Hang these stirrups!" exclaimed the captain, again attempting to adjust them; adding, "I declare I have no seat whatever in this saddle."

"Nor in any other," muttered Bragg. "Yo-icks, Galloper! Yo-icks, Thunderer! Ge-e-ntly, Warrior!" continued he, cracking his whip as before.

The hounds were evidently on a scent, hardly strong enough to own, but sufficiently indicated by their feathering, and the rush of their comrades to the spot.

"A fox for a thousand!" exclaimed Mr. Bragg, eyeing them, and looking at his watch.

"Oh, d—mn me! I've got one stirrup longer than another now!" roared Captain Guano, trying the fresh adjustment. "I've got one stirrup longer than another!" added he, in a terrible pucker.

A short low snatch of a whimper, like the voice of a dog in a dream, as Nimrod described it in the *Quarterly*, now proceeded from Galloper, and Bragg cheered him to the echo. In another second a great banging brown fox burst from among the broom, and dashed down the little dean. What noises, what exclamations, rent the air! "Talliho! talliho! talliho!" screamed a host of voices, in every variety of intonation, from the half-frantic yell of a party seeing him, down to the mere

about of a partaker of the prevailing epidemic. Shouting is very contagious. The horsemen gathered up their reins, pressed down their hats, and threw away their cigar-ends.

"'Ord hang it!" roared Captain Guano, "I shall never be able to ride with these stirrups in this style."

"Hang your stirrups!" exclaimed Charley Slapp, shooting past him; adding, "It was your *saddle* last time."

Bragg's queer tootle of his horn, for he was full of strange blows, now sounded at the low end of the cover; and, having a pet line of gaps and other conveniences that he knew how to turn to on the minute, he soon shot so far ahead as to give him the appearance (to the slow 'uns) of having flown. Banks and Swipes quickly had all the hounds after him, and Stot, dropping his elbows, made for the road, to ride the second horse gently on the line. The field, as usual, divided into two parts, the soft riders and the hard ones—the soft riders going by the fields, the hard riders by the road. Messrs. Spraggon, Sponge, Slapp, Quilter, Rasper, and some half-dozen more, hustled after Bragg; while the worthy master Mr. Puffington, Lumpleg, Washball, Crane, Guano, Shirker, and others, came pounding along the lane. There was a good scent, and the hounds shot across the Fleecyhaugh-water Meadows, over the hill, to the village of Berrington Reothings, where, the fox having been chased by a cur, the hounds were brought to a check on some very bad scenting-ground, on the common, a little to the left of the village, at the end of a quarter of an hour or so. The road having been very handy, the hard riders were there almost as soon as the soft ones; and there being no impediments on the common, they pushed boldly on among the now stooping hounds.

"*Hold hard, gentlemen!*" exclaimed Mr. Bragg, rising in his stirrups, and telegraphing with his right arm. "*Hold hard!—pray do!*" added he, with little better success. "*Dirr it, gentlemen, hold hard!*" added he, as they still pressed upon the pack. "Have a little regard for a huntsman's reputation," continued he. "Remember that it rises and falls with the sport he shows"—exhortations that seemed to be pretty well lost upon the field, who began comparing notes as to their respective achievements, enlarging the leaps and magnifying the distance into double what it had been. Puffington and some of the fat ones sat gasping and mopping their brows.

Seeing there was not much chance of the hounds hitting off the scent by themselves, Mr. Bragg began telegraphing with his arms to the whippers-in, much in the manner of the captain of a Thames steamer to the lad at the engine, and forthwith they drove the pack on for our swell huntsman to make his cast. As good luck would have it, he crossed the line of the fox before he had got half through his circle, and away the hounds dashed, at a pace and with a cry that looked very like killing. Mr. Bragg was in ecstasies, and rode in a manner very contrary to his wont. All again was life, energy, and action; and even some who hoped there was an end of the thing, and that they might go home and say, as was generally the case, "that they had had a very good run, but not killed," were induced to go on again.

Away they all went as before.

At the end of eighteen minutes the hounds ran into their fox in the little green valley below Mountnessing Wood, and Mr. Bragg had him

stretched on the green with the pack baying about him, and the horses of the field riders leading about in the care of country people, while the riders stood glorying in the splendour of the thing. All had a direct interest in making it out as good as possible, and Mr. Bragg was quite ready to appropriate as much praise as ever they liked to give.

"'Ord dim him," said he, turning up the fox's grim head with his foot, "but Mr. Bragg's an awkward customer for gentlemen of your description."

"You hunted him *well*," exclaimed Charley Slap, who was trumpeter general of the establishment.

"Oh, sir," replied Bragg, with a smirk and a condescending bow, "if Richard Bragg can't kill foxes, I don't know who can."

Just then "Puffington and Co." hove in sight up the valley, their faces beaming with delight as the *tableaux* told the tale.

"How many brace is that?" asked Puffington, with the most matter-of-course air, as he trotted up, and reined in his horse outside the circle.

"*Seventeen brace*, your grace, I mean to say my lord, that's to say sir," replied Bragg, with the utmost confidence.

"Seventeen brace!" sneered Jack Spraggon to Sponge; adding, in a whisper, "More like *seven*."

"And how many run to ground?" asked Puffington, alighting.

"Four brace," replied Bragg, stooping to cut off the fox's brush.

We were wrong in saying that Bragg only allowed Puff the privilege of nodding his head to say when he might throw off. He let him lead the "lie gallop" in the kill department, as shown above.

Mr. Puffington then presented Mr. Sponge with the brush with all due honours; and so, for the present at least, ended the day with Mr. Puffington's hounds.

FRENCH CONSPIRATORS.*

THE character of the French Socialists may be fairly judged of by the doctrines which they uphold, and by the principles which they advocate. By them they must stand or fall. The personal antecedents and position in society, the conduct and character of the genuine revolutionary conspirator, is more difficult to arrive at. If a lover of order and an upholder of society ventures to intimate that that conduct and character is not such as would be a guarantee that success on their part would be followed by anything profitable to humanity at large, his statements are received as only partly correct, and as coloured by opposition and partisanship. In the present instance, two remarkable publications come to our assistance to enable us to sketch out some of these antecedents—some of these peculiarities of personal character. It is of the highest importance that men should know whom they have to deal with in these leaders of secret societies, captains of free corps, overthrowers of dynasties, and conspirators against society. These publications emanate from two of themselves—Chenu, a conspirator for the greater part of his life, and a Captain of the Guards of Citizen Causidière in the palmy days of the Provisional

* Les Conspireurs. Par A. Chenu, Ex-Capitaine des Gardes du Citoyen Causidière. Les Sociétés Secrètes. La Prefecture de Police sous Causidière. Les Corps Francs.

La Naissance de la République en Février 1848. Par Lucien de la Hodge.

Government; and De la Hodde, who, from the age of eighteen to that of twenty-five, has been, to use his own words, "what is called a patriot, that is to say, disposed to overthrow all governments;" and yet at the same time, by a strange inconsistency, disposed to serve society; for, disgusted with the bad faith and malpractices of his co-conspirators, he says he determined to keep with the secret societies, and to acquaint himself with all their proceedings only to destroy them. "To do that I had to be on a good understanding with the police; I did so. In those few words you have the mystery of my life. I do not boast of the part I played, but it has been useful to society." M. Lucien de la Hodde was in fact a patriot spy! a kind of nondescript hybrid, something like a pious vagabond.

Possibly all that these two worthies tell us is not altogether trustworthy. It is difficult to realise to oneself the idea of men who have been a great part of their lives deceiving or conspiring, suddenly becoming thoroughly candid and honest upon the subject of private confessions or public revelations. Still as they have chosen to come forward as writers, we must at least give ear to what they have to say. M. Chenu says he wishes to re-establish himself in the eyes of honest people; and De la Hodde professes to some similar praiseworthy intent. This attaches still more interest to their revelations; and in exposing the kind of characters of which these revolutionary clubs are made up, we would be far from throwing difficulties in the way of the honourable objects now ambitioned by their authors.

When only fifteen years old, Chenu took part in the insurrection of June, 1832, upon which occasion he was wounded and taken prisoner, but he was restored to liberty on account of his youth. Two years afterwards he was engaged in the riots of April, when he was again put *hors de combat* by a severe bayonet wound. He appears next to have become a soldier; but being a dissatisfied, quarrelsome, and ungovernable character, he soon deserted. He then returned to Paris, where he became one of a secret society, of which a certain Copréaux was one of the leaders. The election is described as follows:—

On going to his house (Copréaux's), I saw two brethren, and friends who were also there awaiting my arrival, and a young girl who was busy broiling some mutton chops. Copréaux, in his quality of godfather, bandaged my eyes, and the following formulæ was read to me.

Q. "Are you a Republican?"

A. "Yes, I am."

Q. "Do you swear hatred to Royalty?"

A. "I swear it."

Q. "If you wish to be one of our secret association, know that you must obey every order of its chiefs. Swear absolute obedience."

A. "I swear it."

"I proclaim you, then, member of *La Société des Saisons*. Good-bye, citizen. We shall soon meet again."

He went down stairs, and came up again, making as little noise as possible. Copréaux unbandaged my eyes, and I saw the same two men seated by my side. I made up my mind to discover which of them it was who had sworn me a member. As to the girl, she had let the chops burn during the ceremony.

"Well," said Copréaux, "you are one of us. Let us go and have a glass of wine to drink your welcome."

On the way to the wine-shop, my two companions were as dumb as tombstones; but as we entered the shop, one of them called out, "Boy, a pint, at sixteen sous!" I immediately recognised the voice of the high-priest who had initiated me. I left them, after having been mulcted in the expenses.

A few days afterwards, Chenu attended a meeting of the society at

a wine-shop in the Rue Pastourel. He there ascertained that the leader, who designated himself as a revolutionary agent, was called Couturat; the second leader was Goujard; the third was Copréaux. These meetings took place every month. It was while connected with this society that Chenu became engaged in the insurrection led on by Barbès and Blanqui, and which was followed by prolonged imprisonment to those two revolutionary chiefs. "Then, as at all times," says Chenu, "the quarrels of the leaders caused an insurrection to fail, which was perhaps the most formidable of any that occurred during Louis Philippe's time, not so much from the number of combatants as from the impetuosity of the attack."

Goujard not having made his appearance at this insurrection, he was dismissed; and Copréaux having been arrested by the mother of the girl with whom he lived, Chenu became leader of the section, and henceforth was placed in immediate connexion with the more important personages of the revolutionary drama. The meetings were held at various wine-shops, the proprietors of which were well aware of the kind of persons who thus frequented their establishments. There were great dissensions among these leaders. They attacked one another with all kinds of calumnies and evil reports. Even those who had sacrificed everything in the cause, and who were devoted heart and soul to its success, were often driven away as traitors or spies. "I am persuaded," says Chenu, "that no political man of the Republican party was ever quite free of these infamous suspicions. Albert himself—the honest Albert—was a victim to them. The police must have been infinitely amused at seeing one half of a party ever accusing the other half as spies."

Chenu appears to have liked Albert—*Albert Ouvrier*, as he was afterwards designated in the Provisional Executive. He says he was vain, but honest, sincere, and courageous. Reviews of the revolutionary forces now took place. This was effected as follows. Each group repaired to a different wine-shop, and each in its turn, at a given signal, marched past the chiefs, who were stationed at a window. By this means only one group was in the streets at a time, and its members were distinguished from passers-by, by their coats being buttoned to the left. The result of these reviews was so satisfactory, that it was resolved to found a journal. There was a further object than this, which was to raise more money—money which, Chenu constantly avers, was appropriated to selfish objects by a few, and never to general purposes.

Grandmesnil was selected as the responsible editor, or *gérant*. He was the most respectable man of the party; had many political friends, and, to use Chenu's expression, "he was intimate with the conspirators of the four quarters of the globe;" but he was excessively intemperate—a true type of Gargantua—never away from the roast or the bottle: a pillar in a wine-shop or an eating-house. Louis Blanc, Beaune, Flocon, Albert, and Chenu were associated in this undertaking; but only eight days after the appearance of *La Réforme*, Chenu was arrested, with others. It was only after several months' imprisonment, when he was brought to trial, he would have us believe, that he first found out that most of those who had been taken with him were *convicts*. Condemned to two years' imprisonment, our author was amnestied at the expiration of one, on the occasion of Louis Philippe's visit to England.

No sooner out of prison than Chenu joined his old friends. This time

he was introduced to Causidière. The conspirators used to have dinner parties every now and then at the house of a certain Viel-Esmeuse, near the *Barrière Rochechouart*; dinner over; they repaired, in summer, to the *Château Rouge*; in winter, to the *Grande Chaumière*. It was upon these occasions that M. Chenu describes the future prefect of police as getting gloriously drunk, singing *Le Vieux Soldat* for three hours together, and finishing the evening with a *vieille chiffonnière*. We naturally attach no particular faith to such representations, avowedly founded upon the worst of all quarrels—the quarrels of men engaged in bad deeds. We mention them solely on M. Chenu's authority, and to show how far the spirit of detraction may go among the world-cleansing, world-improving revolutionary conspirators. The following must also be set down as an apocryphal but curious anecdote:—

One day Causidière went to Ledru Rollin and asked him for 25,000*f.* Ledru flatly refused. Thereupon Causidière, having recourse to a grave measure, pulled out a pistol from his pocket, and threatened to blow out his brains. In the cabinet of the pitiless man, who would not save a patriot at the cost of so slight a sacrifice? Ledru Rollin, softened by this threat, gave his signature. It was in thus lending his money to certain democrats, who never repaid him, and in supporting journals of the Opposition, that Ledru Rollin contracted the debts which have been to him a source of so much annoyance. But the richest harvest for Causidière was that which the insurrection of Cracow procured him in 1846. Supplied with several subscription lists, and full of holy zeal, he went every day to solicit from all democrat donations for the Poles, and thereby turned to account the enthusiasm which that heroic and unfortunate nation always inspires. I am assured, however, that after the receipt, he deigned, like a good Christian, to share with them.

Gradually the conspirators grew weary and impatient at so little being accomplished. They complained that the writers of *La Réforme* enjoyed the subscriptions while they were starving. They asked what had become of the 17,000*f.* subscribed for the Poles, and the 1500*f.* subscribed for a sword for Admiral Dupetit Thouars. A party separated under the leadership of one Coffineau to form a society of "*Materialist Socialists*." This was one of the first buds of a doctrine which has since attained a formidable popularity. These Socialists began by pilaging a shoemaker's shop; they then took to the fields, which they devastated during the night, and to the highways, where they robbed by main force. This first "club of Socialists," which would have received a very different designation in good old times, was broken up in 1847, and the greater number of its members, notwithstanding that they were guided by "pure and honourable political motives," were condemned to various punishments. Admitting the folly and abominations of the so-called social system, it is curious enough to find M. Chenu declaring that the 100,000 votes given in Paris to a name before almost unknown, was a mere mode of manifestation of the discipline with which the party could be brought to act; and that the only way to overthrow this now all-pervading dogma would be to give it every facility for putting its system into force. That system being, in M. Chenu's own words, committees of public safety, distribution of effects, *la guillotine en permanence*, the reign of terror, and *proménades nocturnes*. The last leaving even something still further for the terrified imagination to dwell upon.

After the dispersal of the Coffineau band of Socialists, Albert and Chenu set diligently to work to re-organise their party, and to avoid, in future, events which, by anticipating, also compromised the

general catastrophe. There was still another party in existence, of a similar description, who proposed to themselves to destroy Louis Philippe and all the garrison of Paris by means of a kind of hand-grenade, or *bombes incendiaires*, as they were called. Albert and Chenu made some efforts for a time to bring this society to more reasonable objects; but it is evident, from Chenu's own account, that he was carried away by the idea of the *bombes*, and that he became so enamoured with them as nearly to lose his life by an accidental explosion, and to be condemned to four years' imprisonment as one of the leaders of the conspiracy; which penalty he, however, avoided by withdrawing himself across the frontier until the news of the manifestation that was to take place upon the occasion of the celebrated banquet of the twelfth arrondissement warned him that the time was come to return.

I arrived (says Chenu) in Paris on the evening of the 21st of February. The next morning I visited various workshops, collected a few resolute men, and set off for the Champs Elysées. There we found an immense crowd, who were crying out *Vive la Réforme*.

Excited by the sight of these people so full of enthusiasm, and by the frequent charges of cavalry, we resolved upon resistance. We made stones and chairs rain upon the police and soldiers. We were, however, well aware that the open space of the Champs Elysées was not favourable to us, so we left it to carry insurrection into the heart of Paris.

On the way, I met, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, near the Royal Library, Albert, Caussidière, Pilhès, De la Hodde, and some others. They recognised me. "Where are you going?" they inquired.

"I am going into Paris to continue the work which has been begun in the Champs Elysées."

"Are you not frightened of being arrested?" said De la Hodde to me; "where do you come from?"

"I exiled myself because I had become suspected by my own party. I promised Albert to come back on the day of the combat; the hour has now struck, and I have come to place myself under the orders of my party."

Albert, Pilhès, and Caussidière shook me by the hand, and assured me that they had never suspected me. We separated from prudential motives; Albert made an appointment to meet me that very evening at the Palais Royal.

The next morning the struggle was recommenced; and, without entering into details now so familiar to all, suffice it to give the opinion of one of that nucleus of conspirators who fought during the two days in the heart of the city, that 100,000 soldiers, determined to die, could not have saved the monarchy. We put no faith in this boast of a successful conspirator; we record it to show to future historians that a difference of opinion exists upon this point.

Flocon, Chenu avers, kept himself out of harm's way in a *café* during the fight. Chenu himself was not at the severest struggle of all, that of the Château d'Eau; he had gone to bring two guns, which had been captured by the insurgents and taken by them to the Hôtel de Ville, to aid in the reduction of that guard-house of the Palais Royale, so bravely defended by a handful of troops abandoned by the rest of the army. Caussidière, Albert, Pilhès, Etienne Arago, in his uniform, De la Hodde, and Leseré were there. They were the only revolutionary chiefs, he says, whom he saw engaged. The latter had just fallen, struck in the thigh by a shot, and calling "*Vive la République!*" The Château d'Eau having been captured, Chenu appears to have "assisted," as the French have it, in the sack of the Tuileries, whence he returned to the offices of *La Réforme*.

All the chief conspirators were assembled there. The delegates of a provisional government advocated by the *National*, and which left half

the number for the men of the *Réforme*, had already arrived. Beaune, who with Flocon had remained during the combat in the Rue Jean Jacques, presided. The names of Flocon, Arago, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, were at once adopted. Beaune then proposed Albert to represent the working classes in the government, and he was elected with enthusiasm.

"We now require," added Beaune, "a delegate for the administration of the Post, and a delegate for the Préfecture of Police. At the latter, especially, we shall want a man we can depend upon, so as to find out those who have betrayed us for the last eighteen years."

I saw De la Hodde cast a mistrustful glance. Etienne Arago was named to the Post-office, and he immediately started off to take possession of his administration.

"Now, whom shall we put at the Préfecture?" inquired Beaune.

I mentioned the name of Caussidière, and all voices at once turned to him, to exhort him to accept of the situation. He appeared to be undecided.

"Come, take the appointment; we will act as an escort to you."

He at length accepted. Sobrier asked to be permitted to second him, and both were nominated delegates to the department of the police.

We were just about to start, when Etienne Arago returned.

"The National Guards who have charge of the Post-office kicked me out of doors," he said, "and would not acknowledge me as Director."

I took about fifty men and went to install him in his new office.

When we returned from this expedition Caussidière was already gone, accompanied by only a few comrades.

This account of Caussidière's nomination to the Préfecture of Police by his co-conspirators of *La Réforme*, has more reality about it than the hasty version given of that event by the historians of the day, and who complacently relate that he simply installed himself. It also explains the anxiety of the extreme Republican party to obtain possession of the Préfecture. The object was not so much to rule there, as it was to find out who had so long acted as spies among themselves, and to revenge themselves for past treacheries. Hastening after his friend Caussidière, Chenu was repulsed at the entrance by the National Guards. This sufficed—that he should declare that the said National Guard were nothing but spies and policemen in disguise. It was then that Caussidière was first induced to summon around him, as a Prætorian Guard, such conspirators and combatants from the barricades as he could depend upon.

All the books of the Préfecture were then hastily examined, till that devoted to the correspondence of spies was discovered. It was written in such a manner that little could be made of it; one name only was discovered.

Among the first measures taken by the new prefect, were the dismissal of the former *employés*, the protectors of the Louvre and the Tuileries, the gathering together the leaders of the various secret societies, and the issue of his first proclamation to the *Commune de Paris*. When the members of the secret societies arrived the next day, they found the guard-house still occupied by the police. The Montagnards—for they at once assumed that name—had to a man to complain of some personal affair with the protectors of order; so arming themselves with sticks, sword scabbards, and other weapons, they set to work, inflicting the most severe summary punishment upon their antagonists of old. They then dressed themselves in the accoutrements of the police, and soon the courtyard of the Préfecture was filled with men with police mantles on their shoulders, and swords by their sides, while their leaders were decorated with the three-cornered hat which had been so long to them an object of terror. Chenu divided these men into two groups; the one he called the First Company of the Montagnards; the second, of which he says he reserved the command to himself, was composed exclusively of com-

batants, and he called it the Company of the 24th of February. The soldiers who had charge of the prisons were disarmed, in order to place arms in the hands of these dangerous men. The commissaries of police were next summoned from all quarters of the town. They hastened to pay their court to the new prefect. Chenu gives a graphic description of this first levee held by the Republican prefect:—

Caussidière sat with a majestic air upon his arm-chair, his great sword by his side; two Montagnards with naked bosoms and ferocious looks guarded the door, their muskets on the ground, their pipes in their mouths. Two captains stood at each end of the prefect's desk with their swords drawn. Around the saloon were grouped all the old leaders of sections, now officers of the prefect's staff, all armed with great swords, cavalry pistols, carbines, or fowling-pieces. Every one smoked, and the cloud that filled the room obscured their figures, and imparted a truly terrible aspect to the scene. A space had been left in the centre for the commissaries. Every one put on his hat, and Caussidière gave orders that they should be introduced.

The poor commissaries desired nothing so much, for they had been all the time exposed to the abuse and threats of the Montagnards, who expressed their extreme anxiety to cook them with various sauces. "Rascals," shouted out the most ribald among them, "you are now in our power! You shall not leave this. You shall leave your skins here."

On being admitted to the prefect's presence, they thought that they had fallen from Charybdis into Scylla; and the first who crossed the threshold hesitated for a moment. He evidently did not know whether he should advance or retreat, so fierce were the looks that he encountered. At last he ventured forward a step and bowed, then he made another step and bowed still lower. Each in his turn advanced, bowing very low to the terrible prefect, who received all these marks of respect with cold indifference, his hand still resting on the hilt of his sword.

The commissaries contemplated the strange assemblage before them with astonishment. Some of them, who were sufficiently collected to become courteous, declared the spectacle to be imposing—majestic.

"Silence!" exclaimed a Montagnard, with a sepulchral voice.

When they were all in, Caussidière, who had hitherto remained dumb and motionless, broke the silence, and with his most formidable voice, said:—

"Eight days ago you scarcely expected to see me seated here, and surrounded by faithful friends. They are your masters to-day, those pasteboard Republicans as you used to call them! You tremble before those whom you have persecuted in the most shameful manner. As to you, Vassal, you were the most cowardly instrument of the fallen government—the most zealous persecutor of the Republicans: you have now fallen into the hands of your implacable enemies, for there is not one here who has not suffered from your persecutions. If I listened to the just demands that are made to me, I should now retaliate, but I would rather forget. You may all of you go and resume your avocations; but if ever I learn that you allow yourselves to be engaged in any reactionary plots, I will crush you like so many vile insects. Go!"

When the Montagnards found themselves securely established at the Préfecture, they elected one Pornin, who had a wooden leg, as chief; and Caussidière and his staff up stairs, and the brave Montagnards below, gave themselves up henceforth to the most extraordinary scenes of drunkenness and debauchery.

This peculiarly republican mode of life was varied by visits to the Luxembourg, reconciliation of the Montagnards with the police, planting trees of liberty, the expulsion of the garrison of the Tuileries, in which Chenu describes himself as playing a leading part; and the organisation of Montagnards into a Republican guard, which was to occupy the different barracks of Paris. Chenu, who had once more, strange to say, fallen under the suspicions of his companions, withdrew from the Préfecture, and repaired with his company to the barracks called that of the *Petits-Fères*.

Among the conspirators of these first days of the revolution—Red

Republicans, Socialists, and Montagnards, who rallied together under the chieftainship of Caussidière as opposed to the provisional government—the wooden-legged Pornin, before alluded to, lieutenant at the Préfecture and titular Governor of Vincennes, stands forth as one of the most characteristic types of his class, both by his political opinions, his natural ferocity, and his disgraceful practices. The former, from the triumph of his party at the very moment that we write, derive a new and pregnant interest. When anticipating the post of Governor of Vincennes, M. Chenu describes him as making the following discourse, which was received with unbounded applause:—

When Caussidière shall have finished with the reactionary men (*réacs*) of the Hôtel de Ville, and that I shall hold that place (Vincennes) with 2000 Montagnards, the justice of the people can run its course unmolested; the true Republic will be founded. Our fathers in '93 understood the revolution aright when they lopped off, without pity, the gangrened limbs of society. They erred on one point, and that was allowing the most zealous patriots to be banished to the frontiers: they ought to have kept those faithful defenders of our liberties near their persons. Do not let us commit the same error; let us remain armed; and let us keep to ourselves those forts which tyranny erected to perpetuate its power, and which chance has thrown into the hands of the people. Let us send to the frontiers all those bearers of swords with whom the Pages and the Lamartines surround themselves. Not a soldier ought to be allowed to put his foot in Paris till the whole army shall have been reorganised.

It is upon seeing the old generals of the tyrant keep their places, that the reaction already dares to lift its head. Would you believe it, that on going yesterday to the Faubourg St. Honoré, I saw the Champs Elysées furrowed by carriages with armorial bearings. Equipages are re-appearing. Deeply did I regret that I had not with me a company of Montagnards to give masters and valets alike a sound thrashing, and make a bonfire of their carriages on the Place de la Révolution. You see that Vincennes is the place fitted for me! Two great guns loaded with grape, and pointed on the highway, will soon have done justice to this insolent luxury. When they see how I treat their brilliant "turns out," they will look twice before they take a drive in the direction of the Wood of Vincennes. It is in that arsenal, also, that the patriots will find the arms and the guns that are now refused to us. It is not from personal ambition that I speak thus. I predict that if we do not hasten to crush those who are endeavouring to stop the revolutionary car in its onward progress, we shall be once more done for. We have not now to fear a foreign invasion; Caussidière is laying out plenty of work for the despots; they will soon have enough to do in their own countries, without mixing themselves up with our affairs. Our real enemies are at home;—they must be annihilated before they have time to gain assurance.

Among the conspirators—the scum of society—as M. Chenu calls them in his answer to Caussidière—it was, on all occasions, every man for himself. Chenu appears, after his departure from the Préfecture, and in establishing his head-quarters at the barracks of the *Petits-Pères*, to have devoted himself solely to winning over his followers to his personal interests. The patriotism of most of these Red Republicans, Socialists, and Montagnards, appears seldom to have had any more extended objects in view. This state of things is amusingly illustrated in the account given by Chenu of the well-known trial by the Mountain of one of their own body, and the acknowledged spy, De la Hodde.

Two things result also from the same curious narrative—first, that the system of spies is extended by the French of both parties into this country; and, secondly, that a prefect in the days of liberty, equality, &c., could commit a man to prison, perhaps for ever, upon his own responsibility. As to that part of the narrative which refers to the *cens surcra*, we can only suppose that Caussidière did it to amuse himself with the terror of his victim, as he had before done in the case of the commissaries of police. As to Chenu, he says he still trembles to think of what might have been

the consequences of Bocquet having fired the pistol. "Perhaps," he says; "we should not have witnessed the bloody days of June."

M. Lucien de la Hodde does not revert to this scene, so painful to his memory, in his *Brochure*; but he admits that Elouin and Allard, two persons high in the employ of the ex-prefect, were as servile to M. Causidière as the valet John, who is so well described by Chenu as paying for the favours of the Socialist prefect, with the ex-prefect, M. Delessert's brandy. He adds, what is true, that these so-called faithful servants of the monarchy actually, as Chenu also relates, set spies upon their former masters and benefactors, for the advantage of the worst set of men in Paris—those of the Préfecture. "I have myself signed," says De la Hodde, "as secretary-general, the passport of a police agent who was sent to London on a secret mission."

"There is one thing more," adds De la Hodde; "these two friends of the old administration sold me to Causidière. I did not participate in the orgies of the Préfecture; I did not boast openly of a social chaos, oceans of blood, or popular dictatorships; wherefore, then, did they deliver me up? Did they kill or destroy, I will not say my person, but my actions, which inclined towards ideas of order? I have no feeling as an individual against these 'gentlemen;' as one of a party, I have a right to say to them, and I do say to them, that they acted basely; they did that what an 'honest spy' (*un bon fonctionnaire*) never did, not even under the knife—that which a man of heart would never do."

So much for French Conspirators! When the Mountain came into power, Messrs. Elouin and Allard attached themselves ostensibly to the new prefect, Causidière, to report to Messrs. Delessert and Pinel in London what the conspirators in power were doing, at the same time that they were setting spies on those to whom they were making these reports, so that the actions of Messrs. Delessert and Pinel should be equally well known at the Préfecture of the Republic! It is not surprising that De la Hodde should have been exposed and balloted to destruction amid such strangely treacherous agencies! No men were more inimical to Causidière after his fall than these same Elouin and Allard.

Chenu—whether rightly or not it would be difficult to say, for he does not, like De la Hodde, avow his services as a spy under the veil of a latent love of order—was almost always coming under the suspicions of his co-conspirators. We have seen that he left France till the revolution of February. We have seen how he gathered fifty or sixty men to fight for him when summoned to De la Hodde's trial, which he thought was his own! Shortly afterwards the suspicions became so strong against him, that by Causidière's advice he took advantage of the march of the revolutionists upon Belgium to quit the capital. He was at the affair of Risquons Tout, but he says, "I remained a quiet spectator of the struggle." On his return, he was arrested—liberated—and then again threatened with imprisonment. He complained that such persecutions were illegal. "In times of revolution," replied M. Allard, "nothing is illegal! I know Causidière: you are in his way; he wants to get rid of you—it is quite natural."

So Chenu volunteered into the Polish legion, but having got to Strasbourg before the legion, he joined the combatants in the Black Forest, by way of keeping his hand in. On the 18th of May, having heard of the fall of Causidière, he hastened back to Paris, where he arrived in time to fight in the insurrection of June. Taken prisoner,

Elouin and Allard, who had exasperated Caussidière against him, availed themselves of Chenu's desire for revenge, to lose the new ex-prefect. Caussidière answered those accusations before the National Assembly. At length disgusted, Chenu says, with conspiracies within conspiracies, foolish expeditions got up simply to destroy those who are in the way, and political agitations and squabbles which led to no good, he has made an oath to live in future tranquilly upon the fruit of his labour.

De la Hodde—whose great object is to show that it was not the Red Republicans who made this revolution; a fact admitted by Chenu, and, indeed, by most of that party; that the fall of the monarchy was an accident, brought about by the imprudence of the *bourgeoisie*, and the unexampled weakness of the authorities—promises to give us a further and more detailed history of the Republican fraction, in a work which is at the present moment in the press.

In the presence of such astounding revelations of baseness, incompetency, and licentiousness—of the still more recent declarations of M. Michel de Bourges, and others of the party, that the people will examine into the origin of private fortunes and capital; that the people will settle the accounts of the *bourgeoisie* as they had already done those of royalty, unless, indeed, the *bourgeoisie* made the sacrifice itself, and which they are strongly advised to do—in the face of the now generally known fact that the whole doctrine of the Socialist school is universal pillage and decimation of the better classes, it is truly extraordinary that the Parisians should have just elected three Socialist candidates by a considerable majority.

It is perfectly vain to attempt to explain away such a startling result as 132,797 votes for Carnot, a man who insisted that the grossest ignorance was the best qualification for a legislator; 128,439 votes for Vidal, secretary to Louis Blanc during the Luxembourg comedy; 126,982 votes for De Flotte, the ex-transported of June, 1848; by the supposition that a mere lesson was intended to be given to government, that the electors disapproved of the French expedition to Rome, of the bill on public instruction, the cutting down of the trees of liberty, the removal of the crowns of *immortelles* from the Place de la Bastille, or because the President had not assumed a more active position in public affairs,—the simple explanation is that universal suffrage, in the present state of society, can only work the overthrow of society itself. There are, it is evident (putting aside the Legitimist fraction, who would pave the way to a restoration by insurrection), more elements of disorder in society than of good; there are more who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by universal pillage than there are of those who have everything to lose by such an event; there are more workmen, lodgers, idlers, poor and discontented in the world, than there are masters, householders, shopkeepers, and orderly and industrious persons. Universal suffrage thus establishes the mastery of one portion of society over the other, and leads inevitably to ruin.

The objects to be obtained by the election of the Socialist candidates were boldly and openly proclaimed before the elections. Vidal was, in the eyes of M. Michel de Bourges, the guarantee for the improvement of the material condition of the people! Carnot that of the moral! De Flotte, of reconciliation between all Republicans—that is, between those who decreed his transportation, and who are denounced by him as assassins, and those who were the quondam felons.

Truly may it be said, that when it is considered what these Socialist members are—by what arguments they have been supported—by what appeals to the worst passions of the people their popularity has been extended—and what atrocities and calamities their political ascendancy has in store for France, that human nature recoils with mingled disgust and dismay from the spectacle of a nation passing a sentence of destruction on itself, and consigning all the interests of a great people to the acknowledged champions of ignorance, plunder, and sedition!

It is not one of the least striking characteristics of the late election, and the state of parties which it has so astoundingly disclosed, that that branch of the Moderate Republicans which originally brought about the revolution of February, which framed the constitution, and which did its best while it was in power to combat and crush the violence of the extreme revolutionary fraction, is now almost completely absorbed in the Red party.

A few men, such as Cavaignac and Lamartine, may stand aloof from the extravagant designs of this horde of conspirators in the face of day, but still the movements of this party are not the less directed with the utmost uniformity and vigour to drive the revolution along its uncertain and terrible career. The ferocious resolves of the Mountains, and the destructive projects of the Socialists, must be taken now to represent the actual spirit and devotion of the bulk of the Republicans.

Justice itself is paralysed by such a decision; for if a jury has, with all solemnity, condemned these opinions as subversive of society, and the men who hold them as the enemies of government, within a few months those opinions and those men are professed and exalted by a hundred and thirty thousand suffrages in the capital of the Republic, and Paris herself is to be represented by agitators who have avowedly presented themselves in the names of the convicted and the proscribed.

Such a state of things is, as has been justly observed, in reality, no more than a disguised civil war, in which both parties are equally afraid or reluctant to strike the first blow. Still, notwithstanding the disaffection of a portion of the soldiery, it must come to that. Two such opposite principles as order and disorder, property and pillage, power and revenge, cannot long stand face to face without a collision. The future of France lies for the moment in the result of the great and inevitable struggle which must yet take place between the Socialists and their opponents.

"The next time," says the *Times*, "there will probably be no Lamartine ready to check the revolution by the abruptness of its own victory, or to win it back with airy words from its desolated prey. The leaders of the people can now boast none of the deceptive recommendations of eloquence, enthusiasm, or patriotism. The scenes which Chenu and De la Hodde have recently exposed with shameless fidelity would be acted over again, if their brutish tribunes were once more the masters of France."

Were this all, it would be but little. We think we have shown enough, even from Chenu and De la Hodde's pages, to satisfy any one that bacchanalian orgies are not all that are sought for. The treacheries of co-conspirators have yet to be revenged; the accounts of Republicans with Republicans to be settled; property to be confiscated and divided; "the gangrened limbs of society to be lopped off," should the Socialists triumph.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

MADemoiselle BERTIN'S SOIRÉE DANSANTE.

If the united corps of Parisian milliners, sempstresses, tailors, *chemisiers*, *fleuristes*, glovers, and *coiffeurs* could only muster up collectively the faintest, tiniest spark of gratitude, Mademoiselle Léontine Bertin would never have to lay out a *son* in dress as long as she lived. She would be entitled to levy black mail here, there, and everywhere; the *primitia*, the "pick" of the stock would be always for her. Madame Batton's wreaths, Madame Guerlain's perfumes, and Madame Camille's dresses would, like the slave of the ring, be invariably at hand when called for; and Mesdames Adde, Rabilhac, and Prévost would vie with each other in laying all the country within twenty miles round Paris under contribution, to supply for her exclusive enjoyment the rarest exotics, the choicest and most fragrant *bouquets*. "Set a sprat to catch a herring," says the innkeeper, in one of the best farces ever produced on any stage—the "Duel," while holding up half-a-crown to the postboy who is driving the chaise and four, to prevent his going to the "George;" and the result proves the innkeeper to have been a profound philosopher. Nor, take my word for it, would the French herrings bite less readily than did Augustus Buoyant, and Skylark, his man; so the sooner the *fournisseurs* alluded to abjure politics, and take a leaf out of poor Peake's book, the better for them.

And in the case of Mademoiselle Bertin, *devoir oblige*. For where, I should like to know, will you find in these bad times a truer, steadier friend to trade than the *gentille* actress of the Théâtre Français, whose pretty apartment in the Rue Trouchet is thrown open to her friends on every successive Thursday, and *chez qui* you are sure to find pleasant company; and, what is better still, a hearty welcome.

And, *à propos de fournisseurs*, if Madame Adde could only have witnessed the effect produced the other evening by a certain magnificent bouquet of white camellias interspersed with rosebuds, a floral *chef-d'œuvre* owing its origin jointly to *her* good taste, and to the chivalric gallantry of a young friend of mine; if she could only have gleaned a stray commendatory word here and there, and strung them together into a complimentary chaplet, she would indeed have been a happy woman!

I wish it were possible to introduce two slight reforms into the composition of such agreeable balls as those given by Madame Octave, Mademoiselle Bertin, Mademoiselle Ozy, and their other hospitable comrades; *primo*, that they should begin earlier, and, *secundo*, that the ladies should not *always* be in a minority of one to ten. The first of these *desiderata* is unfortunately impracticable; the theatre, and after the theatre the *toilette*, absorbing a Brobdignagian share of the interval between seven in the evening and two in the morning. Consequently, a man who does not feel inclined to *faire forcement tapisserie* along with his brother black coats, must resign himself to kill time as he best may, either at his club, if he belong to one, or in his stall at the Vanderville, provided, *biens entendus*, that "Daphnis et Chloé" form part of the entertainments; each representation of that attractive *bergerie* having still the peculiar property of converting the *orchestre* into a fashionable lounge, reminding one of Van Amburgh's first performances at Drury Lane, when it was the custom for men to appoint as a place of general *rendezvous* not the Park, nor the Opera, nor even Crockford's, but the "lions."

But one would willingly consent to an arrangement *à l'aimable*, as far as regards our endurance of this first drawback, if one could only manage to remedy the second, which is by far the most serious nuisance of the two. Why, positively and actually, as Messrs Pyke and Pluck would say, at the very identical *soirée* of which I am speaking, while the male guests came flocking in (as they always do—let them alone for that!) two and three at a time at every successive ring, how many ladies, think you, replied *en personne* to Mademoiselle Bertin's invitation? Like Billy Black's puzzled listeners, you "give it up;" *et vous faites bien*, for you never would guess within a mile of the truth. TWELVE! Ah, you may well stare; but neither you nor I, nor the keenest arithmetician that ever lived—*voire même* Mr. Bonnycastle himself—could have increased that total, even to the baker's dozen. And what was the inevitable consequence? Why, that the fair creatures who *did* come had to do duty for those who did *not*, and that they rose to a fearful premium—very gratifying, no doubt, at first, but uncommonly fatiguing in the long run. Thus it was that Mademoiselle Plunkett was forced to divide her pretty self by three for every waltz and every polka, changing partners as rapidly as *La Presse* changes politics; that Mademoiselle Scriwaneck, Mademoiselle Renaud, and Mademoiselle Darcy, were fairly danced off their legs, and that Madame Doche, after performing prodigies of valour, was finally put *hors de combat*.

Add to this that Mademoiselle Owy had not been in the room a quarter of an hour before she disappeared, no one knew why, thus reducing the quota of *danseuses* to eleven, and that Mademoiselle Hermance (who, by the way, has as fine a pair of eyes, and makes as good use of them, as any woman in Paris) only made her *entrée*—a very triumphant one, certainly, to which her massive bouquet contributed not a little—at two in the morning. Thus the ladies I have mentioned, and the others, including a miniature beauty in pink, whose name nobody appeared to know, but who danced like a female Saint Vitus, had more than their fair share of work; and I would wager, if any one had asked them—say at half-past three, or four—their opinion of Louis Blanc's "Droit au Travail," they would, as far as they themselves were concerned, have disdained the remotest shadow of sympathy with any *droit*, except *le droit de ne rien faire*.

But, notwithstanding the numerical disproportion between the *beaux* and its reverse, Mademoiselle Bertin's party was a very pleasant one, and is fairly entitled to a snug niche in the memory of every guest, especially of those who, like myself, have a lively recollection of some capital little rolls, of Tom Thumbish dimensions, and delicately flavoured with *pâté de foie gras*, which were occasionally handed about, and formed a sort of connecting link between the chocolate and *vin chaud*. If ever—for, alas! we are but frail and fickle creatures, and prone to change and ingratitude—if ever—not that I think it likely, but there's no knowing what *may* happen—if ever I should be unable to call to mind any *other* distinctive peculiarity of this most agreeable *soirée*, Mademoiselle Bertin may rest assured that there will be always *one* barrier between my lips and the waters of oblivion, and that barrier is—

"The rolls!" shouts the reader. "By Jove, they make *my* lips water! *Pâté de foie gras* is the best thing going."

Hush, my friend, don't you know that *gourmandise* is one of the seven cardinal sins. Sad indecorum indeed! You positively take the words out of my mouth—"I wish I could put the rolls into mine!"—Reader, you are incorrigible, and I blush for you.

THE "HANDSOME" CAB.

One of Hansom's cabs has lately been creating quite a sensation here, as well from its peculiar shape and construction as from its rapid going. Indeed, during the fine sunny weather that we enjoyed a week or two ago, its appearance on the Boulevards was as great a godsend to the *badauds* as was the procession in honour of the *bonbons au lait d'anesse*, on *Mardi Gras*. Its driver seems to have a pretty accurate idea of Parisian street topography, and shouts out his "*Hé, là-bas !*" as authoritatively as any of the native *Jehus*. A few days back, however, while passing along the *Rue de Sèze*, I suddenly came upon a very motley crowd, uniformly staring at an object lying in the middle of the road, the said object being no other than the poor cab, a victim to French pavement and a misguided omnibus, with one eye out, in the shape of a broken window, and bruised from top to bottom.

Then or never would have been the moment for Buckstone to reply to the question as to the particular *genus* of cab in which he had been driving, "Hansom?"—"Not particularly."*

PRESIDENT ROTHSCHILD.

Some one happened to remark the other day, during a desultory conversation, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," that if he were the *vox populi*, he would elect the Baron de Rothschild President of the French Republic.

"Est-ce que cela se pourrait?" retorted a bystander. "Rothschild n'est point Français, il est de Frankfort!"

"Oui; mais aussi il est *fort de francs*."

"COLUMBINE" DEJAZET.

Seldom has actress attempted a more herculean task than the one recently accomplished by Madame Déjazet, that of personating in turn, and in the space of a single act, the entire *comédie Italienne*. *Harlequin*, *Léandre*, *Pierrot*, the *Capuchin Friar*, and *Columbine*, appear successively before the astonished spectator, who imagines himself transported far away from the *Théâtre des Variétés*, and from the French Republic number two, to the days of Thomassin and Catherine Biancolli; and could they, could Flaminia, Tiberio Fiorilli, ay, could even Carlin himself behold their united powers of attraction, the grace of one, the humour of another, and the keen and fanciful wit of a third, all combined in one kindred spirit—in one marvellously versatile inheritance of their varied and manifold excellences; could they mark the lightness of her step, the charm of her manner, and the soft and expressive intonation of her voice, the *amour propre* even of the proudest among them would frankly, cheerfully confess, that the copy was worthy of the original.

And what have the authors done in aid of the actress? I am sorry for Messrs. Carmouche and Eugène Guinot, but truth must be told, and in one unwelcome dissyllable—nothing! On the contrary, they have hampered her with such old and threadbare materials as the most used-up literary lumber-room would be hardly capable of supplying. They have left her to impart some connexion, some appearance of probability, some link of interest to their disjointed scenes, and to embroider with the witchery of her genius the trashy patchwork of their brain.

Well might the veteran dramatist, Emile Vanderburch, who was sitting

* They say that nothing kills a Cheshire cat. A similar immortality appears to be the lot of the emigrant cab, for I have just had ocular proof of its being on its legs—or, rather, wheels—again, and looking smarter than ever.

by me during the first representation of "Colombine," exclaim on beholding the uphill work to which his favourite Déjazet was condemned—"Quel brillant tableau, mais quel cadre de rebut! Quelle vieillerie de pièce, mais quelle actrice toujours jeune!"

"NÔTRE DAME DE PARIS."

There are some *chefs-d'œuvre*—few in number certainly, but still there are some—which if ever the most experienced adapter venture to dramatise, he is morally sure to burn his fingers. Of these, "Notre Dame de Paris" is one, and no better proof could possibly be given of the inexpediency of such mutilations than the failure of M. Paul Foucher, Victor Hugo's own brother-in-law, and an able playwright into the bargain, in his recent attempt to transfer the brilliant creations of the poet to the stage of the Ambigu. Alas! why did not some clear-sighted Mentor warn him off from such hallowed ground, by exclaiming with *Savarin* in "La Foire aux Idées"—

Cà brûle, cà—brûle,
N'y touchez pas, n'y touchez pas!

What idea can five acts or seventeen *tableaux* give of such an original? What beyond the mere incidents, and even those very incidents transposed and altered for dramatic effect; the skeleton of the story is there, but the spirit is absent; the poetry of the ideas, the vigorous energy of the language, are sought for in vain. The gay and gallant *Phœbus de Châteaupers*, the graceful *Esmeralda*, the pinched and philosophic *Gringoire*, and the gloomy but impassioned *Frollo*, are reduced to mere puppets, who say the little that is set down for them, but present to the mind of the spectator no realisation of his fancies, no correct embodiment of their time-honoured prototypes. *Quasimodo* alone stands forward in bold and picturesque relief from among the other personages of the drama, and this is, perhaps, as much owing to the actor as to the author. Either I am much mistaken, or this creation of the "Hunchback" will be, beyond all comparison, the smartest and proudest feather in St. Ernest's cap. The personage of *Quasimodo* is invested by him with a degree of dignity, tenderness, and sentiment, that very few even of the best living comedians could equal, perhaps none excel.

Nor, in condemning the insufficiency of the parts entrusted to the other performers, must I be understood to speak disparagingly of the *artistes* themselves; on the contrary, the little republic of the Ambigu never exerted itself more zealously, never set a better example of "union is strength" to its national sister: Chilly, Fechter, Arnault, Verner, Laurent, Madame Naptal, and Mademoiselle Lucie appear determined, on every possible occasion, to carry off such an overwhelming stock of bravos and bouquets, that the strongest lungs and the heaviest purses must eventually cry out for mercy. As for the *mise en scène*, it is worthy of Victor Hugo—would that I could say as much for the piece!

BATH.

In the *foyer* of the Vaudeville—a forbidden paradise, by the way, the approach to which is guarded as jealously as ever were the Hesperides, M. Paul Ernest being unluckily his own Cerberus, and therefore incorruptible—in that envied *sanctum*, graced by the presence of a galaxy of beauties, an expression is current, most puzzling to the uninitiated. I allude to the monosyllable *bath*, which is of course pronounced *batt*, is of all genders, and signifies *good*. For instance, supposing one to say, speaking of an actor, "Il est bon," somebody will probably chime in with, "*Bath*!" Or, with reference to an actress, "Elle chante bien."

—"Bath!" Or, to a piece, "C'est amusant."—"Bath!"—"What is the origin of the term *bath*?" I asked Mademoiselle —, the other day.

"The same as your own," was her reply. "*Dans le temps*, the best English letter-paper always had the word *Bath* stamped on each sheet; and somebody chose to imagine that, as the paper was good, *bath* must mean as much. *Voilà!*"

"LES QUATRE COINS DE PARIS."

It generally happens that, in reviewing the dramatic novelties of the month, one finds, by dint of careful sifting, some grain mixed up with a large proportion of chaff. But I seem destined just now to "chronicle small beer;" the next prominent offender on my list being no other than M. Paul de Kock, who evidently labours under the delusion that the public of the *Délassemens* and of the *Vaudeville* are one and the same. And this in direct opposition to that "over true" proverb,

Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier.

A moderate degree of ambition is a very good thing; but *trop est trop*. Heaven knows that we poor *habités* of M. Paul Ernest's theatre are obliged occasionally to swallow most woful trash, but human patience has its limits: M. Clairville is bad enough in all conscience, but *he* has one redeeming point—his *couplets*; whereas, the author of "*André le Savoyard*," old hand though he be, wholly lacks that power of gradually developing a droll or satirical idea, which is the perfection of *vaudeville** writing.

All the beauty and liveliness of Madame Octave, the *sensibilité* of Mademoiselle Caroline, and the coquettish *naïveté* of Mademoiselle Cico, are thrown away on such a tissue of vulgarities as "*Les Quatre Coins de Paris*." Fancy an English lord (*Lord Bilboc*, or as the funny man of the piece calls him, *Bilboquet*), by way of exhibiting his remarkable proficiency in French, alluding to Alphonse Karr as "*Elphonse Moitié*," and afterwards continuing in the following strain:—"O yes, au bal masqué les dames ils portaient tous une grosse bête sur le figure."—"Comment, milor, une bête?"—"O yes, un ours—no, je trompais moi, ce n'était pas un ours, c'était un *loup*."—Nor are the *native* personages less choice in their expressions; witness the compliment addressed by a certain *Monsieur Boulot* to a *corsetière en chambre*: "*Mademoiselle, vous êtes fraîche comme une cave*." Try again, M. Paul de Kock, I don't think you can well go *lower* than that.

NEW COUPLETS TO "LES SAISONS VIVANTES."

Messieurs Roger de Beauvoir and Co. have just added a few *couplets de circonstance* to their "*Saisons Vivantes*;" some of them attacking those among the Parisian shopkeepers who either voted for the Red party at the late elections, or did not vote at all; and others speaking out more boldly than hitherto in favour of monarchy.† One of the former, sung by Madame Octave, after warning the *boutiquiers* that whatever follies they commit, *they* themselves will eventually pay for, says,

"Crachez dans l'air, mais gare à votr' nez,
Il faut que ça finisse!"

* The term *vaudeville* is here used in its original sense, that of *chanson*.

† Is not the following allusion, in one of the original *couplets* of the piece, sufficiently plain?

"Pourquoi chacun demeure-t-il coi,
Quoi qu'il soit au supplice?
Pourquoi n'avoir plus un—je sais bien quel!
Il faut que ça finisse!"

This *couplet*, as well as its fellows, is every night enthusiastically applauded and (when the Republicans are in anything like a respectable minority) vigorously hissed. Such diatribes may benefit M. Paul Ernest's treasury, but it may be a question whether they are equally advantageous to the cause they so vehemently advocate. If the Republicans are to be looked upon as a vanquished party, why not act according to the maxim promulgated in these very "*Saisons Vivantes*,"

Ne touchons pas aux gens qui sont par terre ;

if, on the contrary, they are still formidable, why not have recourse to a more fitting arena than a theatre, and to more serviceable weapons than *gants de paille*. It is all very well to say, "*Il faut que ça finisse*," but "*sayings*" are not "*doings*."

SPECTACLES CONCERTS—ADMIRAL VAN TROMP.

I strolled in a night or two ago to the Spectacles Concerts on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, where they give you a long bill of fare for one franc ; singing, dancing, recitation, pantomime, *séance de magnétisme*, and a very dwarfish dwarf called *Admiral Van Tromp* into the bargain. I cannot speak of Mademoiselle Prudence's magnetic powers, for I did not stay to witness them ; but the pantomime amused me. The *Pierrot*, though no *Deburau*, has a certain quaint drollery of manner about him, which, backed by sundry broad incidents and situations, keeps the audience in a perpetual chuckle.

In this piece the dwarf proves a most valuable auxiliary, and an everlasting *cauchemar* to poor *Pierrot*, who invariably discovers him just where he hopes to find something else. For instance, after making away with what is apparently a loaf of sugar, he lifts up the paper-cover, and out walks *Admiral Van Tromp*. Again, he brings in an apronful of eatables, also surreptitiously obtained, and on removing the apron is once more gratified by the appearance of his diminutive tormentor.

I must not forget to add, that during an *entr'acte*, after going through the sword-exercise, and dancing the polka, the little gentleman made a triumphant "*progress*," standing on the palm of his keeper's hand, round the room ; and ogled the ladies, especially those who had any cakes or *bonbons*, very sweetly. Dwarfs, however, are not made so much of now as they were in the palmy days of General Tom Thumb ; for, instead of being fondled and caressed, as his more favoured predecessor used to be, the admiral never got beyond a shake of the hand ; and, far from being eaten up with kisses, was himself occupied in eating up kisses of another kind, which were probably more to his taste. *De gustibus, &c.*

COMING EVENTS AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Rare treats are in store for the patrons of the St. James's Theatre after Easter ; Samson and Mademoiselle Denain, Regnier and Mademoiselle Nathalie ; and later still, Madame Octave and Mademoiselle Brazzine, escorted by so long a list of pretty women that Mr. Mitchell will certainly have to enlarge his playbills. The first detachment is bent on astonishing the natives with "*Bertrand et Raton*," Tétard being the *Jean* ; the second promises "*Gabrielle* ;" and the hopes of the third (says report, in a low, timid whisper) rest on "*Daphnis et Chloé*."

Will not the *habitués* exult when they get fair *Chloé* safe across the Channel ; and will they not wish M. Paul Ernest never mind where, when her *congé* expires ? As Mr. James Bland would say :—

About these facts there can't be two opinions.

Paris, March 23, 1850.

THE OPERAS.

EASTER so early—and yet so many good moves already made by Mr. Lumley. The præ-paschal season only five nights long, and yet, we repeat, so many good moves already made by Mr. Lumley.

In the first place he has made a decided “hit” with his ballet—a light, gay, sparkling affair, called “*Les Metamorphoses*,” because Carlotta Grisi, the spirit of the whole, takes upon herself some half-dozen *avatars*, every one of them lovely.

We have a special favour to ask of our readers, viz., *not* to turn back to our prospect of the opera season last month, and closely study what we then said about the ballet. We are afraid we said something about the probable decline of this fascinating class of entertainment; but no matter what we said, we will not enlarge upon our blunder—we *did* make a blunder—we confess it, and a fault confessed is, according to a wholesome maxim, at least half mended.

Why the ballet is again darting up to the zenith of its glory—a skylark, or a Jack-in-the-box, or human progress, has not a more decidedly upward tendency. Carlotta has got a character that suits her better than any she has undertaken since the days of *Giselle* and *Esmeralda*—one that draws out that immense pantomimic talent, which is such a powerful adjunct to her excellence as a *danseuse*. The dance of the *Elf*, when it assumes the form of a rural coquette, and combines the height of rustic gaiety with the extreme of elfin *agacerie*, is one of the most wonderful exhibitions ever beheld. Never, with the exception of Elslser, have we seen so much intellect infused into a *danseuse*, as in the case of Carlotta Grisi. Her countenance, naturally formed for a sort of melancholy expressiveness, can suddenly light up with the wildest joy. Every movement in one of her finished *pas* can tell a tale of sorrow or happiness, and there is a sentiment even in the drop of her arms. She is now in the very maturity of her art; she has a style and genius distinguishing her from all the rest of her contemporaries; she can give an interest to those portions of a ballet in which no dancing is; and with all these qualifications she is just the person to lift the ballet department to its old state of eminence.

Then comes the excellent Marie Taglioni, not yet tried as a mime, but still steadily working her way as a *danseuse*, and an admirable supporter of those *pas* which, standing in noble independence of the plot of a ballet, belong to the most irresistible parts of the performance. The finish of her dancing is now equal to her force, and, in “*Les Metamorphoses*,” it quite supplies a gap which previously made the work appear one degree short of perfection.

As a completion of the Terpsichorean triumph, we have a new Italian *danseuse*, who rejoices in the pleasing name of Amalia Ferraris, and who made her appearance on the very last evening before Easter. Start not, reader, at the final “s” in “Ferraris,” and fancy that the name is not Italian. Such terminations are common with the Neapolitans. Well, this same Amalia came before the *habitués*, who had never heard of her before, as a vision of light and life, which at once demolished their reflective powers, and enveloped them in a haze of dreamy enthusiasm. More consummate mastery over her art, and more exquisite finish, com-

bined with a more fascinating countenance, could not be conceived. The stalls were literally stormed by the grace and beauty of the dazzling young artist, and stormed forth their applause in return.

Oh days, when the ballet kept west-end mortals in a continuous state of poetical existence for a good third of every year—days when the respective merits of rival *danseuses* were discussed with a metaphysical subtlety and an ardour worthy of the school divines—days that dated from Cerito's never-to-be-forgotten *debüt*—that grew more glorious on the production of "Alma"—that then became illustrious through the *pas de deux* by Cerito and Elssler, and then reached a pitch of sublimity beyond the dream even of an Arabian Night's Entertainer, in the great *pas de quatre*. Days of the ballet! are ye about to return again, with all your immutable fascinations, and with all your muslin-clad goddesses. Too long has the operatic department held undivided dominion. Re-establish your old empire, deities or "pets" of the ballet, as the poetical or the "fast" may desire to call you. Rush from the *coulisses*, rise from the traps, descend from the flies, dart from apertures in the scenery, come as you please, only come in all your glory. For awhile, at least, let the lyre of Apollo be laid at the feet of Terpsichore.

The good move made by friend Lumley out of the ballet department is the engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves,—an Englishman, who has fairly worked his way to the first lyrical establishment of Europe. To an Italian cultivation this artist adds an Italian energy and passion, which few of our native vocalists have cared to attain. Hence he is not to be looked upon as an English singer who comes to play an unequal game against foreign talent, but as an artist worthy to be put on a level with the lyrical expounders of the Continent, prepared to fight them on their own ground.

The *prima donna* to this moment has been Mademoiselle Parodi, who has decidedly improved since last season, and who in the finale to "Ernani" has made a sensation approaching to a *furor*. There is an immense substance of soul and energy about Mademoiselle Parodi, which must ultimately turn to account, whatever may have been the crudities at the commencement of her career. She has proved that she was not so much dazzled by her success in "Norma" as to deem further cultivation unnecessary, for she has been sedulously studying during the whole of the recess, under her preceptress, Madame Pasta.

The excellent tenor, Calzolari, the judicious Belletti, and a respectable baritone, named Lorenzo, who shows some fine qualities as an actor, have been hitherto the other principals of the operatic company. The divine Sontag is announced to appear immediately.

To drop back into the tone of prophecy, we must repeat that the prospects of the opera are this year exceedingly good. A new excitement produced by the ballet, which can be well kept up by such artists as Carlotta Grisi, Ferraris, Rosati, and Marie Taglioni, and by such powers of decoration as Mr. Lumley has at command—a superb vocalist like Sontag—a tenor like Sims Reeves, with a feeling of nationality to back him—and lastly a new opera, a Shaksperian subject, composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre by Halévy, and written expressly for that theatre by M. Scribe—if these attractions do not put a little spice into a season, we do not know what will.

L I T E R A T U R E.

WESTMINSTER.*

It would be difficult to imagine a more innocent or more praiseworthy literary labour than that of teaching the living to regard with a just pride and a hearty love the churches wherein they pray, and the parishes in which they live. In the case of a parish like that attached to the church of St. Margaret, which owes its foundation to King Edward the Confessor, the records which it possesses, all that it contains and has embraced within its ample circuit—the kingly palaces, the ancient college, the courts of law, the royal parks, the sites in a city instinct with rich memories of eight centuries, and dwelling-places of worthies memorable in Church and State—afford, as the reverend author of these memorials justly remarks, “ample scope and verge enough” for the most enterprising pen, patient research, and the keen spirit which revivifies the past.

Thus we have, in their several order, Whitehall, with its various historical reminiscences—the pomp of the princely cardinal, and Harry the Eighth wedded there to Anne Boleyn in the royal closet, and then expiring in the same building, shrieking in dark intervals of agony, with fixed and horror-stricken eyes, “Monks, monks, monks!” and finally uttering, “All is lost!”

How many—wife, courtier, noble, and knight—had there tried his savage caprice, yet were attracted to his fatal and fascinating presence! We seem once more to see Lord Percy; Thomas Cromwell, ill-fated successor of the fallen cardinal; the learned Erasmus; Hans Holbein, prince of painters; the lofty Sir Thomas More, great in integrity; the more fortunate Cranmer, reserved for martyrdom; the inflexible Fisher, bishop of Rochester; Sir Thomas Wyatt, poet, and friend of the gallant Surrey—warrior without fear and without reproach—the bard of Geraldine. Then pass by Katharine of Arragon, indignant and divorced; Anne Boleyn, carried to the untimely scaffold; Jane Seymour, rescued by the kindly hand of death from the sure effect of the palled passion of her tyrant husband; Anne of Cleves, abandoned and scorned; the guilty sad Katharine Howard; and the shrewd survivor Katharine Parr.

Yet what a fair and sunny outside did Whitehall wear, glittering with brilliant armour, waving with gorgeous dresses, echoing to the shouts at tournament and the music of masques—a spectacle of chivalry and beauty! Mr. Walcott has had engraved for his work a spirited sketch of a scene of this description, as formerly enacted before the gates of old Whitehall. Connected with Whitehall are the Privy Gardens, the Horse Guards, Dover House, Government Offices, and St. James's Park. Next we have the streets, lanes, and squares, and their various historical associations; the Sanctuary, and its recollections; Westminster Hospital; the church of St. Margaret, its memories, clergy, monumental remains, and parochial records—a great feature of the work; the college of St. Peter, its history and worthies; New Palace Yard; the clock-tower, gates, and fountain;

* Westminster: Memorials of the City, Saint Peter's College, the Parish Churches, Palaces, Streets, and Worthies. By the Rev. Mackenzie G. C. Walcott, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford. Joseph Masters.

Old Palace; the Painted, Star, and Prince's Chambers; Westminster Hall, the royal festivities, courts of law, and state trials. The history of the Abbey Church has alone been left untouched, because the author says it would have required artistic illustrations, which would have swollen his work into a costly volume. But we have the Almonry gate-house, and its illustrious prisoners; Tothill and neighbouring streets; Christ Church, Knightsbridge, Kensington Palace, St. John's Church, College, and neighbourhood, Horseferry Road, and, finally, Millbank Penitentiary, and Westminster Bridge.

With so many memories of the past intertwined with every one of these places, our national history being indeed full of the locality, so much so that every stone, if it had a tongue, would have something to tell of the eventful scenes that have been enacted within its bounds—a work like this, not written in the cramped and barren vein of mere antiquarianism, but in the spirit of local history, linking us in the common sympathies and bonds of humanity with the past, cannot fail to interest a very large class of readers.

THE HUNGARIAN INSURRECTION.*

A HISTORY, no matter how biased, of the late calamitous insurrection in Hungary, was a great desideratum. The authoress of the work now before us is the accomplished wife of the former under-secretary of state, and late member of the provisional government of Hungary—Francis Pulszky. Thus, while the one has prefaced the work with a brief but valuable outline of Hungarian history, from the times of the house of Arpad to those of the houses of Hapsburg and Lorraine; the other, being by her social position in the habit of direct intercourse with the foremost and most distinguished of the Hungarian statesmen and generals, and, taking a part in the progress of events, has been enabled to give a complete summary of all that took place from the invasion of Jellachich and the October insurrection in Vienna, to the final catastrophe.

The plan adopted by Madame Pulszky in her narrative is to commence with a first journey, and its vivid and lasting impressions down the Danube from Vienna to Pest. This is followed by a description of the place of her abode—the Castle of Szécsény, raised on the ruins of the ancient fortress of that name; and the description of which, as that of one of those strongholds which lay within the circle of contest, at the time of the Turkish wars—passing and repassing from the hands of the Unbelievers into the possession of the Hungarians—would be exceedingly interesting elsewhere, but is rather out of place in a work in which we seek for the sad details of civil war—acts of heroism and days of suffering to the unfortunate Magyars. The same may be said of the sketches given of her Hungarian neighbours and their almost medieval customs, which are pleasantly told and are replete with interest, but out of place.

The revolution in Paris came, however, to break the charm of this tranquil rural life. When Francis Pulszky came to Vienna from Presburg his wife received him with the news; he answered quietly, "I know it; Thiers and Odilon Barrot are ministers of the Regency."

* *Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady.* By Theresa Pulszky. With a Historical Introduction, by Francis Pulszky. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

"No," she replied; "a Republic has been proclaimed, and a provisional government established. What do you say to this?"

He replied: "Next autumn our fields will no more be tilled by soccage; feudal institutions will disappear in Europe!"

And true enough there were soon agitation, and crowds and processions in both the capital of Hungary and that of the empire itself. Metternich's fall and flight was quickly followed by a Hungarian deputation, a provisional commission, a national guard, and that complicated state of things in which the very patriotism of the Slavonians and Croats, and their hostility to Magyar domination, was used at first as a political counter-balance, and afterwards, under their gallant chief Jellachich, as an instrument of subjugation. The insurrection at Vienna and battle of Schwechat follow: then the insurrection of the Serbs or Racz—Slavonians of the Oriental Church, under the metropolitan of Karlowitz—the Patriarch Militant, Rajacsics; the insurrection of the Wallachs, also under a Bishop Saguna; the advance of Windischgratz—a flight to the mountains—war scenes of the winter campaign—the brief epoch of Hungarian successes—the advance of the allies, and the cause and all its followers in equal danger—the poor lady herself and her two children flying from place to place for refuge. Nay, by the addition of an appendix, we have the details carried down even to an account of the expatriation of the Hungarians into Turkey, graphically narrated by the author of "*Revelations of Russia*." Altogether Mr. Francis Pulszky and his lady have put an important epoch in Hungarian history in its least austere aspect, and their pleasant narrative will entice many sympathies towards a cause from which hitherto distance, and the difficulty of obtaining correct information imparted in an agreeable manner, has severed many otherwise well informed persons.

ANTONINA.*

It is a curious coincidence that we should have had two novels upon the subject of the "*Fall of Rome*" this season. The success of the classical romance is always so doubtful, and the field is so venturesome to enter upon, that most are deterred from such exercises of literary and artistic skill. It is vain, however, to seek for the causes of this in remote and abstruse fantasies—it lies simply in the fact that most persons in the present day have not, beyond the great features of history, any sympathy with the lives of Greeks or Romans. Scholars have so invested every part of the inquiry with learning and heroism, that only one impression is left, which is, that it suffices to be classical to be faultless in literature and in art, in social or political life: even religion is veiled in poetry, and with some the prejudice of old, that all that is not Greek or Roman is barbarian, still obtains even in all its antique force.

While Mr. Rowcroft, following the path already traced out for him, endeavours amid the corruption and decay that prevailed in Rome at the time of its fall, to resuscitate the old Roman character in his Evadne and her lover, Mr. Collins has, with great originality and boldness of conception, carried us to the Gothic camp, and interested us at first in the barbarian invaders. The picture of Goisvintha in the mountain cave, with her dying child, the only one of three that escaped with its mother,

* *Antonina*; or, the *Fall of Rome. A Romance of the Fifth Century.* By W. Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

the massacre of the hostages in Aquileia; the approach of the Goths and the young hero Hermanric to her aid, and the sorrowful solemn feeling of revenge excited by her story among the Gothic host, invest at the onset the barbarian cause with deepest interest.

The scene changes; and first impressions are not removed by the portraiture of the imbecile Honorius feeding his pet fowls, the profligacy of the court, or the folly of the senator Vetricio. The stern inflexible asceticism of a young Christianity, as represented by Numerian, and nature, in the beauty and simplicity of youth, as represented by Antonina, are not only admirable contrasts with one another, but with the rest of Rome at that eventful period.

The progress of this deeply affecting story has an air of fatalism that reminds one of the Greek stage. Campbell has justly remarked that it is a cold dramatic achievement to show us only the ordinary and necessary connexion between the passions and the misfortunes of our species. The poetic invention that affects us to the deepest degree, is that which teaches us by what surprising coincidences the passions of the bad may work more misery than even they themselves intend; and how the shafts of cruelty may strike the innocent with more than their natural force, coming like arrows impelled by the wind.

So it is with the gentle, the timid, the enduring and submissive Antonina, driven from her home by her own father, who is led to believe that the creature Ulpian, a pagan who professes Christianity to ruin the new faith, has delivered up his daughter to the debauched old senator Vetricio; she takes refuge in the Gothic camp, only to encounter the fierce implacable revenge of Goisvintha, and to fire the bosom of Hermanric with the equally fatal passion of love. Goisvintha's vengeance severs all sympathy with the barbarians, as effectually as her knife severed the tendons of her brother Hermanric—the brave young soldier's hands. Glad are we to return from such scenes of ferocity enacted by the rude followers of Alaric, and the worshippers of Odin, to tear the young heartbroken girl from the grave of her lover, even by the hands of that most repulsive of beings, Ulpian, and to re-enter Rome. Rome invested and starved out—its citizens decimated by famine and by disease.

Alas, poor Antonina! She is reconciliated to a loving, erring parent, only to know the most cruel pangs of hunger. She visits the first originator of her griefs, the senator Vetricio, to arouse him from an intended sacrifice to death—a banquet of famine—an equivalent to which can only be found in the examples left to us by antiquity. She is pursued by the fierce malignant Goisvintha, till justice is done to the relentless woman in the temple of the pagans, and she knows no rest but that of a perpetual mourning, when the breaking up of the siege permits the reformed senator Vetricio to purchase for her that house in the suburbs where she and Hermanric dwelt, and that garden where his youthful body reposed in death.

The great perfection of this story is, that the author is not carried away by the temptations of subject, time, and place, to weary the reader with archæological disquisitions and classic references. It is a story simply of tragic passion, and events moulded after the antique. There is a vitality about Goth and Roman, Christian and Pagan alike, which at once claims, and which sustains to the end, our deepest sympathies. There is also that strong and cultivated feeling for art, which makes of

every scene and incident a picture, standing before us as if on the canvas. Antonina, in her simplicity, taking lessons on the lute from the profligate and yet ridiculous inventor of a nightingale sauce; Antonina a fugitive in the tent of the Goths, and surrounded on all sides by untold horrors; Antonina by the side of her murdered lover; Antonina restored to a famished parent; and Antonina falling beneath the knife of the relentless Goisvintha, are all so many pictures, beautiful even in their sadness and their horror, and distinct in themselves even amidst the more general and equally well-depicted scenes of a general panic, a widespread demoralisation and desolation, an invading host, an internal plague and famine, and a crumbling empire.

SERVIAN ROMANCE.*

THE spectacle of a brave, hardy, and simple people contending for national independence and religious freedom has long ago presented itself to us as an appropriate field for the romancer; and most sincerely do we hope that final success also remains to be recorded by the historian. At the same time, in all barbarous or semi-civilised states, there is a want of that high moral tone which is the soul of national honour. Human life is held lightly, the rights of property are little respected, and individual will and might prevail. Mrs. Laura Jewry has faithfully sketched this state of things in the conduct of her hero, Kara-George—a wilder being, she justly observes, than the great but stern Wallace of Scottish history. She follows the brief sketch given to us by Ranke of the Servian hero as the slayer of his father, as forest-keeper in the cloister of Kruschedol, as the morose and silent hater of the oppressors, as the fierce, unsparing antagonist and the inflexible ruler, even to the destruction of his brother. It was a grievous pity to mingle up with so fine a subject and such stirring times a story of a fair Servian damsel's incarceration in the harem of Belgrade, scaling walls, Turk jealousies, a convenient river (the Danube, in reality, flows at some little distance from the rock of Belgrade), and other absurdities, such as were invariably associated by the romance writers of a quarter of a century ago with everything that was Asiatic. There was surely enough for the romancer's purpose in the lives and actions of one of the boldest creations of wild countries and troublous times, without having recourse to such frivolities as these. The capture of Poscharewez, the slaughter of the dahis (deys), the battle of Schabaz, the siege of Belgrade, the intrigues of Mladen and Miloje, the conspiracies of Dobrinjaz, and the rise of Milosch, were great features enough in the brilliant but brief and untoward career of the Servian chief. The explanation offered of the treacherous massacre of the Turks of Belgrade, and of some other actions of the Black Prince of Slavonia, only serve to emasculate a character which was especially one of impetuous courage and iron inflexibility, even if of doubtful morality.

It is also to be regretted that Mrs. Jewry has followed Mrs. Alexander Kerr in her translation of Ranke, in preserving the unpronounceable German orthography of Oriental words—as Ebu, for Abu (father); Krdshalies, for Kurdshalies; Rajah, for Rayah (Christian subjects); Afis, for Hafiz; Hadschi, for Hajji (pilgrim); &c., &c.

The Forest and the Fortress: a Romance of the Nineteenth Century. By Laura Jewry, author of "Kirkholm Priory," &c., &c. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

KINGSCONNELL.*

A FEARFUL ban lay upon Kingsconnell. Randolph Bertram, Viscount Kingsconnell, when erecting the present mansion upon the site of one much older, despite the entreaties of a childless, friendless widow, whose last and only hope it was to be buried with those who had gone before her, levelled the old consecrated burial-ground of St. Ninian's Chapel, and smoothed the greensward to a pleasance agreeable to the eye to rest upon. But this was not effected without opposition. "The solemn curse of a widow sad" rested upon the family which had violated the homes of the dead, and no future lord of Kingsconnell was succeeded in his possessions by an heir of his own body.

One of the most tragic instances of the fulfilment of the widow's curse occurred in the fate of a young master of Kingsconnell, who becoming attached to a beautiful young girl, of rank inferior to his own, was sent abroad, gradually weaned from his affection by treachery of the darkest dye, and seduced into a marriage of convenience. Accident, however, as is usual in such cases, brought about a knowledge of this truth; his first love had not, as had been represented to him, been faithless, and the young master blew out his brains the third day of his marriage. Mrs. Gordon relates, in connexion with this sad event, a ghost story, which closely resembles in its details one of the best of those recorded by Sir Walter Scott from hearsay. A Colonel Ainslie—a brave soldier, who had led a forlorn hope and mounted a breach—was, as in Sir Walter Scott's case, the witness. The colonel arrived on a visit to the Lord of Kingsconnell. He was, as it turned out afterwards, conducted to the young master's room, which was first restored to use on the arrival of a stranger; as it was supposed that such a person would have no painful ideas connected with it. The colonel fell asleep in his chair before the fire, and only awoke to find himself confronted, in the dead of night, with a young and remarkably handsome man, dressed in a rich lace suit, his whole appearance denoting a gallant of the first rank, but his countenance, Colonel Ainslie subsequently declared, such as would never leave his memory till his dying day. The apparition, for such he felt conscious it was, pointed with an authoritative gesture to the door, nor was the gallant colonel long in obeying the hint. It is needless to say that the family portraits afforded an easy key by which to recognise the ghostly visitant. It was the young master who came to so untimely an end, and who had last occupied that room in life and in death.

We think we have said enough to show that there is no small interest attached to the chronicles of Kingsconnell. Mrs. Gordon's selections are not, however, all of the same gloomy cast. These are, indeed, exceptions to sketches of life in which readers will find their sympathies of every day aroused and gratified in no small degree.

IRISH BALLADS.†

THIS work by no means belongs to the common order of poetical publications. "The Bell Founder," although the idea has been borrowed

* Kingsconnell. A Tale. By Mrs. Gordon, author of "The Fortunes of the Falconaro." 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

† Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics, original and translated. By Denis Florence McCarthy. J. McGlasham, Dublin.

from Schiller, is a poem of considerable merit. "Alice and Una," or Oonagh, as the Irish call Spenser's Fairy Queen, is a light, nymph-like thing. But "The Voyage of St. Brendan," and "The Foray of Con O'Donnell," are bold, graphic sketches of bygone but peculiarly national manners; legendary and mystical, when religious—predatory and savage, when military. It is, however, an extraordinary thing that Irishmen should not know more of their own country. The castle of the O'Donnells, which is the scene of the opening portion of the ballad, described in the *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. 87, p. 438, should have been visited, that the beauties of its situation might have been felt in all their comprehensiveness; equally so, "the hills and dales and undulating swells" of "Rosapenna's silvery sands." This absence of topographical knowledge is a sad drawback to the perfection of poetical description.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE second volume of the *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn* embraces the eventful period of from 1665 to 1706, a period at which, whether satirically or not it would be difficult to say, the worthy chronicler tells us that there were "unheard-of stories of the universal increase of witches in England; men, women, and children, devoting themselves to the devil, so as to threaten the subversion of the government."—Alas, poor Poland! shamefully deceived and ill-used by Napoleon; persecuted in her religion, her laws, and in her very nationality; and finally wiped from off the map of Europe by a monarchical triumvirate; her wrongs have been a theme for orators, historians, and poets, with scarcely any results but that of some kindly charitable assistance. Mr. Antrobus has taken up the same perpetual theme bequeathed to futurity by the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and if a virtuous indignation and a vigour of poetical denunciation closely akin to vituperation, could effect political changes, "The Wrongs of Poland" would be a manifesto more potent than either bull or ukase.—It is amusing enough to observe how the titles of the little volumes of poetry which issue almost monthly from the press, notwithstanding that the drug-character of mediocre versification has become proverbial, speak alike of their origin and sentiment. Here we have *The Pensive Wanderer, a Poem, in Four Cantos, with Nero and the Fire of Rome, an Ode; and other Poems, by "Cambria's" Bard*. We sincerely hope that Cambria's Eisteddfods reckon better men among their hosts than one who writes anent "most proud and during greatness," of "the record history yields to few numbered succumbed nations," and of a "prowess and genius forgotten when eclipsed and shaded by overwhelming but not excelling might!"—The pensive wanderer has for contemporary another, whose poetry is the offspring of "*Leisure Moments*;"—the hours of relaxation from business of one who, for a series of years, has devoted himself to wooing the Muses, keeping, however, he adds, as far from their angust presence as possible! These poems being, however, the production of a mechanic, as such can only receive a favourable notice, and we are happy to see a goodly list of subscribers have lent their support to such innocent relaxation.—"Whose Poems?" are not those of a being represented by a word which will infallibly present itself to the heartless wittings of the world, who, our author tells us, "devour the crumb, hot, with butter," but of one who deems that—

Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible!

We gladly turn from middling versifying to "*Poems Original and Translated, including the First Iliad of Homer*," by W. G. T. Barter, Esq., which possess more than average merit.—We have also received a small collection of *National Songs*, chiefly Scottish, harmonised in vocal quartets, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, by W. R. Broomfield; and which, as an attempt to make the practice of "part singing" more common in this country, deserves commendation.



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